



*Me, as you find my Soul, Neglect or Love,
and show by Virtue Virtue you approve. R. 173*



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and show by Virtue Virtue you approve. R. 173*

MORNING THOUGHTS;

O R

Poëtical Meditations,

MORAL, DIVINE and MISCELLANEOUS.

Together with several other POEMS

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

By the late JONATHAN RICHARDSON, Esq.

With Notes by his SON, lately deceased.

V O L U M E I.

—*Socraticis madet*
Sermonibus. HOR.

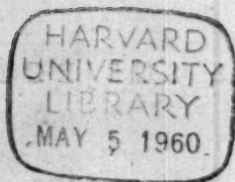
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These are a part of a much larger number intended for publication.

ERRATA.

E R R A T A.

P. 12. l. 4.	for 'loft,'	read, 'cost.'
14. l. 16.	— 'deserit,'	— 'deficit.'
15. l. 8.	— 'μαί,'	— 'ναι.'
20. l. 2.	— 'cloy,'	— 'coy.'
— 26.	— 'as,'	— 'and.'
25. l. 7.	— 'approaches,	— 'approaching.'
298. l. 5.	— 'peruse,'	— 'pursue.'
303. note †	— 'Quid,'	— 'Qui.'

MORN-

MORNING THOUGHTS,

Or Poëtical Meditations.

P A R T I.

If thou prepare thine heart, and stretch out thine hands towards him; if iniquity be in thine hand, put it far away, and let not wickedness dwell in thy tabernacle; for then shalt thou lift up thy face without spot, yea, thou shalt be stedfast, and shalt not fear; because thou shalt forget thy misery, and remember it as waters that pass away; and thine age shall be clearer than the noon-day; thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning. Job xi. 13. Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily. Isa. lvii. 8.

“**S**O many hours as I have, almost all my long life, claimed to employ as I pleased; being taken from those the generality of the world give to sleep; would
B be

be ill accounted for, if, being those of solitude, they were suffered to pass without thought; and but indifferently, if my best faculties were not then employed on the noblest subjects. I have endeavoured to acquit myself in this point; and have thus, out of what most people squander away as offals of time, formed a kind of an additional life, more advantageous to myself (and, in some measure, I hope, to others) than all the rest would have been without it. Indeed this hath spread a warmth and beaminess over that, which else would have been a sort of barren wintry soil.

“ Thought is greatly improved and enlarged by writing. This every one that hath tried, with tolerable diligence and capacity, very well knows; and verse hath still a greater advantage; it gives a compass, and elevation, and variety, a greatness and grace, which prose sits down satisfied without; add, that it strikes deeper into the mind, and is better rooted in the memory.

“ That

“ That leisure from the business of my profession, to which I have earned a right*, by the industry and parsimony of above fifty years, hath afforded me more air and exercise than was permitted in the former parts of my life ; of which (I thank God) I find chearful effects ; and this, with an entire freedom from care and anxiety, is a noble reward of past labour.

“ I wake early, think ; dress me, think ; walk, think ; come back to my chamber, think ; and as I allow no thoughts unworthy to be written, I write. Thus verse is grown habitual to me.

“ I pretend, however, to no finished poetry, no nice correction ; they are works of another kind, like sketches in drawing ; and which connoisseurs are very far from despising for being so ; these having an ease and spirit not to be found often in

* *M. Catonis illud semper magnificum et præclarum putavi—Non minus otii quam negotii rationem extare oportere. Cic. pro Plancio, 27.*

accuracy and labour. The truth is, new thoughts allow me neither leisure nor inclination to polish the circumstances of their predecessors.

“ I call these, *Thoughts*, not poems; consider them accordingly; or as in verse what *familiar letters* are in prose, where the natural flow of the soul hath a beauty and force which the most studied orations frequently want.”

Thus far my father. I will only add a word or two. It would very ill correspond with his constant sincerity through a long life, if I should attempt to heighten the world's opinion beyond his real qualities; and it would as little agree with the sincere and just veneration I have for his memory, if I did not endeavour to do him justice. He respected the world enough to desire this; and I am sure he respected truth, and himself, and me, too much, not to be offended with an over-officious zeal to load his mild and humble virtue with undeserved praises.

This

This I am sure I may say, for I know it, that his whole life was one continued attention to the performance of what he understood to be his duty, both to God and man. And if he hath erred in either, I am as sure it was not for want of the most anxious and indefatigable search after his Maker, and his will; on which all the other part of his duty depended. This will appear by the genuine and lively transcript of his mind, in its various circumstances, from time to time. And, as intense thought had made him, generally, master of his subject, so these *Sketches*, as he modestly calls them, have a clearness and simple elegance, that, though sometimes a little incorrect, will not fail to keep the prudent reader's mind in attention.

It is not therefore so much to do honour to my late father; for he is now, now! enjoying, and for ever will be, the ample and overflowing reward of his pious virtue; as to make mankind a present of an exact picture (from life, every stroke of it) of a truly happy man; happy on the only true

principles of human happiness, virtue and temperance. And, from this, that they may teach themselves the unerring path to obtain the same, equally delightful in the end, and in the means! for *the ways are ways of pleasantness, and all the paths are peace*. Systems are a dead letter of precept; this, the living voice of example.

I think that the first question in all cases is, *cui bono?* and I must prefer that poetry, or that prose, which teaches me most and best. An important and useful sentiment, however simply conveying to me its purpose, is far more worth than the most polished expression of an empty or useless idea. But these sentiments are so agreeably placed and introduced (like precious stones well set) that they delight, as much as they improve and teach. They are generally surrounded and ornamented with some pleasant landscape, or various, as it happens; some description of the weather, times of the day, the year, &c. just as they presented themselves, and drawn accurately (and always short) from the life
itself,

itself, as it appeared before him; and himself too a correct designer, and a glowing colourist. Most of my father's readers will be presented with some delicious images, that will perhaps be totally new to them (as not having been attended to, though frequently before their own eyes also,) in the variety of descriptions of *early morning*; and if it excites their curiosity to be eye-witnesses of the like, he will become as good a physician for their health as their morals.

JON. RICHARDSON.

Soon as he forth was come to open fight
Of day-spring, and the sun——
Lowly he bow'd adoring, and began
His orisons, each morning duly paid
In various style; for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted he to praise
His Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from his lips.——

Milt. Par. Lest, b. v. v. 138.

*Ille velut fidei arcana sodalibus olim
Credēbat libris; neque si male gesserat, usquam
Decurrens alio, neque si bene; quo fit ut omnis
Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ
Vita senis.*

Hor. S. ii. 1. 30.



I.

S U N R I S I N G.

TH Y name be prais'd! thy holy name, O Lord,
 Be prais'd for ever, evermore ador'd!
 Author of being, fountain of my joy,
 My love; and that I thus my mind employ!

Be thy eternal attributes my theme,
 O father! life! and light! thou good supreme!
 Praise him, ye heavens and earth, praise him, thou
 deep;
 Praise him, who wake with me, despising sleep!

The mists retire; behold the rising day;
 The purple gleams, and warms the humid grey!
 Yonder behold—O thou bright morning star,
 Now solitary, we thy beams can spare;
 Yonder he comes, more bright than thee by far!
 His beams thy beam's refulgency will hide,
 And humble thine, with his monarchical pride.

Awake, thou sluggard, leave the drowsy room;
 Awake to business, see! the day is come;
 Another day; and on it moves apace;
 Life's shorter now, than yesterday it was;
 We live, and live each day, but live to die;
 The ever-ebbing tide will leave the channel dry.

The

The sun is ris'n ; majestic lord of day !
 Be God ador'd and prais'd !—I must away—
 Another look—how bright the rays !—I go—
 Turning,—there's *Iris* with her gaudy bow—
 It fades—the fields, the hills, the buildings shine,
 Earth, heaven, the sun—O God, the universe is thine !

Sept. 15, 1732.

II.

M O R N I N G H Y M N.

A GAIN I see the light, the morning rise !
 Again the hills their graceful forms disclose !
 Each object strives to entertain my eyes,
 In crowds each form a various colour shows.

Nature is lovely, clad in sober grey,
 Half hid in mist, or with the skirt of night ;
 Nature is lovely, when meridian day
 Throws o'er her shoulder his broad mantle bright.

Nature is beautiful in winter's dark,
 And when autumnal blasts their terrors bring ;
 When summer early wakes the mounting lark,
 And when the vernal woods in rapture sing.

'Tis not the object, 'tis the well-taught eye,
 'Tis this which tells us what the objects are ;
 'Tis in the mind dispos'd the beauties lie ;
 To such each object's exquisitely fair.

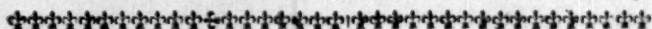
Blest

Blest be the God of nature, who bestows
 *Such beauties, and bestows such eyes on me!
 Bestows a mind, which to be thankful knows,
 To be delighted when his gifts I see.

Blest be that God, by whom the Muse is taught
 To paint those beauties, and describe that mind!
 O may my verse be so divinely wrought,
 As that the dumb may sing, may see the blind!
OA. 13, 1732.

* *Di tibi divitias dederant, artemq; fruendi.*

Hor. Ep. i. 4, 7.



III.

TRUE EPICURISM.

HOW cheap is pleasure to a well-turn'd mind!
 It costs but praise, and that is pleasure too!
 Nature, the God of nature, (O how kind!)
 Sets forth a noble banquet in our view.

We see, we touch, we smell, we taste, we hear,
 The Hours and Graces still before us dance;
 No want but want of appetite we fear,
 Nor cookery, nor sauce, but temperance.

And temperance true appetite bestows,
 Prevents the loathing of satiety;
 By this the board abounds, the cup o'erflows;
 Ev'n repetition is variety!

Let

Let nature call, be nature then supply'd,
 She will not of the homely food complain ;
 The luxury is found without the pride,
 You see the water, and you taste Champaign.

O art divine ! if Providence bestows
 On some a lavish superfluity ;
 More bountiful is Providence to those,
 Who can, with what they have, contented be :

Can to a little, can to common things
 Give relish ; can of these more dainties make,
 Than are enjoy'd by those whence honour springs,
 By nymph ador'd, or most voluptuous rake.

Each element to us its tribute pays,
 We pleasures find above, below, around,
 In winter's darkness, and in summer's blaze ;
 See beauty ev'ry where, in all around !

The sun is ours, the moon, yon' distant star,
 The black, the gilded clouds, the azure sky ;
 Fields, rivers, valleys, hills, our treasure are,
 For us they shine, appear, are fix'd or fly !

Nature and art to give me joy unite,
 And in their kindly turns incessant strive ;
 The universe supplies to my delight,
 On each man's share luxuriantly I live.

What they enjoy, I still with them enjoy,
 And in their suff'rings I will have my share ;
 Such pleasure I receive, when I employ
 Relief, or skill enabling them to bear.

Embrace

Embrace those pleasures you so dearly pay,
 Infamous joys ridiculously boast ;
 I, more sincerely—more enjoy than they,
 Nor do my joys health, honour, treasure lost.

My pleasures ever on the mind remain,
 Sweetly remain, nor can they ever cloy ;
 Shame or repentance give no hateful stain,
 And I rejoice that I can thus enjoy.*

Od. 14, 1732.

* My dear father used to say, " he believed he was the greatest Epicure alive ; because he never eat but when he was hungry, nor drank but when he was thirsty."

IV.

M O R N I N G.

Y E S, there's *Leucotbœe* ! thou, O Sun, art nigh !
 Thou'lt not forgot our *European* sky ;
 Thou from *America* art distant far,
 And *Asiatics* see their evening star ;
 Anon the sands of *Africa* will glow,
 And thou wilt liquefy the *Alpine* snow ;
 Wild beasts in caverns hide their savage heads,
 And rakes and robbers hasten to their beds.
 Swift is my hand, but, every line I write,
 Ten thousand miles comes on thy chariot bright.

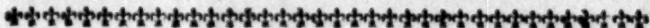
Now

Now diligence goes forth to meet the day,
 And holy minds their glad devotions pay.
 I have not waited, busily have thought,
 And sung, as by my heavenly prompter taught.
 Come on, bright orb—thou comest—me behold,
 And let thy pencil touch yon' hills with gold.
 While thou ascendest, while Meridian day,
 And while thou drivest down the Western way,
 Behold me active, and so well employ'd,
 *As may again, and ever be enjoy'd.
 O may each moment, as they swiftly run,
 View some bright thought of mine, some worthy
 action done !

Thanks ; see the villages, the trees appear,
 The mists arise, disperse, the azure's clear !

O^a. 21, 1732.

* *Vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui.* Mart.



V.

All abroad beautiful, if it is so at home.

MORE rain is coming ; let it come,
 I can enjoy the world at home ;
 Deep be the road, and let the sky
 Send clouds amain, and sun deny,

The

The fields, the forests gloomy be,
 And not a flow'r be fit to see,
 'Tis well, 'tis all alike to me.
 I pleasure have of either kind;
 Abroad, at home, I pleasure find;
 I joy in all that can be seen,
 All blossom is, or vivid green,
 For whatsoe'er the eye can show,
 Or gloomy black, or shining snow,
 The root's alive, and warm below.
 Alive, and vigorous the root,
 The bloom's secure, secure the fruit!

OÆ. 22, 1732.

*Tu quamcunque Deus tibi fortunaverit horam
 Gratâ sume manu—Quod petis hic est;
 Est Ulubris, animus si te non deserit æquus. Hor.*



VI.

PLEASURE SECURED.

WITH open arms receive each coming day,
 Kiss every minute, as it slides away;
 Project the pleasure when the joy thou hast,
 See its full beauty, nor despise the least,
 Nor wish for, nor regret it, when 'tis past.

Let

Let memory immortalise delight;
 But let not unborn ills thy soul affright.
 Past, present, and to come, are thus your own,
 And pleasure sits exalted on her throne;
 But still beware that, like good princes, she
 Govern by law, and that yourselves are free.

Nov. 11, 1732.

*Εχω, μὴ ἐν ἔχωμαι, *she does not possess me, I possess her*, said *Aristippus* to *Diogenes*, who reproached him with being in possession of the courtesan *Lais*.

VII.

H Y M N TO THE MORNING STAR.

PERMIT me, fairest planet, while I gaze,*
 By thee my thoughts beyond thy sphere to raise;
 Beyond thy kindred planets, far away
 To worlds remote, and everlasting day;
 To him, on whom unnumber'd systems call,
 Ev'n highest angels, to the *All in All*.

Lord of the dawn, nor perfect day, nor night,
 I joy to view thy mild, yet piercing light;
 Pride of the morning! quickly will appear
 A fiercer beam, but not so pure, so clear;

* *Sit mihi fas*— Virg. *Æn.* vi.

Thy

Thy sprightly rays peculiar charms bestow,
 Distinct from all, our mortal sense can know;
 Yet inoffensive; influences sweet
 Flow thence, not pestilence, nor scorching heat;
 No thunder to be heard, no storms to rage,
 Quiet the ocean as the golden age,
 Brightest next thee, this cannot *Sirius* boast,
 And can *Orion*? ask the frightened coast.

Sweet harbinger of day! *Leucothœe* smiles,
 Spreading her paleness o'er the eastern isles;
Aurora's kindly brightness will not stay;
 Their floating manes the rosy steeds display,
 Her golden car is trolling on the way;
 O linger yet, ye goddesses, forbear,
 I longer would enjoy my lovely star:
 Too soon you call *Apollo* from his rest;
 His chariot's not prepar'd, nor horses drest;
 I rather would my *Phosphorus* behold,
 His diamond lustre, than *Apollo's* gold.
 Pride of the dawn, pour forth thy kindliest rays,
 While I thy beauty and thy goodness praise!
 Thou lead'st the morning with soft pace along,
 Inspiring nature's universal song;
 *Tho' moist with roseate dew, nocturnal air,
 Bright are thy locks, thy countenance is fair;
 With joyous eyes and souls refresh'd we see
 Thy face, O *Phosphorus*, and welcome thee.

* *Qualis ubi Oceani perfusus Lucifer unda.* Virg.

The

The winter's ravages thou view'st secure,
 Pitying the various ills that men endure ;
 Delight'st to see the fragrant blooming spring,
 To listen, when the woods awake and sing ;
 Pleas'd to behold the rip'ning fruit and grain,
 The fanning zephyrs and refreshing rain ;
 On the smooth lake to cast thy parting beam,
 Or dance upon the river's curling stream ;
 Thy face reflected on their glass to view,
 If not obstructed by the rising dew ;
 But when the sweetest season's past, and keen
 The froward east, thy rays are brightest seen.

When thousand thousand stars adorn the sky,
Apollo distant, nor *Diana* nigh,
 On the dim azure all but feebly shine,
 All modestly their beauties veil to thine ;
 The dawn appears, and now the drowsy day
 Steals on, with gentle hand, his mantle grey ;
 The starry host by troops, though slow, retire,
 All fade and die before the rising fire ;
 Sole regent thou, till great *Apollo's* beam,
 Levell'd, proclaims, the crown belongs to him.
 When *Cynthia's* present, thou on her can'st gaze,
 And deck the heav'ns with thy distinguish'd blaze ;
 With her can'st meet *Apollo*, though with awe,
 Nor long before the queen of night withdraw.
 A light so pure, so bright, surrounds the blest,
 In the glad regions of eternal rest.

Thy near approaches to the lordly seat,
 The spring of inexhausted light and heat,
 Fill thy fair orb with those refulgent showers ;
 How dark and cold, comparatively ours !
 Equal thy globe, more wonderful thy speed,
 So vigorous thy *Pegasean* steed !
 *Thou wak'st the lab'ring hand, and seem'st to say,
 " Arise, begin the business of the day ;"
 To him dost kindly offer some relief
 Whose slumbers were forbid by pain or grief.
 Thou dost delight my healthy active mind,
 Dost me, expecting thee, with pleasure, find ;
 Thy smiles dart on me an approving light,
 Inspire my verse, and guide my hand to write.
 Say then, O *Phosphor* ! fairest planet, tell,
 Who on thy hills and flow'ry meadows dwell ?
 Who in thy ever-verdant forests stray,
 And on thy banks of pearly currents play ?
 Who breathe thy chearing odours, whilst thy spring
 Eternal does our Maker's praises sing ?
 What eyes, undazzled, can thy lustre see,
 What bodies bear the heat bestow'd on thee ?

Lovely each form, and beautifully fair,
 Their motion graceful, and divine their air ;
Nectar their drink, *Ambrosia* is their food,
 And purest spirits flow from coral blood ;

* Bentley would not have failed to make a long note to prove the author gave " hind ;" and it would be of a piece with most of Horace and Milton.

With

With constant health, with heavenly vigour blest,
 *Still exercis'd, yet never needing rest.

The comfort we receive, when clos'd our eyes,
 To them variety of act supplies.

No wars, dissensions, or cabals have they,
 All read the law of nature, and obey ;
 The rack of fear, and doubting hope, unknown,
 Ingratitude, or villainy, is none ;
 All there is love ; all placid, calm the mind,
 Or warm good-will the agitating wind ;
 In innocence they pass their tranquil days,
 Successive pleasures, and perpetual praise ;
 Those steady minds, untempest, disdain
 To owe their happiness to grief or pain ;
 For transient visitors alone are they,
 Who wound but gently, and who never stay.

No superstition, folly, custom, law,
 Here keeps wise nature's appetites in awe ;
 No danger of excess, reproach, or shame,
 For appetite and reason are the same ;
 Tho' passion warms, they are not passion's slave,
 They instantly possess whate'er they crave ;
 No calumny those happy regions know,
 With friendship unprov'd the sexes glow ;
 The tender rapture is no stranger here,
 But free from jealousy, and doubt, and fear ;

* This was a natural thought for my father, who was
 the most active man alive, and always regretted the neces-
 sity there was of sleep.

Belov'd, the virgin loves, and grants the joy,
And only to improve the bliss, is cloy.

When length of days bids nature's pow'rs decline,
Their share of life contented they resign;
Dying, they enter in a purple cloud,
To be no more, or taste some unknown good;
The good supreme they know no cause to fear,
No legislators, and no priests are here!
Not free their will, nor with temptation try'd,
Their God, their king, their Father is their guide.
As all things here inanimate obey,
There reason's powers th' obsequious passions sway;
One all-informing, all-sustaining soul,
Governs each part, and animates the whole;
No rebel man's, or angel's voice is heard,
No god is there provok'd, or devil fear'd;
All stand secure, impossible to fall,
And everlasting good is *all in all*!

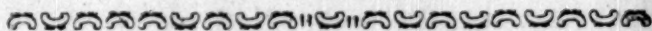
Henceforth, whene'er, O *Phosphor*! I behold,
Whether in summer's breeze, or winter's cold,
From my safe window, or some distant hill,
From field, grove, terrace, dell, or fuming rill,
Thy early circlet, I my harp will string,
But to an instrument far nobler sing,
A grateful heart; nor shall the praise be thine,
But His, by whom I sing, as thou dost shine.*

Nov. 18, 1732.

* Extract of a letter from Dr. Herring, Archbishop of Canterbury, to Mr. Duncombe, (who had lent

Far brighter than thy orb, O sun!
 Brighter than millions join'd in one;
 Brighter than all th' angelic race;
 All have their brightness from his face;
 Him shall I sing, his deity
 I see in every thing I see;
 In all I know, or can conceive;
 By him the worlds, by him I live.
 By him I think, and understand;
 He form'd my eye, and guides my hand.
 He glads my heart, and tunes my lays,
 By him I serve, and love, and praise.

Od. 15-16, 1733.



X.

WHAT IS TRUTH?*

PURE rectitude and truth if thou would'st find,
 Behold the hand of God, explore his mind;
 There right is one, eternally the same;
 The probable, with man, assumes the name.

* This is what Pilate asked CHRIST, and (as Lord Bacon says) "would not stay for an answer." See John xviii. 38. And it is what every one else has done ever since. It is inconceivable with what idle indolence people enquire into truths which they allow are the most important, and of the most interesting consequence to every one. Nay, even this is making them a compliment, for they very sel-

Feeble our eye, and glimmering our light,
 Here infinite variety is right;
 Our rectitude, our truth, are error then;
 But these are right, as relative to men.
 Still, even we one truth possess secure,
 One beam from God, bright as is heav'n and sure, }
The man sincere hath faith; his hands are pure.

Oct. 19, 1733.



XI.

A G E.

WHAT, you observe my hair is grey;
 With all my heart, and so you may;
 But I'll take care you shall not see
 What unbecomes their greyity;
 Nor shall my conscience give a tongue
 To chide, for what I did when young.
 I hope to live to see the day,
 My hair shall be no longer grey;

dom give themselves the trouble to enquire at all; but take on trust the things they happen to be thrown into the world among, and which happen to be there called truth. Yet they have the most positive and peremptory command from God himself, to "try the spirits whether they are of God;" and the same God hath condescended to give the reason for so doing at full length. John i. 1, &c.

No

No longer grey, but silver white,
And with a countenance as bright,
Reflecting, triumphing my heart,
That all my life, and every part,
Throughout the very various scene,
Hath pure, hath honourable been.
And then, though death approaches near,
Shall on my wrinkled visage stare,
My wrinkled face on him shall smile,
And neither court nor fear the while.*

Од. 20, 1733.

* How superior sure, both for invention and disposition, to Anacreon's famous ode on his old age; but on how different a principle; not, as his, on sensual transports, pernicious to youth, and nauseous in age!

000

XII.

M O R N I N G.

O Thou, bright luminary, god of day,
Who now giv'st comfort to the morning grey ;
The host of stars are fled, though some remain,
A ling'ring few in heaven's deserted plain ;
Come on ; yes—brighter now, and brighter still
Thy orient beams the skies vast circle fill.

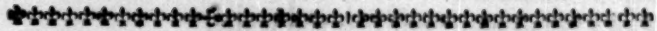
Hab!

Hah ! now thou rear'st thy round refulgent face,
 * A giant now rejoicing to the race ;
 Thou see'st thy road appointed, where to shine ;
 Away ; and so must I, for I have mine.

Os. 30, 1733.

* *Rejoiceth as a strong man to run his race.*

Pf. 195.



XIII.

L I F E.

W HATE'ER the number was allotted mine,
 The moment's gone when I began this line ;
 Its followers in train come crowding on,
 Here's one, another now, now both are gone ;
 Still more and more, with regulated pace,
 Advancing still, they take each other's place,
 Swift is the flight, incessant is the chace. }
 And, as the moments, thoughts and actions pass,
 This future is, is now, and now it was,
 Thus human life is wearing, wearing still,
 Does sand by sand its sandy portion spill.
 Observe that rivulet which knows no stay,
 Knows not how far, nor where it is to stray,
 But drives along its clear, or muddy side ;
 Sticks, leaves, straws, bubbles, on its surface ride,
 Now through tall rushes, now on weeds or flow'rs.
 This is my life, dear friend, and this is yours.

On my terrace, before sun-rising,
Nov. 4, 1733.

MORN-

XIV.

MORNING HYMN.

ANOTHER day! his name be prais'd,
 Who me again from sleep hath rais'd;
 From sleep, death's image, from my bed,
 The grave where nightly I am laid.
 O let enjoyment all the day
 With calm, soft tiding, glide away;
 Let all with innocence be done,
 Offence to God or man be none.
 Something to bid me be lov'd,
 And all by my own heart approv'd;
 My judgment with regard severe,
 Self-flattery be silent here.
 *And if this day shall be my last,
 Or if not half my life be past,
 May I alike intend to please;
 For God alike and conscience sees.

Nov. 10, 1733.

* *Seu plures hyemes, seu tribuit Jupiter ultimam.*

Hor.

FILL

XV.

FILL TIME WELL.

MY life, each morning when I dress,
 Is four and twenty hours less ;
 Incessantly the current flows,
 And ev'ry hour an hour goes ;
 Exhausting still ; no new supplies
 Can from the gushing fountain rise.
 A week ago did fate allow
 Ten thousand minutes more than now ;
 What still remains, what is the sum
 Of life unliv'd, and yet to come,
 *Is vain to ask ; but this is known,
 Each line I write a minute's gone.
 In vain it is with idle eye
 To gaze the moments as they fly ;
 But not to make hereafter see,
 Each was a busy honey'd bee,
 Conveying to a better hive,
 Whereon eternally to live.

Nov. 16, 1733.

* *Tu ne quæsieris scire, nefas, &c.* Hor.

Surely this is far superior, both for sentiment and invention, but how far more for the purpose !

THE

XVI.

T H E M U S E.

LONG sleepless, visionless I lay,
 Expecting, wishing for the day ;
 At length impatient, up I rose,
 A sort of light in heaven glows,
 A light, but 'twas of little use.
 " No matter, said my busy muse,
 I not depend on stars or skies,
 Nor ask the lazy sun to rise ;
 If yonder hills and fields be green,
 Or if not fields nor hills be seen,
 If grey the mists, or black the night,
 I can invent, if you can write ;
 I thought can furnish, give it rhyme,
 At midnight, as in morning prime ;
 If I each pleasing object want,
 I know by memory to paint ;
 Or if description I refuse,
 Consider, man, thou hast a muse,
 Thou hast a muse, that dares to trace
 Infinitude of time and space ;
 If in the central darkness she
 Should sit, she would not idle be ;
 O man, thy muse can sing, and shall ;
 For God is visible in all.

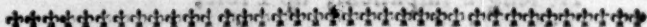
He

He is below, around, above ;
Thy muse will praise, adore, and love."

Nov. 17, 1733.

He that hath light within his own clear breast
May sit i'th' center, and enjoy bright day.

Milt. Mask.



XVII.

H A P P Y.

LAST year, the year before, and years before,
Where shall I go? years back from score to score,
Though with their chequer'd liveries they past,
And swiftly fled, and yet move on as fast;
I liv'd, still live, still see each morning sun,
And lay me down to rest, when day is done;
The next succeeding morning life renews,
And with my waking joys awakes my muse.
Whatever former years, each day, brought on,
Now fear, inquietude, and grief are none;
No pain, no care, no langour, or decay,
Nor chilling blast; 'tis, in *November, May.*
" When last I slumber'd I forgot my bed,
And was in a secluded passage led;
There had been verdure, now declining green,
And dying flowers, and wither'd straw were seen;

Suspicious

Suspicious people, rousing frightful fear,
 The place was opportune, nor help was near;
 A rose I gather'd, but its beauty gone,
 Its leaves dropt off, and fragrancy was none."
 Not like that rose, not like that place my mind;
 I wak'd, and left that rose, that place behind.
 In solitude, joy compass'd me around,
 And in my bosom *Paradise* I found.

Nov. 20, 1733.

XVIII.

M O R N I N G H Y M N.

BLEST be his name, who me again doth raise
 With joyful heart to celebrate his praise!

*Before the morning light my heart shall sing,
 And sweetest odours to his altar bring;
 Whilst yet the sun discloses not the day,
 Whilst yet *Aurora* hides her sandals grey;
 While darkest-vested night presides on high,
 Nor star yet apprehends the morning nigh;
 While nature sleeps, the day nor hop'd nor fear'd,
 Nor dog, nor lark, nor lowing oxen heard;

* *My voice shalt thou bear in the morning, O Lord,
 in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and
 will look up. Ps. v. 3. In the morning shall my prayer
 prevent thee. Ps. lxxxviii. 13.*

Nor

And if the grave must swallow me,
 Think thou upon eternity,
 Where thy swift wing shall move no more,
 *Sunk on the wave, which knows no shore.
 But time stays not—dost thou not know,
 I am not wont to use thee so ?
 When thou hast me advis'd, or chid,
 Have I not done as I was bid ;
 Comply'd, though rigid thy commands,
 Exerted heart, and head, and hands ;
 Have always been in haste as thou ?
 In gratitude oblige me now.
 I not command, nor chide, but pray ;
 O time, but for a moment stay !"
 Time hears not ; flies whilst thus I sue—
 " O virtue ! I apply to you ;
 To you, O prudence, I apply ;
 You will not, like that tyrant, fly ;
 Accompany with smiles the man
 Who will obey you all he can ;
 Assist me to repair what time
 Destroys, and thus to conquer him ;
 So to improve, and so to taste
 (Still more than what of life is past)
 What yet remains, that I may find
 Another, better life ! behind."

Nov. 28, 1733.

* *Omnia pontus erant, decrant quoque littora ponto.*
 Ovid. Met.

XX.

TO THE SUN NEAR RISING—HARD FROST.

AND dar'st thou come, thou lordly star,
 Again to roll thy burning car?
 He comes—O Sun, if thou presume
 Upon thy wonted strength to come,
 Expect to find an enemy,
 Such as thou art not wont to see;
 The old confederates, the north
 And east, have led their armies forth,
 The sloughy south, a very teague,
 Has enter'd deep into the league;
 First they detach'd their sneaking fogs,
 And all our fields, our hills were bogs;
 That enemy thou didst despise,
 They quiet slept in azure skies.
 No sooner gone that varlet host,
 But pouring on came silent frost;
 Nor needed re-inforcing wind,
 That body of reserve's behind.
 Still thou com'st on. Now we shall know
 What thy monarchical pride can do.
 Thou com'st not now to verdant springs,
 Their frozen glassy surface rings;
 Thou com'st not now to flowery green,
 Frost's universal white is seen;
 We breathe but hoary air, and none
 But glass or stone we walk upon;

Full

Full happy we, if on the ground
 Our fractur'd bones shall not be found.
 What, fog again ! O, lord of day,
 Thy heat and majesty display ;
 Relieve thy subjects fore oppress'd,
 Humble the enemy at least ;
 Or blame us not, if we complain,
 Thy burning chariot burns in vain.

Dec. 1, 1733.



XXI.

TO THE CLOCK.

O Strike no more, thou strik'st too fast,
 Since last thou struck'st, an hour is past ;
 If thou art, so am I, in haste.

With winged swiftness time doth fly,
 Aiming at vast eternity ;
 Time hath his business, so have I.

Time's work, allotted time will do,
 My task I shall accomplish too,
 But I have ten times more in view.

So active, vigorous my mind,
 That could I equal pinions find,
 I'd leave ev'n time himself behind.

I would not wait to-morrow's sun,
To-morrow's work should be begun,
And ere its dawning light, be done.

Whilst art and knowledge can be found,
I'll trace the shining circle round—
Alas! soon ends my narrow bound.

Dec. 2, 1733.

XXII.

TO THE CLOCK, STRIKING.

CLOCK! strike no more, impertinent,
Thy clacking hammer stay!
What! is the hour of seven spent?
Yes; yonder comes the day.

How many sevens, and eights, and nines,
Thou yet for me shalt sound,
Who knows? but, as my life declines,
'Twill not be many a round.

Once half a million was my due
Of hours, they now are gone;
They slid away, they walk'd, or flew,
And vanish'd one by one.

Of

Oft have I thy shrill-sounding tongue
 Heard clang ; again ; again ;
 And thought thy music short or long,
 As pleasure was, or pain.

The hour will come when thou shalt ring,
 And I no more shall hear ;
 Shall be a lost, a worthless thing,
 No hand, no eye, no ear !

Thou shalt to others sound thy bell,
 And they shall do like me ;
 They too shall their last number tell,
 Drop, and forgotten be.

Go on, strike ; I'll so manage time,
 That yonder rolling sun,
 Each star, shall hear my conscience chime,
 Reviewing what is done.

Dec. 2, 1733.

XXIII.

SHUTTING MY CHAMBER DOOR AT NIGHT.

Come my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee; hide thyself as it were for a little moment. Isa. xxvi. 20.

AGAIN I turn my key, my door is fast,
 (*The night will come when I shall turn my last)
 Precaution wise, this does my rest secure;
 Ah no; but providence divine is sure.
 Now welcome, thought. How pass'd the busy day?
 Self-love be silent, honest conscience, say?
 Applaud, condemn, acquit, approve, defend,
 And all, or ill or well, resolve to mend;
 So shall thy thought, so shall thy sleep, be sweet,
 † And thou shalt with thyself here joyful meet.

Dec. 4, 1733.

* My dear father had near twelve happy years to live. He died the 29th of May, 1745; tranquil, sudden, worn-out.

† ——— *Quid te tibi reddat amicum.*

Hor. Ep. i. 18, 101.

Turbam rerum hominumque desiderant, qui se pati nesciunt; tibi tecum optime convenit.

Senec. Nat. Quæst. Præf. iv.

SELF-

XXIV.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

TIS darksome silent gloom, the new-born day,
 Can yet no un-abortive sign display;
 Dead as the midnight hour, all nature lies,
 Be-winter'd, she no morning vigour tries.
 Guilt, care, grief, pain, their mournful vigils keep,
 But all alive, besides, profoundly sleep;
 Abroad all desert is; the various bed
 Hides the inactive hand, the dreaming head;
 All but, as mine, men whose unweary'd thought
 To meditate, whilst others sleep, is taught.
 Now say, O man, whom death ere long will claim,
 What wilt thou answer to the great I AM?
 " *Hast thou, with modest reason's careful aid,
 The written oracles of God survey'd?

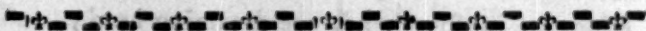
* *Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they are of God, because many false prophets are gone out into the world. John i. 4, 1. For our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity we have had our conversation in the world. Cor. ii. 1, 12.*

Revere the world, but conscience most revere,
 Thy inmate God, unerring oracle!

Hercules, 1079.

Or, previous, hast thou taught thyself to know,
 If those asserted oracles, are so?
 Hast thou, with heart and hands sincere and clean,
 Thy various conversation had with men?
 Hast thou thy dignity maintain'd with care,
 Rever'd thy soul! is God's bright image there?
 Conscience, canst thou with head uplift reply?
 Be silent still, O earth, be dark, O sky!
 What though no voice be heard, no object seen,
 My heart shall sing; 'tis mid-day sun within!"

Dec. 5, 1733.



XXV.

B E D O I N G.

AWAKE and sing! What though yet silence reigns,
 Nor morning enters yon' etherial plains,
 The moon full orb'd doth through the gloom display
 Her silver noon, and sheds nocturnal day;
 Ye curtains, hide not her indulgent ray. }
 Awake and sing; nature hath slept her due,
 Diana calls, her smiling features view;
 Thy pencil waits thee. Sing thy chearful soul,
 'Tis there resplendent day, from pole to pole.
 Arise and sing; and let that heart of thine
 To thy hand dictate swift the tuneful line, }
 Which to the world in times to come may shine.

Dictate

To him who gives me that I know,
 And feel, how much to him I owe.
 Teach me, O sun! who from thy sphere
 Dost send thy grateful praises here,
 Obedient rays! may I, like thee,
 With grateful joy obedient be;
 And may this day, in doing well,
 The four and twenty thousand past excell!
Dec. 10, 1733.

My dear father was born Jan. 12, 1666; so that he was
 now 68 years old within a month.

 XXVII.

WAITING FOR DAY.

AS when a diamond from the mine
 Is shap'd, to make a monarch shine,
 A monarch, or a lady fair,
 (Though they themselves no diamonds are)
 The chips that from the jewel fly,
 A less magnificence supply.
 The sun not come, and dark the air,
 I ready in my busy chair;
 What shall I do, though 'tis not day?
 Time will not for the morning stay;

A jewel

A jewel that ! and he is wife,
Who, knowing what a jewel 'tis,
Adorns his soul with every spark,
With thoughts that glitter in the dark ;
Where HE can see, and will approve,
Who will reward as well as love.

Dec. 12, 1733.

000

XXVIII.

MORNING PRAISE.

REFRESHING sleep had long forsook my bed,
The kindly visions of the night were fled,
Fantastic nothings, creatures of the brain !
But are not monarchs' vast designs as vain ?
More solid beings, thoughts important flow,
Thoughts not unworthy that the world should know.
A doubtful light cheers my not cheerless room,
It is the moon—beloved maid, I come—
Nor long delay'd. Clad, I the stairs descend,
And trace my terrace oft from end to end.
I see the hills exchange the moon's pale ray
For glowing light, beam'd from approaching day ;
The orient stream along the welkin flows,
The fading stars extinguish as it goes ;
Where the grey dawn had dwelt, appears fair blue,
And hills and fields their open face renew.

Unin-

At peace with men, just, temperate, and kind,
 On God dependent, to his will resign'd ;
 This man with joy can meet the new-born day,
 The gilded purple, or the moist'ning grey ;
 When thunder rolls, can bare his fearless breast,
 And, in the midst of war and tumult, rest.
 *No shame perceives, or dreads, no secret knows ;
 His heart is open, when his face he shows.
 Can night's severest scrutiny sustain,
 Look back, and bless the day, not spent in vain ;
 Fearless of harm from men, or from the deep,
 Can dreaming smile, whilst others wake and weep ;
 As infant's slumber his ; or such, so sweet,
 As those when raptur'd faints with angels meet.
 This man hath learn'd to live, can life enjoy,
 And life, prolong'd to *Nesstor's* years, employ ;
 †Can wish for more, yet, with a steady eye,
 View death's approach ; resign'd, undaunted die.

Dec. 21, 1733.

* — *hic murus æneus esto,*
Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallescere culpâ. Hor.

† *Tentantem majora, fere præsentibus æquum.*
 Hor. Ep. i. 17. 24.

— *Oculo irretorto spectat.* O. ii. 2.

HYMN.

XXX.

H Y M N.

WHY do the birds rejoice and sing,
And hop from bough to bough ?
Why exercise the painted wing,
And chirp as I do now ?

Why do the fish with wanton fin
Flicker the sunny beam ;
Or silent frisk, or glide within
The weedy, flowery stream ?

And you, ye lambkins, why so gay
Amidst the vernal green ;
Why so rejoice to see the day,
So few as you have seen ?

Life is alive, abounding joy
Springs, seeing spring appear,
They smile and laugh, and joke and toy,
As I do all the year.

Each morning is a spring to me,
Each new-approaching night ;
I ev'ry moment pleasures see,
New pleasures still invite.

Repeated

Repeated joys to me are new,
 I not with joy am cloy'd ;
 If I displeasing objects view,
 New arts can such avoid.

What though my furrow'd features tell
 Decay appears, or will ;
 By what I feel, I know as well
 My heart's an infant still.

As gay, as pure of guilty thought,
 Alike from malice free,
 And, as by grey experience taught,
 Far more secure than he.

And shall not gratitude and praise
 Flow, as my comfort flows,
 To him who all my years, and days,
 And all their good bestows ?

Yes, praise him then, my hoary hairs,
 More praises daily bring,
 And ev'ry furrow that appears,
 Each minute loudly sing.

Dec. 22, 1733. [Æt. 68.]

PRAISE

XXXI.

PRAISE OF VIRTUE.

O Health of body, joy of mind! the man
 Who these obtains, let him the blessings prize;
 Let him enjoy and use them while he can,
 For endless days eternal fate denies,

Virtue bestows, and virtue can secure,
 A while secure, the blessings she bestows;
 Ev'n virtue's self from fate is never sure,
 Down time's swift current, all that's human flows.

But whilst it flows, delicious is the tide,
 If virtue's flow'rs adorn the lucid stream;
 That man may triumph with becoming pride,
 There's joy, there's immortality for him.

But whose the praise? 'tis his who virtue gave,
 Who virtue gave, to him the praise resign;
 *He shall thy name from tongues malicious save,
 Or, slander'd, virtue's recompence is thine.

Dec. 23, 1733.

* *Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence
 from the pride of man; thou shalt keep them secretly in
 a pavilion from the strife of tongues. Pf. xxxi. 20:*

The

XXXII.

The mind is light or darkness.

THE shadowy landscape shows no distant view,
 Nor moon, nor stars, the heavens are bounded too.
 All silent is, but blust'ring winds, which say,
 Black clouds and wet will intercept the day ;
 Night reigns around—but what is that to me ?
 The mind can in the darkest dungeon see,
 And, though by chains confin'd, expatiate free ;
 Beyond the lightless vault a God can find,
 And, in the inmost soul, a father kind ;
 Can feel in chilliest night the bosom glow,
 And see more beauties than bright suns can show.

*Walking on my terrace near midnight,**Dec. 23, 1733.*

XXXIII.

GOD RULES IN ALL.

WHO swept the clouds away, and bade the deep
 Be smooth, the tempest in its caverns sleep,
 Call'd forth the stars to readorn the night,
 To cheer the sailor with instructive light ;

E

Instructs

Instructs the morn to wake the world's bright eye,
 To streak with rosy blush the eastern sky ?
 Who makes the lion in the forest roar ?
 Who calms the fury of the bristly boar ?
 'Tis he, who, when the nations rage, can say,
 " Silence ! " nor dares the clamour disobey ;
 'Tis he, who when tempests darkness raves,
 When roll aloft the foamy mountain-waves,
 When wars and tumults fright, or when disease
 Attacks the out-works, does the vitals seize ;
 Or when the dolphins on the ocean play,
 And zephyrs mild refresh the summer's day,
 Whispers within, " to him thy all resign,
 The Father of the universe, and thine."

Near midnight, Dec. 24, 1733.

XXXIV.

ALL BRIGHT, IF SO WITHIN.

* **A**LONE, a cleanly hearth, well li't,
 Warm by my fire side,
 Undrest, compos'd, at ease I sit,
 Nor am I unemploy'd.

* — *Splendet focus, et tibi munda supellex.* Hor.

Abroad

Abroad 'tis dark, determin'd rain,
 All creatures shun the air;
 Yonder are hills, at hand a plain,
 But wind and storm are there.

What if the world with ills abound,
 Ingratitude and lies,
 If happiness within be found,
 If calm and bright those skies,

Roar winds, floods rattle down apace,
 From black big-belly'd clouds,
 Let mischiefs plague the human race,
 And follies shoal in crowds;

That man, in his integrity
 Secure, unbent his brow,
 Rejoices, though alone like me,
 Loves God as I do now.

Dec. 27, 1733.

Compare this with Horace's famous twenty-second ode
 of the first book,

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus, &c.

As my father knew nothing of that, and it is a fally of the
 same kind, let another, less partial, say if it is inferior, and
 where, and how.

XXXV.

D E A T H.

LOOK there, extended pale, the carcase lies,
 The hand inactive, sunk and dark the eyes;
 O ghastly shroud, conceal the once-lov'd face;
 Retire, my friends, and shun the irksome place;
 Shut close the coffin, drive the sealing nail,
 Soon will the grave draw the concluding veil;
 For ever lost to light, to human sense;
 What now remains, but not to give offence?
 But let his unpolluted name survive,
 Be fragrant in the hearts of those who live;
 Defects forgotten, virtues copy'd fair,
 For crimes let those vile tongues allege that dare.
 Whether surviving gratitude shall weep,
 Or what was he in cold oblivion sleep,
 His works are finish'd, the great voice is heard,
 " * Well done, receive sincerity's reward."

Jan. 7, 1733-4.

* *Well done, thou good and faithful servant.*

Matt. xxv. 21.

MORN.

XXXVI.

MORNING SACRIFICE.

TO meet the sun I could not stay,
 I hasted to salute the day,
Aurora gliding through the air,
 Through the chill, gloomy vapours there;
 She balmy influences shed,
 And goblins, sprites, and fairies fled;
 Whilst I—inactive was I? No;
 My mind as busy was below;
 But how? I, with accustom'd praise,
 To him who thus renews my days,
 Incense the morning, purify
 My heart, and emulate the sky;
 Resolve the setting sun shall see,
 As bright as now the morning, me.
 Alike I feel my soul improve
 In humble joy and ardent love;
 Mean while my sense not fails to tell,
 The bloom is fair, the flowers smell;
 Nor silent is the briar sweet,
 Whilst gladly I its fragrance meet.
 It says, "This world, though thorns are found,
 Does, to the wise, with sweets abound;
 Only beware, and be not cloy'd,
 Enjoy the good, the thorn avoid."
 But yonder mounts the joyous sun;
 My morning sacrifice is done.

April 3, 1734.

E 3

A SPRING

XXXVII.

A SPRING MORNING PRAISE.

JOYOUS I walk, and gaze around,
 Survey the sky, and trace the ground;
 Aloft, thin summer clouds are seen,
 Below, the dewy, vernal green;
 The buildings, trees, and meadows fair,
 Are ting'd with gold, and azure air;
 Light mists along the valleys rove,
 Perfum'd with cowslips on they move;
 To humble hills they dare aspire,
 Such are obscur'd, but not the higher,
 Insulting they, with sunny beams,
 Defy their lazy short-liv'd streams.
 Mean while the birds, the cattle play,
 And I as merry am as they;
 But with a higher note extol
 Our God, creator of us all,
 Commanding friend, paternal king;
 My heart, my voice, my muse shall sing.

April 10, 1734.

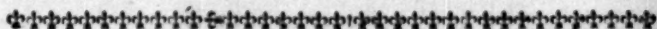
MORN-

XXXVIII.

M O R N I N G H Y M N.

WHERE shall I find expressive words to say,
 How thee I praise, and love, O Lord of day !
 Thy face with joy, each morning, I behold,
 In the grey mists, in clouds new-deck'd with gold,
 In the fair azure, when the landscape shows
 The hills appearing, as the day-spring flows;
 Each flower, each leaf, each spire of glass I see,
 Each ray of light, earth, sky, are parts of thee !
 Teach me in various numbers, and sublime,
 In words spontaneous, prose, and lofty rhyme,
 Teach me to all thy praises to impart,
 Let my glad tongue and pen display my heart.
 O world ! my language impotent you hear,
 What my soul feels within, can ne'er appear ;
 There glows an inexpressive, silent praise ;
 The furnace warms, denying yet the blaze.

April 10, 1734.



XXXIX.

PRAISE IN ALL CHANGES.

THE early spring invites her gaudy bloom,
 No ill suspecting, forth the blossoms come ;

The buds, mature for light, expand their sweets,
 The chearful verdure its glad kindred meets ;
 The sun rejoices in his offspring dear,
 Believes, is now secure the vernal year ;
 No less rejoice the animated throng,
 Alike the rapture, various though the tongue.
 *Unmusical the cuckow's note is heard ;
 By *Philomel's* the woods and sprays are chear'd ;
 I too rejoice ; the season is my theme,
 Earth, water, sky, the bright, the warming beam.
 Comes the chill north, the inauspicious east,
 Merciless harpies ! they defile the feast.
 The heavens no more their azure glories boast,
 In clouds, black mists, and healthless vapours lost.
 Silent the birds, the rest nor bleat, nor neigh,
 Low not the herds, and shun their awkward play ;
 Nor celebrate the dawn, nor purpling day ;
 Even I complain, I who am wont to praise,
 And to all weathers consecrate my lays ;
 To the meridian splendor, solemn night,
 Tho' chief, when heav'n and earth receive the rising
 light :

And will ; my verse, philosophy, and wit,
 Shall teach my heart for ever to submit ;
 To magnify, adore, and bless that name ;
 The God, who in all seasons is the same,

* This was a little compliment, en passant, to Mr. Pope, who saw several of these with great satisfaction, and desired to see many more ; but my father was hardly prevailed on to shew them to any but me. My father had often called himself the cuckow, and Mr. Pope the nightingale.

Equally

Equally wise, or east, or west the wind,
 Equally king, alike a father kind!—
 And dost thou sing, my chamber-warbler? thou
 Hast learn'd of me, I sing without the bough.
 Shut in our cages, we our notes will join,
 Though yours most sweet, though unharmonious mine,
April 24, 1734.



XL.

ALL SUBJECT TO DECAY.

YE languid flow'rs, who now before me stand,
 Late brightly warm'd, and waving, sweetly fann'd,
 When I rejoicing robb'd the smiling field,
 Your beauties faded; you no fragrance yield.
 Forgive the rape. If you decay, must die,
 Look upon me, nor gay, nor fragrant I;
 Hastening as you, whate'er hath been our pride,
 Deformity, and loathsome stench to hide.

April 24, 1734.

Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida verbum

Reddiderit junctura novum. Hor. A. P. 47.

But if in words, how much more in things? This thought is most common and trite, but the turn is quite new and striking. I believe that a reader of taste will mark many instances of this throughout these little essays.

ENJOY

XLI.

ENJOY IMPERFECTION.

O Ever lov'd, ye fields, ye woods, ye streams,
 Wish'd for awake, possess'd, enjoy'd in dreams ;
 Had in the day, my darkling thought pursues
 What, while possess'd, employ'd my raptur'd muse.
 And why not constantly the senses please
 With hills, with rivers, gardens, flowers and trees ?
 I will—but where the place ? the manner, how ?
 And yields that life conveniences as now ?
 A train of these present themselves in view,
 And frowning say, “ Then be it so ; adieu.
 Will fields, and woods, and streams such friends
 afford,
 Such help at need, so well supply'd a board ;
 Such kind amusements, when the winter's day
 Fled, leave us little or to do, or say ;
 When business calls, will they the journey take,
 Or will you safety lose for pleasure's sake ? ”
 My rural project now appears less fair,
 And the town happiness confirms me there.
 Be both possess'd, enjoy'd !—It shall be so.
 But, in perfection, now, I neither know.
 “ Perfection ! and is that your real scheme ? ”
 It is. “ Reserve it only for a dream ;
 Be that your portion, when by fancy taught ;
 When reason governs, this will be your thought.

'Tis

'Tis vain with things impossible to strive;
 Who knows to want, he only knows to live.
 What can be had, possess; enjoy awake;
 The rest let sleep supply, let fancy take.
 Thus we have all, and thus we only can,
 And thus is joyous all the vital span."

April 26, 1734.

My father had always a great desire of ending his life in a country retirement, and at this time had a project of putting this desire in execution; and had carried it so far as to declare that he would let his house in Queen-square. The above are some of the objections his good old friend Lord Chief Justice Eyre came to him on purpose to propose to his consideration.

XLII.

SILENT PRAISE. An ODE.

Occasioned by the early singing of a Canary-bird.

O Dost thou call, sweet warbler! brought from far?
 Thy notes my sleep-demanding eyelids raise,
 My drowsy senses, glad thy summons hear;
 Will join with thee in our creator's praise,
 Who thus continues length'ning on our days.

But

But triumph not, though I, this lovely morn,
 Part of the sleep, I nature ow'd, have paid ;
 How oft have I thy tedious ling'ring borne,
 To rob thee of thy amorous dream afraid,
 Impatient waiting for thy waking stay'd ?

Come, let us sing, our melodies unite,
 Let us together greet that azure sky,
 Those clouds, or purple, yellow, grey, or white,
 Which quiet wait the rising sun, on high,
 Or, mitty-slooping, swift to meet him, fly.

" I thank, I praise his goodness, who bestows
 His bounties, countless as yon' golden flowers,
 As grass luxuriant which among them grows,
 Call'd by the genial beam, refresh'd by showers ;
 Yon' sky and clouds, those hills, trees, fields are ours."

My song is done, sing thou, I glad attend—
 Bravo ! again ; still raise thy shrillest voice ;
 Proceed, 'tis heavenly sweet, still on, my friend,
 I listen pleas'd, I silently rejoice,
 To hear, and not to sing, is now my choice.

Nor shall my pleasure with thy music cease,
 'Tis music here, 'tis harmony within ;
 Health, vigour, rapture, innocence and peace ;
 These, whilst thy notes were rais'd, have busy been,
 And, when thy carol ceases, shall begin.

Sing, pretty bird, let us in chorus join ;
 Sweet as thine is, my song's more sweet than thine.

April 30, 1734.

Happy

XLIII.

Happy whatever is abroad, if pleas'd within.

WHY should I, chamber'd with the muses, stay?
I went, the muses dancing led the way,
Call'd by the various sweets of early May.

All joyous now whate'er I view'd abroad,
And, as within, apparent was the God;
Exulting I, each look, each step I trod.

Not but I saw, or judg'd I saw, the sky
Hint, and almost pronounce, a change was nigh;
Come clouds, come rain, come tempest, what care I?

Unchang'd my healthful mind, let peace be there,
With joy celestial be that region clear,
Come what will come abroad, I not complain nor fear.

May 2, 1734.

USE

XLIV.

USE OF MY WRITING.

WHEN I am landed on that unknown shore,
 Where numbers of my friends are gone before,
 (Whether possessing now a dull repose,
 Or joy or misery, what mortal knows ?)
 Some, of the multitudes who still pursue,
 May peradventure these my pictures view ;
 (For here, alone examining my breast,
 Are my soul's lineaments with care express'd,)
 What will they say ?—I neither know, nor fear,
 So they will learn from them to be sincere,
 So they will learn (rememb'ring well, that me
 They too must follow,) what they ought to be.

Alone, as oft I am, ('tis my delight)
 I think, and think, and what I think, I write.
 The naked thought, an unsubstantial shade,
 Embodiy'd thus, a living creature's made ;
 It else had wander'd in the air ; at most
 It had to all but to myself been lost ;
 Perhaps had by myself forgotten been ;
 Not so, substantial now, 'tis felt, 'tis seen ;

A faith-

A faithful friend, a monitor, a guide,
 And always ready to applaud, or chide.
 Learn thou of me this necessary art,
 To write I not pretend, but mend the heart.

May 3, 1734.

XLV.

HAPPY AT HOME.

THIS year no sweeter morning shall bestow
 Than yesterday's ; the case is alter'd now ;
 With clouds, with northern blasts the air is fill'd,
 The sun is hid, and vernal nature chill'd ;
 So is my muse—but yet my muse can say,
 My mind enjoys the warmest summer's day,
 The zephyr's verdure, and the bloom of *May*.
 Behind yon' clouds a sun serenely bright,
 For ever shines. Say, Muse, and shall I write ?
 There is a sun which yet can brighter shine,
 And shine incessantly—that sun is mine !

May 3, 1734.

XLVI.

THE REAL GOLDEN AGE.

*Nevertheless he left not himself without a witness,
in that he did good. Acts xiv. 17.*

• O Why should man complain ! man, tell me why,
Is there no beauty in yon' vary'd sky ?
On earth's wide bosom do no flow'rets grow,
From the fresh springs no placid waters flow ?
The ocean-waves, the soft salubrious air,
Is there no majesty, no fragrance there ?
Doth not each reed, each oak, each animal,
To thee for gratitude incessant call ?
Dew-dropping dawn, *Aurora* purpled bright,
Meridian splendor, cool declining light,
The moon surrounded with unnumber'd stars,
And balmy sleep triumphant o'er our cares.
Doth not all nature call to thee aloud,
Rejoice, O man ! thy great creator's good,
Hath bountifully giv'n, nor less he knows
Still to supply, and wisely to dispose ;
Will hear sincerity submissive pray,
And ask no more returns than thou can'st pay !

* *Wherefore doth a living man complain ? Lament.
iii. 39. The foolishness of man perverteth his way,
and his heart fretteth against the Lord. Prov. xix. 3.*

Doft

Doth not unbounded thought thee entertain?
 Are senses, passions, giv'n to thee in vain?
 Is reason's voice not heard, or understood?
 And is not hope a certain, present good?
 Doth conscious virtue no delight allow,
 None! that thou thus can'st think, and write, as now?
 The age of gold, as ancient poets sing,
 Was a rich harvest in eternal spring;
 No chilling blast of grief, black-fighted care,
 Or fear, mis-judging of the gods, was there;
 But human life, enjoyment still in bliss—
 Be good, be wise, and such a life is this;
 Devoutly ev'ry point of time employ,
 And all thy good with temperance enjoy;
 On God repose; the universal All,
 If thou art unsecure, unblest, must fall.*

May 5, 1734.

* ————— If this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble.
Milt. Mass, 606.

ALL

XLVII.

ALL IS OURS.

WHOSE hills are those, whose tops are now so
fair,
That plain, those trees, those fields, those buildings
there ?
Whose flowery meadows, where yon' cattle play ?
Those cattle, birds, that sky, and whose are they ?
All are my property, I claim them all,
Me to enjoy them they incessant call ;
I gladly hear, and all my soul employ
To praise the giver, and the gift enjoy.

May 7, 1734.

XLVIII.

EVIL COMPANY CORRUPTS.

A dream at Sutton.

I Frankly own it is a dream
I am about to tell ;
But if you apprehend a whim,
You apprehend not well.

I saw

I saw a lilly white and fair,
 It had admirers store ;
 Its fragrancy perfum'd the air,
 But shall perfume no more.

'Twas dirty now, and sadly foul'd,
 (Such lilly I ne'er saw)
 As in the dust it had been roll'd ;
 My nose turn'd up, cry'd, faugh !

Fast by the flower a dirt-hill stood,
 The wind had blown the stuff,
 And all besmear'd its lilly-hood,
 So belles are daub'd with snuff.

Beware your company, thought I,
 Would you be sweet and pure ;
 Would you adorn the earth and sky,
 Your lilly-bloom secure.

What pity 'twas a flower which smil'd,
 When op'ning to the sun,
 Should be so odiously defil'd,
 And all its praises gone !

July 1, 1734:

XLIX.

ADVANTAGE OF DEVOTION.

Sitting on a stile between Cheam and Sutton.

'TIS pleasant all! the open hills, or glade,
 The corny field, or field for fallow laid,
 The grassy freshness, or the various green
 Of boughs, the sky and orient beams between;
 Blue mists, or azure heaven, or glaring sun,
 Proclaiming loud the harvest-day begun.
 The distant prospect, or the eye confin'd,
 The bosom'd sacred *spire, the village kind;
 Autumnal fruit and flowers, domestic brood,
 The rook, the dove, or notes that cheer the wood,
 The breezy whispers, and the fanning air,
 The cloud that screens me from the scorching glare.
 Delicious all! but whence? if guilt, or shame,
 Grief, perturbation, doubt, fear, passion's flame,
 Reside, within; all glooms the bright'ning sky,
 And darkness hides each lovely object nigh.
 But innocent, or purify'd the hand,
 The passions cool, or subject to command,
 The soul possess'd with thoughts of God sublime,
 Seeing, adoring, praising, loving him,

* Sutton, where he was then, and ever, a welcome guest
 to the kind, hospitable family of Mrs. Metcalfe.

'Tis

O Sovereign Lord of day ! thy throne
 We reverence, 'tis thine the beam ;
 So *Marlborough* did *Anna* own,
 Her brightness brightest yet in him !

Majestic terror comes along
 When thy fierce splendor awes the sky ;
 My morning star excites the song,
 Invites and cheers the ravish'd eye.

This star which now with joy I gaze,
 What is its substance ? is it sure
 It from that sun derives its rays,
 Or from another sun more pure ?

Thy pearly urn, whence has it drawn,
 From what celestial fountain bright ?
 Or are those rays the dewy dawn
 Of heaven's own everlasting light ?

Still as my eye salutes thee, give,
 O loveliest star ! this noble thought,
 That how to think, and how to live,
 I may excited be, and taught.

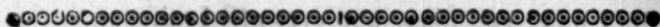
That I in thy sweet beams may lave
 My hands, and purify my heart ;
 That I, like thee, no spot may have,
 And be as lovely as thou art.

Alas,

Alas, inanimate art thou ;
 The soul is pure by reason's light,
 Though clad with imperfection now,
 'Tis pure in our great Father's sight.

As such, that soul shall far outshine
 Thy earthy gleam, far higher soar ;
 Assert its nature all divine,
 And rise when thou shalt be no more.

Aug. 6, 1734.



LI.

THE MORNING STAR.

NIGHT's ling'ring skirts, nor unsalubrious air,
 Forbid my terrace walk ; behold me there,
 In mists envelop'd, heavy on yon' lawn ;
 But thoughts ascend, the soul aloft is drawn
 By a more potent, efficacious beam
 Than hovers now upon the ocean's brim.
 Nor stays on earth my glad aspiring eye,
 Which meets *Diana's* fading chariot high.
 But yonder shines, though with diminish'd ray,
 My brightest star, companion of the day !
 Aye, there thou art, fair planet ! mild thy brow !
Apollo's flaming beam's unwelcome now.

Doubly oppress'd with glory, (now conspire
 *The lord of day and queen of night) retire—
 Ere long I'll meet thee, sovereign then alone
 More lovely shining than they ever shone.
 Behold the sun! now half his orb, now more,
 (†The flaming wheels are rattling on the shore,)
 Bids the moon haste, extinguishes her light;
 She's left a misty spot of useless white.
 Where is my *Venus*? fled! adieu; ere long
 I'll meet thy sway, surrounded with a throng
 Of thousand suns; nor shall I fear to lose
 Thy face in beams more bright, or mists, or dews.
 Both now, and then, and ever will I raise
 My heart to him, his holy name will praise,
 Lord of sun, moon, and stars,—and thy distin-
 guish'd rays!

Aug. 8, 1734.

* *Siderum regina Luna.* Hor. Carm. Sec. 35.

† *Sonum insuper emergentis audiri,* &c. Tacit. de
 morib. Germ. 45.

THE

LII.

T H E S A M E.

G Littering the stars, the moon retir'd,
 The sun as fane as I desir'd,
 Unclouded was the eastern sky.
 And *Phosphorus*, I knew, was nigh.

Adieu, my bed, enough of rest;
 My self immediately was drest.

* I saw my *Phosphorus*, but he
 Was scarcely risen from the sea;
 No cloud, but exhalation, now
 † Hung on his planetary brow.

Again my bed receives me, yet
 Resolv'd my morning star to meet,
 I sleep again; I dream and doze,
 Again I wak'd, and gladly rose.

O brightest flame! O purest light!
 O thou refulgent sun of night!

* "I saw my Venus now, but she"—in the original.
 I have changed it, because, though the morning and
 evening star be the same, yet the idea is confounded by
 naming them indifferently; but above all, as his morning
 appearance is so gloriously compared to the MESSIAH.

† *Annuæ sidereo læta supercilio.* Claud. Carm. xi. 58.

Or,

Or art thou star ? the stars appear,
 Sure they but imitations are :
 We triumph in thy placid ray,
 Too weak our eyes for brighter day.
 So, in this night of nature, we
 A mediatorial glory see,
 Rejoicing in the filial beam,
 Secur'd and comforted by him,
 'Till at the dread archangel's call,
 This fabric of the heavens shall fall,
 * And light paternal shall be *all in all*.

Aug. 27, 1734.

* 1 Cor. xv. 28.

LIII.

T H E S U N.

WHAT golden circle rises to my sight,
 With rosy beams dispensing growing light !
 Behold, the azure shares a nobler dye,
 The clouds partake, and deck the smiling sky,
 While earth its verdant pride, with joy, displays,
 All nature glad receives the warming blaze ;
 Away the mist scuds soft with pearly wing ;
 The hills appear ; the woods, the valleys sing.

What

What is that orb, that globe of treasur'd day !
 Its magnitude, its substance, virtues ? say.
 What is this world, where we delight to dwell,
 Of which the wisest men such wonders tell ?
 Trod by innumerable nations ; stor'd
 With what the blended elements afford ;
 Eternal change, variety still sweet,
 Or when the atoms separate, or meet !
 How vast the zone encompassing this round !
 How deep descend we ere its center's found !
 The great idea strains the lab'ring thought—
 Be this to yonder bright ascender brought,
 Place them together in yon' ample blue,
 Measure their circles, as they stand in view,
 O how diminish'd now ! an orb how small !
 There mounts the cupola, and here the ball :
 Weigh them against each other ; in the scale
 A thousand thousand earths will scarce prevail.
 Millions of burning *Ætnas* there appear,
 Vast as the moon, or all our empires here ;
Teneriffs, as spacious as our hemisphere.
 Hark the tumultuous bellow when they pour
 The torrent flame ; see it forsakes the shore,
 Unquench'd the fire invades the ocean wide,
 The ocean drives it-self a burning tide,
 Unfathomably deep ! behold the plains
 Of solid fire ; fire fills the hidden veins,
 Each vein a *Ganges*, an *Atlantic* flood ;
 Flame is its substance, flame its fervent blood ;
 What is, and whence supply'd its needful food !

And

And what this fire is, who, what mind can know,
 Which, at this distance, makes earth's bosom glow,
 Gives light, gives life to all, to worlds remote,
 Numberless leagues, with pain attain'd by thought !
 And who can comprehend, what is that all,
 Possessing life, each plant, each animal,
 Enormous bulk !—miraculously small !
 Their forms, powers, faculties ; their number, who
 Can comprehend ; each still producing new ?
 Invisible are most, but lately known,
 Nor can their parts by all our skill be shown ;
 What fire is this ! the fire our sense perceives,
 Of this celestial, faint ideas gives ;
 Such fire whole *Alpine* rocks would melt ; brought nigh,
 Mountains of diamonds would as vapours fly.
 Nor is its rapid whirl amazing less,
 Too weak the mind, though figures should express.
 How the idea swells ! stupendous sun !
 What creature this ! yet this is still but one,
 One of those myriads ; which all know their way,
 Supply the universe with heat and day ;
 This sun with all the vast expanse compare,
 This orb immense is but a twinkling star.
 And what is all to him, the Lord of all,
 Who ever rul'd, who rules, and ever shall !
 Who fills immensity, is ever near,
 Is equally in worlds remote, and here !
 Smiling on all with love parental, HE
 Views every creature ; not forgetting me.

Him

Him now I see; him feel within my breast;
 To him resign, Almighty! wisest! best!
 Praise him with me, O sun! his name be ever blest! }

Sept. 11, 1734.

Though he be not far from every one of us; for in him we live and move and have our being. Acts xvii. 27. God is love. 1 John iv. 8. The very hairs of your head are numbered. Matt. x. 30. I dwell in the high and holy place; with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit. Isa. lvii. 15.



LIV.

M O R N I N G.

FIRST the grey dawn; then soft the mellowing sky;
 The saffron'd east declares the sun is nigh.
 Ye fires of heaven, wherefore so swift away;
 O *Phosphorus*! O morning planet, stay!
 Fly ye blue mists, the stars themselves are fled,
 The mists, awaken'd, leave their flowery bed.
 Why in the west yet lingers night's dull train?
 It moves, nor even there the birds complain;
 All jocund now the woods, the thickets ring,
 Each pearly leaf glads the diurnal spring;
 The dusky hills receive the roseat gleam,
 From yon' smooth lake ascends the silent steam.

Azur'd

Azur'd the heavens, the verdant fields appear;
Behold new day invests the hemisphere !

*The early breeze touches the willing leaves,
All nature day's sweet influence receives.

There ! there's the sun ! see his ascending rays,
The total orb begins the lordly blaze !

I shout for joy ; up mounts devout my praise. }

Sept. 15, 1734.

* The pause finely expresses the smart touch of the sweet morning breeze, and strengthens and varies the verse.

LV.

MAN'S LIFE NOT VANITY. ODE.

FOR ever gone is yesterday,
With days a thousand ages past ;
The same I shall to-morrow say
Of this, if this be not my last.

To-morrow who can call his own ?
'Tis his no more than millions hence ;
The present, while we think, is gone :
What emptiness ! what indigence !

From day to day, and step by step,
We live, and live, and journey on,
At length we take the fatal leap ;
The gaudy, swelling bubble's gone.

But

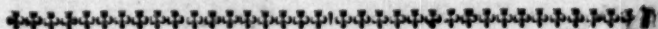
But still we're busy ; still the head,
 The hand, the heart will enterprize,
 Will prosecute ; still onward led,
 Conceiting we are great and wise :

We gay and resolute begin,
 Touch and retouch, and more design,
 Our web, insensible, we spin,
 Uncertain hope draws on the line.

Yet any fingle moment may
 Immortalise the founding name ;
 Shall this be consecrated, say,
 To honour'd, or detested fame ?

To happiness, or misery,
 Which on this moment may depend ?
 The ill to shun be wise to try,
 The good to purchase, O my friend.

Sept. 23-24, 1734.



LVI.

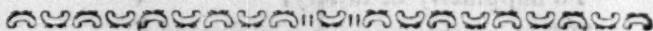
BETTER ENJOYMENTS.

YES, gen'rous orb of day, spread forth thy rays,
 Let all the sky and earth receive the blaze ;
 Not now, as when the long-extended day
 Dreaded the scorching of thy ardent way ;

Fierce

Fierce blast from northern dungeon's brazen doors,
 Or from the more tormenting eastern pours ;
 Or chilling damps, or fogs unclean invade
 Our fields, and heaven itself is wrapt in shade.
 In vain I call ; the hopeful gleam expires,
 The smiling sun shows half-extinguish'd fires,
 And more and more *Aurora's* rosy cheek
 Sickens, and bids us other comforts seek ;
 Autumnally deceives our hopes ! revive,
 O muse, thy song ; bright in my bosom live ;
 Live praising him, rejoicing, who bestows
 Pleasures, the sun nor propagates, nor knows.

Sept. 27, 1734.



LVII.

SAFETY IN GOD.

THE years come on, at length will come my last,
 Perhaps 'tis this, but all will soon be past,
 My portion had in this uncertain state ;
 What other is, or none, reserv'd by fate,
 Who knows ? I all in vain enquire ; but why ?
 Unsafe in everlasting arms am I ?
 Why not in future worlds, as this, secure ?
 Of heaven's paternal goodness always sure !

Oa. 6, 1734.

RE-

LVIII.

R E L I G I O N.

Constant my mind, each day a different sky,
 A different landscape entertains my eye.
 A rosy, misty, frosty morning, now
 Receives my meditation, and my vow.
Apollo comes, *Diana* just appears,
Venus is hid among the vulgar stars;
 My God, whom all the universe implores,
 And, though a various idol form'd, adores,
 Into my breast his saving knowledge pours.
 Without, is seen, is felt the year's decay;
 Within, rich *August*, ever blooming *May*;
 Continu'd resignation, praise, and joy
 My years, my days, my heart, and pen employ,
 And ever will; 'tis my sincere decree;
 *May those above, with these of mine agree!
 Where God embosom'd is, religion pure,
 Life's wint'ry ills receive a speedy cure;
 Sweet there as paradise, as heaven secure.
 Strict purity of life, and love to all,
 These are my rites, and thus on God I call.

Hæc cedo ut admoveam superis, et farre litato. Perf.

* *Who hath saved and called us—not according to
 our works, but according to his own purpose and grace.*
 2 Tim. i. 9. *To them who are the called according to
 his purpose.* Rom. viii. 28.

LIX.

True excellence often obscure to us.

YONDER fix'd star, Plebeian though it seem,
No telescope's regard, no poet's theme,
Almost an useless ornament of night !
Shines not with barren, planetary light ;
With beams original invested, they
Deal forth to worlds, unkaowing us, their day.

To us unwise, how many names obscure,
Despis'd, and, in the world's opinion, poor,
Are bright, are beautiful, are rich, are great,
And patiently their retribution wait.
The recompence delays not, if within
Shines the celestial influence, and is seen ;
* Though they, by purblind men, un-noted are,
If angel songs their worthiness declare—
Or though celestial tongues should silent be,
There is an eye which never fails to see.

Od. 20, 1734.

* *Satis sunt mihi pauci, satis est unus, satis est nullus.*
Senec. Ep. 7.

*Mea quidem conscientia plaris est quam omnium boni-
num sermo. Cic. Attic. xii. 28.*

LX.

IMPUTED GOODNESS.*

BEHOLD what am I? what can I command?
Of reason dim, and impotent of hand;

* My father's account of his own person is merely the picture of his modesty, and indifference for that sort of merit; but by no means of his person itself; for he was very remarkable for being a very handsome old man, (his complexion fair, clear, and warm to the last!*) as he had been a very handsome young one; both which appear now sufficiently by his pictures. And he was as often remarked, by numbers of people now alive, for having the true air of a gentleman, with an unaffected dignity of appearance and motion; and has very frequently been taken, at a little distance, for Mr. Wilks, by those who only knew Wilks on the stage. He was also noted for the perpetual cleanness of his person and dress, and the agreeable tone of his voice, as well as happy choice of words and expressions; which last were so remarkable, that it was often said by men of learning, as well as men of the great world, that they believed his relations and stories (the clearness, simplicity and spirit of which were always admired) would bear printing without correction. And these too came easy, as never to want either repetitions or pauses, to seek for words or sense.

* "Thine age shall be clearer than the noon-day;
thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning."
Job. xi. 17. And he was this, for he had performed
the conditions.

No featur'd beauty prides my ancient face,
 No lovely form, nor hath my motion grace.
 But what if I another picture shew'd,
 Had all the charms in youthful angels view'd ;
 If nature only shone, deformity
 Alone would meet the understanding eye ;
 But, God discern'd, my works are worthy praise,
 My mind reverberates what reason says ;
 Pleas'd with myself, with hands uplift, and eyes,
 To him I offer the glad sacrifice ;
 He sees himself, his lively image he
 Approves ; approves himself impress'd on me ;
 And me accepts ; in him secure I joy,
 For him will all I am, or can, employ.

Oct. 20, 1734.

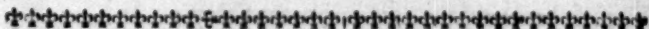
LXI.

God, light ; we in dark futurity.

FROM darkness, and from dreams I come,
 Some pleasant, undelighting some,
 I come to re-salute the day,
 To light, to truth—I dare not say.
 The sun comes rolling on apace ;
 As nature shows a gloomy face,
 For fog surrounds, insults the hills,
 The sky and all the valley fills,

So still my way in darkness lies,
 In cheats, and in uncertainties ;
 Through waves of a tumultuous flood,
 Through brambles of a pathless wood ;
 Shall the next minute's point produce
 Enjoyment real, or abuse,
 Pleasure, or sorrow, who can tell ?
 Life's vigour, or the dismal bell ?
 Before us lies the desert dark,
 Not one illuminating spark ;
 We noises hear, but nothing see,
 All, all a blank non-entity ;
 Yet on we go, and on we must——
 But Providence may safely trust.
 In vain pretenders have been try'd,
 The cloud, the pillar is our guide.

Oct. 21, 1734.



LXII.

D E A T H.

THE morning risen bids me rise ;
 Off goes my night-cap ; there it lies.
 When death shall show the morning star,
 Go, useless carcass ; lie thou there.

Oct. 21, 1734.

LXIII.

*A midnight thought on the fated train of life.**

“PAST twelve o’clock!” how oft have I, how long,
 Repeated heard that sleep-inviting song!
 “A star-light morning!” feeble is that light;
 A lovelier ditty if the moon were bright;
 Oft, “rainy, cloudy!” little do I care,
 Sleep is not nice, considers not the air.
 But meditation, pillow’d, gravely tells,
 “The catalogue of days departed swells.
 “Admonishes, another day’s begun;
 “And that, ere long, there will remain but one.”
 Unknowing this, impossible to say,
 If this, or not, is that important day;
 Or that deferr’d; what dreams this day shall take
 Their fated train, or sleeping, or awake.
 What are the links of this day’s destin’d chain,
 And what on the eternal rolls remain!
 Dark as the present hour, more dark they lie,
 Impenetrable to an angel’s eye.
 The ocean’s seen but dark, as dark to sense
 The wave that shall immediately commence,
 As what shall flow ten thousand ages hence.

* See Job xiv. 5. Mat. x. 30. Acts xvii. 26.

But

But this I know, and this sweet slumber gives,
My Father's goodness now, and ever, lives.

Oct. 23, 1734.

*Seeing his days are determined, the number of his
months are with thee, thou hast appointed his bounds
that he cannot pass. Job xiv. 5.*

LXIV.

The Morning Star disappointing me.

NOW let me meet thee, *Phosphorus* ! O stay,
Beloved dawn, nor reach thy sandals grey,
And all ye genii of the morn delay !
Sleep on, 'tis nipping frost, no roses now
Spread their perfumes, nor grace the dewy bough,
No peasant stirs, inviting forth his team,
No ardent lover haunts the secret stream ;
The scythe, the sickle rest ; nor hay, nor corn,
Impatient wait the labours of the morn.
You, should you wake, no vernal bloom will see,
And not a poet will you meet but me.
Still let the night prevail. But thou, O night,
Let not thy cloudy vapours dim my sight ;
Call in your gloomy spectres, crowd them all
In caverns black, or your *Cimmerian* hall.
My offer'd slumbers I refuse to take,
My pillow'd visionary sweets forsake ;

I spurn my bed, surrounding cold defy,
 Not from, but to old autumn's bosom fly,
 And were it winter's self, the same would I.
 I, to its rigour, limbs and face expose;
 Eager desire no mean excuses knows.
 I come to meet my morning star—not mine,
 For me the morning planet will not shine.
 The other fires burn lovely, are not hid,
 Nor this do envious clouds or mists forbid.
 This *Lucifer* a sluggard is; he snores,
 Nor, the sun distant, yet attempts our shores.

Awake, like me, O *Phosphor*, haste away,
 The nipping air prevents my longer stay!
 Silent the other stars I silent view,
 And bid them all, without a hymn, adieu.
 Back to my room I haste; there, glad, the muse
 Attends, we there our meditations chuse.
 Again we tempt the air severe; again
 Of the lov'd star's unkindness we complain;
 Return once more. But now revenge is pleas'd;
 The lord of light his orient throne hath seiz'd,
 Proclaim'd in neighb'ring skies undoubted day;
 A streaky, azur'd, gloomy, rosy grey,
 His other realms, the fields, their frosts display.
 My promis'd joy I chearfully resign;
 For, disappointments to improve is mine.
 Conscious of that philosophy I sing,
 And taste more joy than *Phosphorus* could bring,
 Or thousand morning stars! another still
 Knows, all around, my hemisphere to fill.

There

There is a star transcendently more bright,
 Which ever comes, if humbly I invite ;
 Comes uninvited ! spreads indulgent rays,
 And through the coldest clouds, a balmy blaze
 Glows in my breast ; the way let truth prepare,
 And purity, 'tis ever morning there,
 And I can ever view that morning star. }

OÆ. 23, 1734.

LXV.

RESIGNATION.

O That I—what was I about to say ?
 Was it a wish, or did I mean to pray ?
 All is appointed, fix'd ! I wish in vain,
 And prayer against decree can nothing gain.
 To love paternal, wisdom infinite,
 All your concerns with chearfulness submit.
 Safe in his hand the unborn moments lie,
 Whilst prayers and wishes disregarded die ;
 In powerful love and wisdom all is safe,
 There rest, and at your own presumption laugh.

OÆ. 24, 1734.

*Socrates, humanæ sapientiæ quasi quoddam terrestre
 oraculum, nihil ultra petendum a Diis immortalibus ar-
 bitrabatur, quam ut bona tribuerent ; quia ii demum
 scirent*

LXVI.

What we complain of is often best.

LET clamour cease ; oft what we most complain,
 (While what we wish is mischievous) is gain ;
 Our food is phyfic ; phyfic is our food ;
 The *utile* is sweet, the *dulce* good.
 Let praise incessant fill the grateful breast,
 Nor let the tongue, the pen, the muse have rest.
Od. 27, 1734.



LXVII.

ALL IS NOT FOUND.

EPITHET what I say as you
 Are us'd, or have a fancy to,
 I not so honour man, I own,
 To think all's known that can be known ;
 Or that all truths have been exprest
 In words, or forms of speech, the best ;

*scirent quid unicuique esset utile ; nos autem plerumque
 id votis expetere quod non impetrasse melius foret. Val.
 Max. vii. 2. See Juvenal's 10th Sat. and Persius's
 2d.*

Nor

Nor so I dis-esteem the kind,
 To think there's nothing left behind ;
 Or what our children cannot find.
 I servile imitation hate*
 Of what's of old or modern date.
 Unprais'd, or undeserving I ;
 At least some honour 'tis to try.†

Oct. 27, 1734.

* *O imitatores, servum pecus !* Hor.

† *Quem, si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ansis.*

Ov. Met.

LXVIII.

Infinite goodness seen in imperfect good.

WHEREFORE was life upon a worm bestow'd ?
 The great disposer's infinitely good.
 Why upon man a life so mix'd with ill ?
 Infinite goodness is the reason still.
 Why men not angels ? insects why not men ?
 Another race of insects had been then ;
 Nor mites, nor men ; nor evil mix'd with good ;
 Nor goodness had attain'd infinitude.

Oct. 27, 1734.

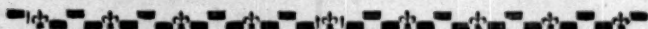
THE

LXIX.

THE DIVINE IDEA JOYOUS.

BRIGHT is his face, and fortify'd his breast,
 Who is with this divine idea blest;
 He all enjoyments tastes compriz'd in one,
 Those planetary stars, and God himself his sun.

Oa. 30, 1734.



LXX.

SWEETEST REVENGE.*

"REVENGE is sweet." Do you believe
 It is no pleasure to forgive?
 He carries his resentment high,
 Who overlooks an injury.

* The Lord Justice Clerk, of Scotland, was a man of the most distinguished talents for the laws of his country, and not less amiable in his private character. He had a fine avenue of tall trees, old full-grown beeches, leading to his house in the country, which is very rare in Scotland, and he, of course, was very fond of them. His near neighbour, the Laird of —, had a pique against him, and in the rage of revenge, and insolence of power, took the opportunity of his absence, to cut them all down. This was
 a da-

“ A sweet revenge !” but sweeter still,
 If good shall recompense the ill.
 Revenge and charity thus meet ;
 Sure this must be supremely sweet !

Os. 30, 1734.

a damage that was altogether irreparable. The Justice Clerk, on being informed of so atrocious an insult, which the laws were open for him to punish, only said, “ he should find a time to make him repent it.” Two or three years after this, it happened that this Laird’s whole estate, which had put it in his power to be so grievous a neighbour, was put in compromise, by the next at law producing a prior will ; which, though it had lain long dormant, appeared so clear and genuine, that he in a manner himself gave up his own right. It, of course, came before this Lord Justice Clerk to try the cause ; another reason for the Laird to think he had little chance. This great lawyer so thoroughly sifted the matter in the hearing, that he discovered, by mere dint of his usual sagacity, and indefatigable industry and zeal for justice, that it was a forgery ; and so, contrary to all expectation, the possessor gained his cause, as the pretender was non-suited. He waited on his judge with shame and confusion, to thank him ; (for though the right appeared now to be indeed his, it would not have been discovered to be so, without the Justice Clerk’s talents alone, for his own counsel had given it up.) The other said, “ he had nothing to thank him for, but his having taken due pains to do him justice ;” and, laughing, added, “ did not I threaten you, that I would find out a time to make you repent having injured me ?” This was indeed the revenge of a Christian.

Dr. Bayley.

Voyage

LXXI.

Voyage of life made prosperous.

A Mariner in life's wide ocean, I
 To make my voyage prosperous will try;
 Dim is the air, tempestuous the sea,
 But, thanks to Providence, my way is free:
 If pleasure breathe an aromatic gale,
 I'll court it, clap on all my spreading sail;
 Secure the ballast! winds to storm incline,
 To rocks, to sands; it hath no fail of mine.
 With judgment I, with circumspection steer,
 And, as occasion bids, drive on, or veer;
 Look out, what beneficial is to find,
 Beware of sudden, or impetuous wind,
 And with my artful powers improve the kind.

Thus will I navigate to-day, that night
 May smiling say, he steer'd his pinnace right.

Oct. 30, 1734.

TEM.

LXXII.

T E M P E R A N C E.

NATURE commanding has thought fit to say,
 " By food support your tenement to-day ;"
 And sov'reign nature is sincerely good,
 She gives us pleasure when she gives us food ;
 Her pleasure's pure, our choice too oft a cheat,
 Instead of health, we pain, distemper eat ;
 Let me prescribe, the *recipe* is sure ;
 You temp'rate, may prevent, you, temp'rate, cure,
 Oct. 30, 1734.



LXXIII.

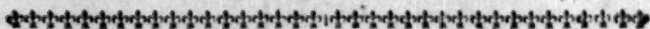
C O M P L A I N N O T.

AURORA now her orient road forsakes,
 Those snowy mountains, and those frozen lakes ;
 Bends towards the south, there spreads the gates of
 light,
 But there finds shatter'd trees and meadows white.
 The sun comes on, commanding milder skies,
 And, purpling all, indulgent warmth supplies ;
The

The shiv'ring white awhile the war sustains,
 Soon fled, rejoice anon the verdant plains.
 Alas! what though is fled the hoary frost,
 Are not the honours of the forest lost?
 On shatter'd wither'd leaves the woodman treads,
 The flowers no more uprear their gawdy heads,
 But rest secure in subterraneous beds. }
 Enough; complain no more, again the spring
 Will wake the primrose, and the trees shall sing;
 The birds shall chuse their mates; nor wanton rove,
 But in each thicket conjugally love;
 An ardent sun shall forth fresh verdures call,
 Shall give new life, new youth, new joy to all:
 Mean while what heavenly fires no more bestow
 Shall be supply'd from sulph'rous caves below.*

Ode. 31, 1734.

* *Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.*



LXXIV.

LIGHT SUFFICIENT. ODE.

WHY is it said sublimest things are dark?
 If dark they are, 'tis man hath made them so;
 Light from above communicates a spark,
 Which fanning kindles to a brighter glow.

Use

*Use well that beam, behold a morning star,
Divinely soft, internally will rise,
Will raise your eye, and dissipate your fear ;
Who knows enough, sufficiently is wise.

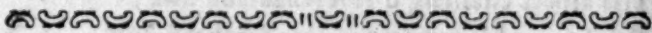
He knows enough, who knowing God is good,
That all is only as himself decreed ;
Attempts not what's forbid to flesh and blood,
†But reads the book he understands to read.

Who thus his time and faculties bestows,
A pious, and a happy man will be ;
This to himself, and to the world he owes ;
Supremely blest alone the deity !

Nov. 1, 1734.

* *A light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts.* 2 Pet. i. 19.

† *And the book is delivered to him that is not learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee ; and he saith, I am not learned.* Isa. xxix. 12.



LXXV.

MORE MEANT THAN SAID. A DREAM.

OR dream, or vision, or poetic flight,
Or reverie, the muse commands to write ;

H

Alham'd,

Asham'd, that thought which rais'd to ecstacy,
 Should only blaze within, and die with me.
 Though, what if, as a lamp that lights a tomb,
 Expires at once when taken from the gloom,
 My feeble gleam may meet an equal doom.

Imagine me, as I myself conceiv'd,
 Among thick bushes, rather flower'd than leav'd ;
 A *Gothic* building thence receiv'd me soon,
 Where glimmering tapers in profusion shone,
 Boasting to emulate the genuine day,
 Yet human artifice at best, though gay !
 Various the isles, and mazy turns within,
 With voice and echo's ever-changing din.
 Here wandering, half displeas'd, half satisfy'd,
 To find a guide, or better light, I try'd ;
 Long lab'ring thus, an opening I descry'd,
 *And heard a whisper mild ; I, long detain'd,
 Burst through that opening, and my freedom gain'd ;
 Soon saw the sky distinguish'd from that glare,
 And joyous found, the whisperer was there.
 I hasten'd, bowing to the form I saw,
 His aspect challeng'd reverence and awe ;
 Bright was his eye severe, his forehead bold,
 Upright and tall, and vigorous though old,
 But face, and limbs, and body, all was gold ;
 Transparent gold ! and so divinely made,
 His substance nor receiv'd, nor lost a shade.

* The " still small voice," in which God was. See
 1 Kings xix. 12. This is an allegorical account of his
 own case ; long and grievously perplexed with religious
 doubts ; 'till sincerity and upright reason extricated him.

And

And clad he was ; fantastic oft his dress,
 For other's profit shunning nakedness.
 He frequent chang'd, for lightly was he clad,
 Lovely his robe, whatever form it had.

Approaching near, my outstretch'd hand he caught,
 * And to ascend my limbs terrestrial taught.
 I pass'd the hov'ring clouds, and *Alpine* snow,
 And *Teneriff* and *Olympus* saw below ;
 Pierc'd the dull region where the tempests howl,
 Stor'd lightnings flash, and bellowing thunders roll:
 An angel thus the *Hebrew* prophet bore,
 Less wise the guide, as less sublime the soar !
 The confines now I saw of endless day,
 And all creation in full prospect lay.
 I saw, and saw with infinite delight,
 And all appear'd superlatively bright.
 † As when the goddess form'd by optic art,
 At hand, was judg'd deform'd in every part,
 But justly plac'd the statue and the eye,
 'Twas all proportion, grace, and harmony ;
 The world, which I ere while † with horror view'd,
 As swoln with crime, and ill replete with good,

* *I am the resurrection and life.* John xi. 25.

† The *Minerva* of *Phidias*. See the contest between
 him and *Alcamenes*, whose statue was all beauty
 when seen near, &c. described by *Tzetzes* VIII.
Hist. 193.

‡ *Tutto quel, che s'incontra,
 O di bene, ò di male,
 Sol di là sù deriva, come fiume*

A frightful monster ! now divinely fair,
 Immaculate as is the morning star.
 Deceit and violence, lust, pride, I saw,
 But all within a circumscribing law ;
 All made subservient to a wise design,
 The total work was holy and divine ;
 Of goodness infinite the utmost stretch,
 That wisdom and almightiness can reach.

As the pure sun, when misty vapour fills
 The deep and level lands, nor spares the hills,
 Soon dissipates the load, and all is bright ;
 So when my guide assur'd me, " all is right,"
 Eternal vengeance which the nations fear'd,
 As mist, and cloud dissolv'd, soon disappear'd ;
 Smil'd love paternal, and * with outspread wings
 Cover'd secure th'infinity of things.

At this great change, so unforeseen, amaz'd,
 I on my guide with grateful ardour gaz'd.

*Nasce da fonte, ò da radice pianta ;
 E quanto quì par male,
 Dove ogni ben con molto male è misto,
 E' ben là sù, dov' ogni ben s'annida.*

Guarin. Past. Fid. Att. IV. Sc. 5.

* *The children of men put their trust under the
 shadow of thy wings. Pl. xxxvi. 7. The stretching
 out of his wings shall fill the breadth of thy land, O
 Emanuel. Isa. vi. 8.*

He

From end to end, with observation's eye,
 Trace the safe path with me, or hov'ring fly.
 Inclement heavens, as now, again subdu'd,
 And fields expecting harvest, finding flood;
 The air how oft by tempests torn; how oft
 Men war below, the elements aloft!
 What plagues, disorders, accidents, what wrongs,
 What want of charity, what * strife of tongues,
 Ingratitude, deceit, religion's stain!
 Hypocrisy; the filthy wallowing train,
 Loathsome to name, but preach'd against in vain. }

The charge is just. But once again survey;
 Suppose these ills receive superior sway;
 One all-foreseeing eye, o'er-ruling hand,
 One mind supreme, retaining sole command,
 Calms the dire tempest, stills the horrid din.
 Suppose, in your opinion is the sin,
 Is the disorder; your's, whose partial view,
 And film-envelop'd eye sees nothing true.
 Imperfect reason wand'ring steps infers,
 And such is our's, and consequently errs.
 In things inanimate alike must be,
 What fools disorder style, and think they see.
 Air, without tempest, by stagnation kills;
 Passion destroy'd, what agitates our wills?
 Brutes, lambs throughout! variety is lost,
 Nor could the lion strength and courage boast.

* *Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from
 the strife of tongues.* Ps. xxxi. 20.

Order

Order disorder would become ; and hence
 *Would cease the wond'rous chain of Providence ;
 Conspicuous, now, with amplitude of praise,
 Directed all, though intricate the maze ;
 To you so seeming ! but, as when my hand
 Strikes the sketch'd line, and you objecting stand,
 Yet wisely wait, reposing on my skill ;
 My hand must err ; be sure his never will.

If to such *Phaetons* as we the rein
 Were given, fire soon would waste the ample plain ;
 Secure in better hands the chariot drives,
 And the tost vessel in the tempest lives.

The world, our dwelling, like the worlds around,
 Compar'd with heaven is most imperfect found ;
 But view how each may, probably, ascend
 In each degree, and toward perfection tend,
 The various exercise of love divine ;
 How will each world in its due order shine !
 †As here, each step to some sublime event
 Error may seem, or crime, or accident,

* See the commentators on " Homer's golden chain of Jupiter." *Iliad* VIII. 19.

† Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither ; for God did send me before you to preserve life. *Gen.* xlv. 5. And God sent me before you, to preserve a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance. So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God. *v.* 7. 8. But as for you, ye thought evil against

Though wisely plann'd ; so, in God's eye serene,
 What is, shall be, and ages past, were seen.
 All beauty, order, and perfection lies
 Subservient to the *Drama* good and wise.
 His is the total ; he appoints each part,
 Worlds, brutes and men ; thyself an actor art !

July 25-26, 1735.

me ; but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive. c. l. v. 20.

Read this whole noble and most beautiful story, with attention, and you will see a glorious instance of the truth of the above reasoning, as of the secret and all-unfathomable ways of Providence, of which our foolish and presumptuous decisions, on the appearances of the natural and moral evils, yet suppose us to be competent judges.

For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. Isa. lv. 8.

Another still more glaring instance, if we consider its more immediate consequences, no less than forming the line from whence the MESSIAH himself was to become visible in the flesh, is the story of David and Bathsheba ; the most criminal step, in itself, to the most sublime event, considering it in all its circumstances, that all history can produce !

LXXVII.

COMPLAINT IS FOLLY.

O For some shelter from this heat! some bed,
 Where yonder sky, now beaming fiery red,
 May not these suffocating vapours shed! }
 Aye! there the sun approaches, brings along
 Hot exhalations; round his wheels they throng,
 His chariot (up it labours) now not gold,
 Of ruby carbuncle its flaming mold.
 Furious his horses flounder from the main,
 Denouncing conflagration through the plain
 Ethereal; though thin silver clouds pretend,
 Can they against solstitial rage defend?

Return, ye shivering winds, and flooding wet,
 That I may sleep, and sleep secure from heat;
 Thus sleeping, we but stupid are, and blind,
 Not born to life renew'd, as was design'd.
 Yet so I fled to what my soul desir'd,
 Fancy'd I safe was from the heat retir'd;
 Then music heard, the gushing waters rung,
 The regulated sounds harmonious sung.
 O that, 'till air is temperate, cool, I might,
 By some such fountain, quiet pass the night!
 A grassy, daisy'd carpet be my bed,
 On me thy beams, O moon! indulgent spread;
 Silence, ye nightingales, ye leaves be still;
 No; rustle, if ye please, and chant your fill,

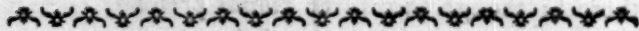
Banish

Banish the heat, which sleep with horror flies,
 Repose with balm my limbs, and clear my eyes,
 Will new alacrity, strength, vigour give,
 And I shall know, the world shall know, I live.

Courage! again I shall have found repose,
 Yon' spotty cloud some consolation shows,
 Prognosticates some friendly showers are nigh,
 To make resistance in the burning sky.

More comfort than whole hosts of clouds can show
 From this; "God rules!" will now, and ever flow.
 Already beams more pale, and south more cool,
 Whisper, "Complaint's the language of a fool."

Aug. 14, 1735.



LXXVIII.

SIMPLICITY OF RELIGION.

WITHIN my curtain'd bed, or on the way,
 Where satyrs and fantastic genii play;
 In the proud temple, at the gifted shrine,
 In the bright day, or deep *Cimmerian* mine;
 Or ground which blood of martyrs consecrates,
 Or where the adulating courtier waits;
 In dull recesses of the *Gothic* cell,
 Or where the men of wit, or business, dwell;

On

On the high mountain's top, or dusky grove,
I worship God, for * "every where is *Jove*."

Trace all th'expanded sky, search every star,
Each animal, each atom; God is there.
A shrine magnificent! where all we see
No idol is, but real deity.
The greatest master's hand is every stroke,
God's revelation is the total book.
Nor home forget. Thou art sincere my heart,
Here, here, O God! thyself hast said thou art.
My sacrifice, my altar here behold!
Incense ascending, vigorous and bold,
† More sure acceptance finds than bargain'd sums,
Or gore, or boiling flesh of hecatombs.
His image here I reverence, the place
Where I with rapture can his footsteps trace,
Can learn his will; for here his law is found,
Myself the language know, and can expound;
None else! my book alone demands my eye,
His spirit within! priest, prophet, king am I.

Aug. 15, 1735.

* *Jovis omnia plena.* Virg.

Jupiter est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris.

Lucan.

† ————— *Non tu prece poscis emaci*

Quæ nisi seductis nequeas committere divis.

Perf. ii. 3.

HYMN.

LXXIX.

H Y M N.

O Heart, expand with praise! day's flow decline
 Perceives the cooling breeze, the glowing shine;
 Nor life regrets meridian toil, nor fear
 Sees tempest in the other hemisphere.
 Happy such life! conducted yet with thought,
 And to encounter contradiction taught,
 Ills to support, and darkness to dispell,
 Rewarded with the joy of doing well;
 And with the beatific vision seen,
 Not without clouds, yet azure still between.
 So now the morning shines, secure from wet,
 Alike secure from suffocating heat;
 And, though dust interrupt my joy design'd,
 I'll breathe the balmy air, and leave the dust behind.

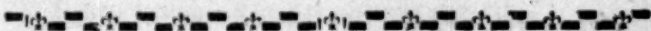
Who gave me being, being gave to all,
 If I am wretched, suns and worlds must fall;
 But, safe the rest! this atom of his love
 Must goodness through its whole existence prove.
 * His work alike this atom, as the ray
 Which emanates from yonder globe of day.
 Lo! I behold his smile! his hand sustains
 My steps; his health is gliding through my veins,

* *The Lord God breathed into his nostrils the breath
 of life, and man became a living soul. Gen. ii. 7.*

His

His joy now animates, his light hath shown
 Goodness paternal seated on its throne ;
 And this paternal goodness is my own !

Aug. 17, 1735.



LXXX.

NATURE AND ART.

I Not despise the pencil's darling skill,
 Much less the muse's elevated quill ;
 Yet imitation only these pretend,
 How much must their original transcend !
 Human productions both, these brightly shine
 As such ; but if these arts you would refine,
 View the great master, seen in every line.
 Nature itself calls forth our utmost praise,
 Astonishment ! wrapt in unblemish'd rays,
 Faultless the work ; pictures, descriptions here,
 Transport the connoisseur the most severe.
 Innumerable works attention call,
 And the collection open is to all.
 A library whose doors incessant spread
 Around, almost intreating to be read ;
 Earth, ocean, air, each element supplies
 Wherewith to entertain judicious eyes ;
 While grace and dignity, the true sublime !
 Assist the mind celestially to climb.

But,

But, as in writing, purest excellence
 Is seen proportion'd to the reader's sense ;
 As he the author's meaning penetrates,
 *He judges ; thus, he as he reads translates.
 So loveliest beauty is in nature seen
 By him who is most beautiful within.

Aug. 9-10, 1735.

* My father alludes to his manner of reading French books, by translating them off-hand into English as he went ; which method, he said, must lose much of the beauty at best, even to them who understood the sense, as this must also be in various degrees.

LXXXI.

Self-consciousness makes all changes happy. ODE.

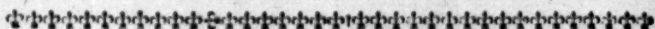
'T IS not the gawdy stream of rosy flame
 Decking the azure of the lofty sky,
 Nor all the beauties, early autumn's claim,
 Nor what the taste delights, or what the eye :
 No such are now. Clouds rolling on the wind,
 Darkness and wet, above and on the ground ;
 And yet 'tis spring, 'tis summer, in my mind,
 Within, the warbling nightingale is found.

Philosophy

Philosophy divine, sweet innocence,
 Self-approbation, nobly built, secure,
 More than the stars benignant influence,
 Delight ; and, when those perish, will endure.

When empires tremble, and the mountains nod,
 When ocean's usurpation tops the air,
 When conflagration ruins worlds, their God
 Regards the heart sincere, sits smiling there.
Aug. 30, 1735.

Surely this is an application of Horace's " *Justum et tenacem propositi virum*," (or rather an invention too, for my father knew nothing of it,) that gives a beauty and energy, of which the very system of that ode was not capable ; besides the noble brevity.



LXXXII.

PIETY IS HAPPINESS. ODE.

CLOUDS, stormy wet apparent are,
 Fog draws a curtain o'er the fair ;
 The sun will drive the fog away,
 Nor fail to give a summer's day.

When things present a joyous face,
 'Tis not the jewel, but the case ;
 Devout and philosophic eyes
 See that, although it hidden lies.

Disturbing

Disturbing care, perplexing doubt,
 Affliction's never empty spout,
 Calamity's tremendous yell,
 Will haunt the cottage where we dwell.

The wise, the pious, though all these
 He on the superficies sees,
 Yet sees, behind this frightful shade,
 An azure sky of jasper spread.

Sees Providence, paternal love,
 The melancholly veil remove ;
 Sees all decreed, and as it shou'd,
 In all sees universal good.

The veil of ignorance away,
 Is heard, is seen the *Shéchinah* ;
 And he accepts the humble hymn,
 Who dwells between the cherubim.

The golden mercy-seat is there,
 The holy place admits no fear ;
 Each honest heart is here high-priest,
 And blesses, as itself is blest.

Aug. 31, 1735.

What a glorious reflection, from such a trivial subject,
 as would have passed unheeded by every eye, but that of so
 rich and pure an imagination! and yet as natural as if
 twenty must needs have thought of it together!

LXXXIII.

DEATH NEAR, GOD MORE SO.

SOON will the sun, of me unmindful, rise,
Aurora will forget her lover's eyes;
 Thoughtless of me my flowers will smiling grow,
 Nor will my terrace steps accusom'd know;
 The roads, the paths I have so oft gone o'er
 With joy, will see my ruin'd face no more.
 Ev'n this my solitary room, and seat,
 My bed, from labour a compell'd retreat,
 This hermit-lodge, monastic cell! so long
 Exciting, dictating spontaneous song,
 Or morn, or midnight, rising to the throne
 Of him who not disdains this breast to own;
 These, strangers all; unalienated he
 In its last pangs my heart sincere shall see.
 Through all existence I his love shall claim,
 And he will answer to a father's name;
 Will softly whisper, or will loudly say,
 "Behold me thine, when worlds shall melt away."

Sept. 2-3, 1735.

LXXXIV.

LIFE'S IMPERTINENCE.

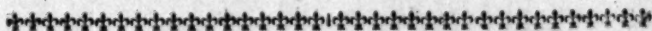
DISTURB'D with thoughts, me unconcerning, I
 Pass'd restless hours, and drudg'd I knew not why;
 Such was the night. And such full many a day
 *Is labour, more impertinent than play.
 The busy fools awake perceive the bed
 All discompos'd, the fruitless vision fled;
 They dully mourn, their misery deplore,
 Would fain amend, but time is now no more.
 Such are too oft the great, the rich, the wise,
 (Or so appearing to unhealthy eyes)
 And such are all the proudly-busy throng,
 Potent of hand, or eloquent of tongue,
 Who seek their retribution from abroad,
 And not at home perceive the sovereign good;
 Self-approbation, when the silent hour,
 And solitude, put wisdom in our power;
 That joy obtain'd, that precious balm possess,
 Life's night is sweet, exhilarating rest.
 But acting, blaming, then resolving; then
 Acting, condemning, seeming wise again,
 Is short existence miserably spent,
 An odious round of crime and punishment.

* *Strenua nos exercet inertia.* Hor.
Operose nihil agens.

Ask

Ask not the world, thyself can only tell,
 Only rewarding say, " Thus, thus is well.
 Now glows the morning sweetly, and the day
 Meets the glad eye, exchanging ray for ray."

Sept. 5, 1735.



LXXXV.

ENJOY LIFE, SUCH AS IT IS.

'T IS true, this life is—what you please,
 Grief, disappointment, and disease;
 Nor will I enter the debate,
 If goods or ills preponderate;
 Much less will I his conduct blame,
 Who makes a better world his aim;
 Him I esteem, will imitate,
 And love; but yet this mortal state,
 Such as it is, this transient life,
 Canonically is your wife,
 By holy band, divine decree,
 Part of your very self is she.
 Who knows a marry'd state, knows well,
 (Would he the truth sincerely tell)
 'Tis best to make a wife a friend,
 But 'tis the devil to contend;
 'Tis altogether full as vain,
 In hopes of pity, to complain;

He matrimonially is wise,
 Who views her better qualities ;
 Though, if she chance to take a whim,
 To cuckold, and to ruin him,
 He must not carry on the joke,
 'Till fame, estate, and heart are broke.
 Just thus the world, with whom we must
 ('Till " earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
 Part us) together jogging draw ;
 Such God's inviolable law !
 If not so dutiful and good
 As expectation dream'd she wou'd,
 Our wisest management, at least,
 Must be, to make of bad the best.
 But, if the love of present things
 Danger of sad perdition brings,
 The world encumb'ring thee with guilt,
 Despise her, she's an errant jilt.

Sept. 10, 1735.

LXXXVI.

Sufficient truth in every man's reach.

WEATHER permits not open air ; nor eyes
 To read ; activity repose denies.
 The pencil is not ready, nor a friend
 Me to assist this vacant hour to spend.

Yet

Yet life is precious. O how happy he,
 Who to himself can book, friend, pencil be !
 Thought offers to employ this shred of time ;
 This to record, the hand ; to polish, rhyme ;
 (Gloom will content the muse, the hand can guide
 Its vocal instrument when light's deny'd,)
 Nor will imagination fail to bring
 Themes which celestial bards delight to sing.

Ages and nations, lab'ring truth to find,
 *Have soar'd aloft, and left the truth behind ;
 She will indulgent on the searcher wait,
 Shunning the learn'd, the witty, and the great ;
 Nature observing ! this at home is seen,
 Nature as here, and now, hath ever been.
 The men we superstitiously adore,
 Were such as we may be, and nothing more.
 God, human mind, the world, are just the same,
 And, such as great *Pythagoras*, I am ;
 Have the same light, (brighter by far than he)
 Nor less ability, or will, to see.
 But were *Pythagoras* infallible,
 What were his real notions who can tell ?
 Sages have been too cautious, and too wise,
 To shew their beauties to the public eyes.
 I know what I am able to perceive,
 And to myself a true account will give ;
 And as I ne'er pretend beyond my reach,
 Nor bow implicit whilst my betters teach,
 What I attain is not believ'd, but known ;
 And this emphatically is my own.

* *Transvolat in medio posita, et fugientia captat.* Hor.

With policy unstain'd, or conscious pride,
 For oft it hath with diligence been try'd.
 Should this abroad, how pure soever, shine,
 It, peradventure, might be caught by swinē.
 Benevolence compells, I dare unfold
 My breast, inestimable pearls behold !
 " All useful truth in narrow compass lies ;
 The man sincere sufficiently is wise."

Sept. 8-9, 1735.

My father often wrote in the dark, frequently in bed, with a black-lead pencil, in short-hand, commonly legible enough, with the assistance of his memory, as soon as he rose in the morning ; but sometimes the lines running into one another, he had some trouble to pick out what he had designed. Mr. Pope had the happy talent, on having translated two hundred lines of Homer in bed, (which was his usual way, having the little correct edition of Wetstenius always behind his pillow, and a candle burning,) to remember them all, so as to write them down after he was up, as if from a copy before him ; sometimes after a whole day's interval, spent in business or pleasure, just the same ; of which he gave us several proofs. He afterwards reduced them to half the number, or less. Mr. Hawkins Browne never wrote at all, except when for the press, repeating two or three hundred lines with the same ease and correctness as if he read them ; and on any criticisms and alterations that were agreed on, taking out the former thought or expression, and hitching in these in their stead, and always repeating them so. I heard the same of Boileau, from old Monf. Dodec, who knew him well.

LXXXVII.

BEST POETRY.*

IF, ev'ry dawn, my waking heart perceives,
 With grateful joy and love, again it lives,
 Words will not want expressive of my sense,
 And those will beauty have which flow from thence.

I know not how, but my obsequious muse
 Uncall'd attends, and not, as others use,
 Oft sleeps, requires some stimulation strong,
 † And oft with step compell'd scarce moves along ;
 Soon as my life returns, and op'ning eyes
 Survey new light, devotion's thoughts arise.
 Rapture not condescends to speak in prose,
 Its nobler language naturally flows.
 The labour'd strain, affecting to be quaint,
 Betrays the counterfeit, will substance want ;
 Will shew, 'tis picture, colour'd, pencil'd board,
 And, though it beauty with delight afford,
 The real nymph, the work of nature's hand
 Divine, will joy superior far command.
 Such are my praises, such each morning fees,
 And such, O Father, such, thou know'st, are these ;

* *Ipsæ res verba rapiunt.* Cic. Finib. III.

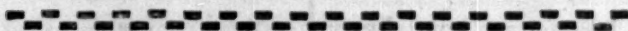
† The verse too labours, and the words move slow.

Pope.

And such acceptance find, declar'd of old,
 " *Give me thy heart, my son !" my heart behold.
Sept. 11, 1735.

Plutarch says, from Chrysippus, that " a sage, writing upon virtue, not only neglects all those nice rules of orators, but is not ashamed even of solecisms."

* *My son, give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways.* Prov. xxiii. 26.



LXXXVIII.

IDOLATRY FALSELY IMPUTED.

[*Universal charity.*]

* **W**HY did *Egyptian* piety descend
 To meanest reptiles? why the *Persian* bend
 The knee devout to elemental fire?
 Why did the nations to the sky aspire,
 Sun, moon and stars; or range the world abroad,
 Worshipping all their eyes beheld as God?
 Why demi-gods were benefactors thought?
 Their more than praise to children's children taught!
 Why gold, or meaner stuff, form'd various ways,
 Set up for prayer, vows, sacrifice, and praise?

* *I desired mercy, and not sacrifice; and the knowledge of God more than burnt offerings.* Hos. vi. 6.

Why

Why rites fantastic instituted ? why
 Did bleeding victims at the altars lie ?
 Idolatry absurd !—absurd art thou ;
 You to your own imaginations bow.
 Wise were the *Persians*, the *Egyptians* wise,
 And all whose hearts devout, obedient eyes,
 Perceiv'd in all a deity arise. }
 For he is seen in all ! all represent
 Him whom alone the various nations meant.
 Those whom thou dar'st idolaters to call,
 Saw deity, paternal good, in all ;
 And him in all ador'd, the great supreme !
 Their hearts were lifted up, bow'd down, to him,
 Seen as we see him, and as angels see,
 Mind universal, formless deity.
 In various ways we humble homage pay,
 And grateful praise ; and all one God obey.

Blame not thy brother then, nor send to hell
 Those whom that judge pronounces “ doing well ;”
 View with a father's eye ; the *Indian* slave,
 With thy high-priest, shall his indulgence have.

Creeds, systems, articles, and rites explore,
 Let us observe what God ourselves adore ;
 If we, alike, absurdities avow,
 We to a reptile, to an idol, bow ;
 Perhaps blaspheme whilst we another blame,
 And damn our neighbours whilst we err with them.
 That man is right who does the best he can ;
 Remember, friend, thou also art a man.

Most

Most saw the idol only ; does the hind,
 Like *Newton*, see an incorporeal mind ?
 One infinitely good is over all ;
 Not whom we damn, but whom he hates, must fall.
Sept. 11, 1735.

LXXXIX.

PEACE WHERE FOUND.* ODE.

SWEET peace ! where is thy dwelling-place secure ?
 Precarious in the unenlighten'd mind !
 The heart, from guilt, and from ambition, pure,
 In wisdom's bosom shall its refuge find.

So is the universe sustain'd ! his eye
 All-knowing, wisdom's hand conducting all,
 'Tis safe, though tempests vex the various sky,
 Though empires, worlds, in dark confusion fall.

What, if decreed confusion agonise ?
 † Seeming confusion ! uninstructed we !
 Wisdom, when worlds dissolve, when others rise,
 ‡ Wisdom in ruin can salvation see.

* *Happy is the man that findeth wisdom—all her paths are peace.* Prov. iii.

† *Rebus quidem rectus ordo est, opinioni vero tuæ perversa confusio.* Boëth. IV. Prof. 6.

‡ See the note on No. LXXVI.

Why

Why am I happy? vig'rous sense and ease,
Prosperity, have no abiding place;
On *Libyan* sands are written their decrees,
A blast arises, sweeps, and leaves no trace,

But be the great idea wisely seen;
*The golden tablets of the heart sincere
Have characters engraven deep within,
No terrors from abroad can enter there.

Peace not the world can give, or can maintain;
His all-commanding spirit only can!
The eye beholding his eternal reign,
Looks home, and there beholds a happy man.

Know all the stars, all sciences possess,
All ages past, all nature's secrets, ken,
A stranger may't thou be to happiness,
†Chain'd on the rugged crag in sorrow's den,

But the Supreme, the "wisdom from above,"
Instructs to lean on him who cannot fail;
This wisdom resignation lends, and love,
And will in all emergencies avail.

* *Written with a pen of iron, and with the point
of a diamond, it is graven on the table of their heart.*
Jerem. xvii. 1.

† See the fable of Prometheus, who was possessed of all
wisdom but the right, and so endeavoured to circumvent
Jupiter; a true image of false pursuits of happiness!

Come,

Come, lovely cherub, come, transcendent fair!

Dove-like spread wide, me cover with thy wing:

Let tribulation, superstition dare,

I shall, as now, my peace securely sing.

Sept. 19, 1735.

XC.

USEFULNESS OF PRIDE AND VANITY.

BEWARE how you proud vanity suppress;
 'This decency secures, and cleanliness;
 'Tis temperance, 'tis chastity severe,
 Or will at least command them to appear;
 'Tis diligence in science, and in art,
 In enterprizes bold forbids to start.
 Gen'rous and honest, (doctors, with your leave,)
 It scorns to pilfer, it disdains to thieve,
 Abhors a lie, nor cringes to deceive.
 Content, the greatest happiness life knows,
 Which from pure acts, pure contemplation, flows,
 And oft that joy the world can never give
 We can from self, from self-conceit, receive.
 Herein hath wisest Providence been good,
 Large is its family, demands much food;
 Nature could not reality provide,
 But this deficiency is well-supply'd
 By self-esteem, by vanity, and pride.

God's

God's wisdom thus, alike his power is seen,
 The world is balanc'd in the golden mean ;
 That inequality which elsewhere seems,
 Is levell'd ; substance is outdone by dreams !
 This, like the ebbs and and flowings of the sea,
 And change of seasons, shews a wise decree,
 And, with all else, displays a Deity. }

Sept. 29, 1735.

My father used to call vanity, " Providence's paper-credit."



XCI.

MY MANNER IN WRITING.

IF I am told what some have done,
 How wine dropp'd verses one by one ;
 How *Virgil*, and how *Horace*, taught
 The muse to drudge a single thought,
 My answer is ; if I must sing,
 * My lyre must use its native string ;
 And if velocity of sense
 I feel, such sounds must come from thence,
 As that velocity allows,
 In all my swift successive nows.

* See Anacreon, Ode I.

But

But greatest masters often fetch
 More glory from a rapid sketch,
 Than from the most completing toil,
 And charge of colours, cloth, and oil.

Sept. 29, 1735.

The original sketches on paper, of a master, are often allowed to have more energy of expression, however incorrect, than his most finished pictures; as they have the first flow of his fancy and enthusiasm. My father's own noble collection was an abundant proof of this. And so the models, in terra cotta, of the great sculptors, give far more delight to connoisseurs, than their finished statues. The marble is for the great, the clay for the knowing.

XCII.

UNCONCERNED FOR OUTWARD BEAUTY.

* **D**ECAYING face, or face decay'd,
 Thou shalt ere long in dust be laid;
 But then thou wilt no more be mine.
 If a far better face shall shine,
 My intellectual eyes and tongue,
 What those have seen, and this hath sung,
 Shall then in blooming beauty be,
 And others teach to live like me;

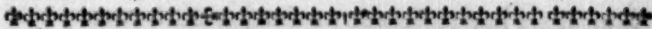
* He was within a few months of seventy.

Ye

*Ye features, never much approv'd
By me, nor made to be belov'd,
Which now I, not regretting, view,
No matter what becomes of you.

Od. 1-2, 1735.

* See the note on No. LX.



XCIII.

SOLITUDE IMPROVED.

*MY hearth well warm'd, my lighted table set,
My chair, my room, and all about me neat ;
Abroad tempestuous, dark, and miry flood ;
How shall I spend this hour of solitude ?
Delicious solitude ! for, so alone
Am I, that thoughts importunate are none,
No sad intruders, none of clam'rous blame,
None offering terror, or inflicting shame ;
Such is my solitude. The world abroad,
Whilst drudging on life's too-accustom'd road,
Detested crime polluting every step,
Or lost in dreamy unrefreshing sleep,

* *Jamdudum splendet focus, et tibi munda supellex.*

Hor. Ep. i. 5, 7.

Gnaw'd

Gnaw'd by relentless cares, by passions rent,
If sweet the crime, how fierce the punishment !
*Wide-wasting war intestine ! crueller
Than those which realms subdue, but conscience
spare ;

The specious world tormented thus is dark,
Is warm, but as of crackling thorns a spark.

†The man who finds tranquillity at home,
Who fears nor past, nor present, nor to come ;
Who Deity perceives in all he sees,
Despising men's invented subtleties,
Sits quiet, happy, nor regards the din,
Secure from all abroad ; 'tis heaven within.

Nov. 23-24, 1735.

* ——— *Sæviør armis*

Luxuria incubuit. Juv.

† *Tecum habita.* Persf.



XCIV.

ANACREON JUNIOR.

“LET us eat, let us drink, for to-morrow we die;”
If few are our pleasures, let’s catch what we can ;
Let others die daily, dissemble and lie,
Enjoy as they chuse, but enjoyment deny,
Be thankless and wretched, that never will I ;
Must I die like a dog ? I will live like a man.

Like

Like an angel immortal I'll sing, and I'll taste
 The pleasures provided for us by our king ;
 Nor nature nor art will I rail at, or waste,
 One flower suck'd dry, to another I'll haste;
 Resign'd, I'll be temperate, honest, and chaste,
 And, when life is ended, I'll thankfully sing.

Nov. 26, 1735.

XCV.

PAIN TEACHES PLEASURE TO BE PLEASED.

O D E.

God also hath set the one over against the other.

Ecclef. vii. 14.

BY gout or stone confin'd, by fractur'd pains,
 Or by a tyrant's arbitrary chains,
 *The limbs, emancipated, joy bestow,
 Which, healthy, unrestrain'd, they never know.

To ills of which we suffering oft complain,
 We are indebted for the good we gain ;

* When Socrates's fetters were knocked off, as he was going to drink the hemlock, he rubbed the parts that had been pressed and bruised ; and told his friends, that he felt a pleasure of which they, who had not been fettered, could not be sensible.

K

Is

Is there whom disappointments still have spar'd ?
 That man hath languid pleasures, only, shar'd,
 Good is not good but as with ill compar'd. }

Grieve not at what wise Providence decreed,
 This for thy harvest is th'appointed feed ;
 Anticipate the happiness with praise,
 *Who now depresses, will as surely raise;
 †He, with a parent's skill, our wants surveys,
 Nov. 28, 1735. }

* *Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh
 in the morning. Pl. xxx. 5.*

† *Permittis ipse expendere numinibus quid conveniat
 nobis.*



XCVI.

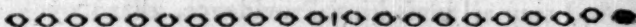
JOY AND PRAISE. ODE.

COME on, thou sluggish day,
 I have occasion for thy light ;
 My eager thoughts press crowding on their way,
 And emulating fingers ready are to write.

With joy my heart is stor'd,
 With joy and praise my busy mind ;
 Was light but half so earnest to be pour'd,
 'Twould flashing leave (at once) the formal sun behind.

Thus,

Thus, days successive fly,
 Or clouds or beams perceiv'd abroad;
 Within is found a constant summer's sky,
 Father! be thine the praise! O omnipresent God!
Dec. 29, 1735.



XCVII.

THE FAIR STREAM OF LIFE.

*GLIDE sweetly, stream of life! and boldly on,
 Not loud impetuous, but securely strong;
 Bear on thy surface profitable trade,
 Nor silent seek the soft mæand'ring shade.
 Within thy proper banks thy current keep,
 Shun the toss'd wave and cataracting steep;
 Lift to the shepherd's reed; but hate to hear
 The clatt'ring horrors of tumultuous war;
 Nor sooth the lover's or the poet's plaint,
 Nor teach the discontented more to want;
 But the unfortunate complainer lull,
 Teach him, by resignation, to be full.

If storm, fog, ice, disturb thy waters, wait
 'Till all shall, in their season, dissipate.

* — *Eunt anni more fluentis aquæ.*

Ov. Art. Am. III. 62.

And whether flick'ring bright, or tempest-tost,
 In the vast ocean, or the meadow lost,
 Pure be thy waters, wholesome, and of taste,
 Producing flowers and fruits, wherever cast :
 Let the parch'd pilgrim, weary cottager,
 With the glad sportsman, find refreshment here ;
 And may all bless kind Providence, that they
 Found such a river to relieve their way !
 Nor satisfy'd with their applauding voice,
 *May thy own stream and flow'ry banks rejoice !
Feb. 25, 1735-6.

* — *Mea mihi conscientia pluris est, quam omnium sermo.* Cic.

XCVIII.

A BETTER PICTURE.

ME no affairs embarrass or engage,
 Enjoying the prerogative of age ;
 For labour past rewarded, but no less
 Detesting a dishonour'd idleness.
 With th'importunity of business cloy'd,
 A nobler diligence is now employ'd ;
 By lines and colours I aspire to trace,
 And beautify the intellectual face ;

The

The sketch, long since begun, employment sweet!
 *I labour hard, improving, to complete.
 Resemblance now I aim, but, as I paint,
 Would add each grace I can perceive I want;
 Then raise the picture, bid the pencil strike
 Each bright'ning feature, striving to be like.
 If virtue smiles upon the canvas, there
 I find surpassing all! divine the air!
 The Deity now o'er the picture spread,
 Celestial beams surround, and beauty shed;
 Plac'd in a paradise, I revel now
 Where golden fruit adorns the bloomy bough;
 A length of prospect ornamental glows,
 And harmony, the master only knows!
 My tent's immoveable, though tempests rage,
 My sky's serene, more mellow'd by long age,
 Place you the picture in its proper light,
 Yourself may glow in beauty by the sight.

March 9-10, 1735-6.

But we all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord. 2 Cor. iii. 18. When he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. 1 John, iii. 2.

* *Not as though I had already attained; either were already perfect; but I follow after, if that I may apprehend. Phil. iii. 12.*

XCIX.

AGAINST THE FEARS OF DEATH.

DEATH ! wherefore is the name our dread ?
 No sooner found, and felt, than fled ;
 Just like the picture I was painting,
 Nothing is left, and nothing wanting ;
 A dream, a fallacy, at most,
 Or, if you please, an idle ghost.

Sir *Robert* gave a man a place,
 That man's now richer than he was ;
 But as 'twas given him during pleasure,
 Each moment then was over-measure ;
 Resign'd, no reason to complain,
 Each penny got was so much gain.

That this beloved carcase must
 In filth, in cold, and darkness rust—
 Imagination tells us thus,
 This carcase nothing is to us ;
 No more is that or mine or me,
 Than is a hill in *Muscovy*.

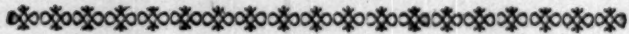
But what we have shall then be lost :
 Right ; mere privation 'tis at most.
 What think you of your nails and hair ?
 Will you to clip or shave forbear ?
 Or, if the point you carry higher,
 Are you in terror to perspire ?

All that some years ago was you,
 Is lost, and what you are is new;
 And this each moment goes apace,
 And sends another in its place.
 Nor have we lost our many me's;
 No loss! for none of ours were these
 Longer than heaven decreed; and that
 'Tis not our business to debate.

But what world's after?—there's the pinch,
 The infinite beyond this inch!
 Important infinite! which brings
 A new, an unknown state of things,
 And those extreme! existence blest,
 Or worse than fancy e'er express!
 No idle apprehension this!
 But hear what my reflection is.
 If you imagine your endeavour
 Shall your condition fix for ever,
 Begin, and all your utmost do;
 That done, endeavour still anew,
 And, when the last you can is done,
 There is no remedy but one;
 To wisdom, goodness, justice bow;
 And these are open to you now.
 Shall we his goodness dread to trust,
 Or tremble lest he prove unjust?
 Or shall we doubt, or shall we fear,
 Wisdom's less wise than mortals are?
 Reason! perfection! can these be
 Paternal, friendly, less than we?

But nature likes the present state :
 I nature not condemn for that ;
 Reason should something better know,
 And, chearfully, when bidden, go.
 The visionary picture's fled,
 When short mortality is dead.

March 11, 1735-6.



C.

UNIVERSAL TRUTH. ODE.

INNUMERABLE nations, customs, laws !
 Now swift before me glides the various scene ;
 The train its tedious length successive draws,
 Another, meditating what hath been.
 Surveying carefully how few the points
 Worthy the haughtiness of reason's boast ;
 How flat the image which ev'n this imprints
 Upon the mind, of what concerns us most !
 I raise my eyes to the sole ling'ring star,
 Demand ; and what can'st thou discover bright ?
 I no assistance can depend on there,
 It feebly sighs expiring in my sight.

Now

Now saffron mantling decks the orient blue;
 The sun is near. In thy diurnal round
 What fair discoveries, what notions new,
 Hast thou, intending my instruction, found?

Silence returns; but on he takes his way,
 To call the primrose, bid the violet breathe,
 To bear the yawning labourers the day,
 To cheer the landscape, penetrate beneath.

But this instructs me, 'tis my proper sphere,
 Not to pursue wide-spreading wisdom vain;
 One point most incontestibly is clear,
 Be this my purchase, as it is my gain.

One God! one Father! legislator one,
 Throughout the universe, majestic shines!
 The center he of all! glad thither run,
 From all circumference, direct, the lines!

Center, circumference is HE! his wings
 Spread, universal kind, secure embrace!
 Now the discordant tongue harmonious sings,
 And smiles bright kindle on the various face!

Enough for me, rites, ceremonies, modes,
 Mystic allusions, allegories quaint,
 Human inventions here, there scatter'd gods,
 Lie flat; nor these a pure religion wants.

“ The

“ The pure in heart see God.” Devotion pure
 *Not in “this temple,” in “this mount,” is known;
 May this our endless wand’ring passion cure!
 God is, and truth majestic is one.

† Grav’d in each heart, the law divinely bright,
 Decreed, and irresistibly obey’d;
 Decreed is all that is, and all is right;
 A culminating sun without a shade!

Thus, on my early terrace musing, I
 The secret hours enjoy; nor envy those
 Who indolent in useless slumbers lie,
 Then pass the day in one continu’d doze.

* *Our fathers worshipped in this mountain, and ye say that Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship. (i. e. the temple) Jesus saith unto her, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. The true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth. John iv. 20.*

† *He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God? Mic. vi. 8. Love the Lord thy God—Love thy neighbour as thyself—On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. Matt. xxii. 37.*

How

How lovely now the hills their eyelids raise!
 Fresh beams the villages to smile invite,
 On golden sands the morning current strays,
 While I rejoice in all,—in nobler light!

March 12, 1735-6.



CI.

LIFE LENGTHENED.

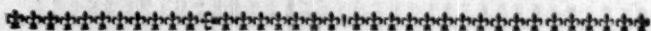
TIR'D with the labours of the day, I sit
 Musing alone, and fain would labour yet.
 No theme demands my thought; a theme I seek;
 "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."
 Though rest is business, other business still
 Remains for me, nor do I want a will.
 Life streams with a rapidity of haste;
 I of the current every drop would taste.
 Who labours lives, commands ev'n life to wait,
 And seems, with innocence, to combat fate,
 With glory to reverse the rigid law,
 Not to be drawn by time, but time to draw.
 Noblest ambition! in one year to do
 The work which nature had design'd for two:
 Double again the task; in value more
 Be what is done, than was design'd for four.

Accu-

Accumulating virtue thus, and speed,
Thou shalt expire an ancient man indeed.

10-11 at night, March 12, 1735-6.

By this computation my dear father lived to a patriarchal age.—“Go, and do thou likewise.” Luke x. 37.



CII.

D I L I G E N C E.

WELCOME, my bed, my weary body's prop,
Where rest and sleep renew our daily hope ;
Where we to wind and tide the vessel leave,
Dusky the path, and though the billows heave !
Thus thought I when 'twas flood of ebb, the night
First morning call'd, the moon meridian bright,
Allurement strong ! a new and pleasing theme !
But I, discreet, exclude the tempting beam.
Curtain'd I say, reposing ; not in thought ;
A nobler meditation first was brought,
Which I pursu'd ere sleep accepted was,
Ere that effect submitted to its cause.

“ Though seeming banish'd from existence, I
Shall not unlov'd, not unprotected, lie ;
The same great Parent, whilst I secret sleep,
Will me, as in bright day, securely keep ;

As

As through a length of days he me hath kept,
His eye hath never clos'd, his love not slept !
In death's dark passage, and though hell should rage,
He will preserve me through my destin'd stage."

Thus musing sweetly, and each thought was sweet,
I sleep importunate prepar'd to meet.
Soon launch'd in dark oblivion—soon perceiv'd
Renew'd existence, found again I liv'd.

" *Footing with vig'rous steps, by early dawn,
The lengthen'd road, or wide-extended lawn ;
Pleas'd with my journey, though my way was long,
Pleas'd with my labour, for my limbs were strong."

That vision lost, and lost I know not how,
" With various friendly faces I was now ;
Of *Milton* question'd ; 'twas among them said,
He wrote a book, I own'd, I had not read ;
Withal asserted, this was wond'rous strange."
Again, and soon was, unperceiv'd, a change ;
Busy perpetual ! nor this dreamy work
(From causes which in deep recesses lurk)
Gave less delight, but weary'd less than those
Which from my hand, or wakeful reason, rose.
" Rest, sleep are duties ; are no less requir'd
Than is obedience to a voice inspir'd."
And such was this new-dawning reason's thought,
Repeating what at midnight I was taught,
A kind parenthesis was sleep and rest.
And now I onward meditation prest,

* Elegant and natural ! like *Ilia's* dream in *Ennius*.

But

But not as when, by nature's wise command,
Heavy my eye-lids, indolent my hand.

How summer-like the morning ! yonder lies
A heat-prefaging mist—begins to rise ;
For now the sun is quitting too his rest ;
• And now, apparent king ! of heaven posselt ;
The busy beam the trembling mists forbid,
And now, behold ! a white thin frost was hid ;
That too swift fled, bright rays unveil the green,
Hills, fields, and villages now crowd the scene ;
Now is the scene enliven'd with a throng
To Sunday's recreation urg'd along.
To action all are destin'd ; to possess,
Or to be instruments of happiness ;
(Bounty divine ! and shall we strain the name,
And wise and honest recreation blame ?)
My thought, my hand obeys, obeys in haste,
One week begins ere its fore-runner's past.

By various arts delighted, I from one
Greedy catch pleasure, then to others run ;
Life is by far too short for my design,
I labours aim which ne'er shall leave the mine.
Impetuous, and impatient to produce,
This for an ornament, and that for use ;
And this, and that, and more, and more, and still,
Dispatching, new and new my projects fill ;
And will pursue ; and though I must restrain,
The world shall find I have not liv'd in vain.

• ———at length apparent queen. MILT.

Surviving

Surviving eyes shall well-meant labours see,
 All offer'd up with love, O God! to thee;
 By thee accepted, be they e'er so mean,
 For in my hand thy wise decree is seen.

March 14, 1735-6.

*M. Catonis illud semper magnificum et præclarum
 putavi, hominum atque magnorum non minus otii, quam
 negotii rationem extare oportere. Cic. pro Plancio, 27.*

There have been many sayings and maxims on the employment and dignity of leisure, but I know of no actual description of it, as in this beautiful little poem; which is a true and animated picture (else it would not have been a true one) of my dear father's head, heart, and hands. And in which the strong descriptive lines towards the end run faster than one can read them.

CIII.

MY VERSE.

SOON as my eyes, fated with short repose,
 Permit, the infant day soft whisp'ring flows;
 Ideas then with awful reason rise,
 And idiot fancy with her visions flies.
 A nobler morning this! nor this I boast,
 'Tis vulgar privilege; but now the host
 Of thoughts, or new, or bid at midnight wait,
 Daily appear, and with peculiar state.

As

As when experienc'd troops, without command,
 In order'd bright array or move, or stand ;
 My Morning Thoughts themselves forthwith dispose,
 Words take their number'd place, disdaining prose,
 My earliest language ! like another me,
 Another voice explaining what I see,
 Prerogative distinct ; the matter fit !
 Not avaricious schemes, nor whimsy'd wit,
 Not sad rememb'rance, nor complaining aims,
 Far other virgin meditation claims ;
 My schemes more worthy are, more worthy praise,
 Strengthen the heart, and cordial raptures raise ;
 Themes which might enter heaven, be welcome there.
 O that my verse their fit companions were !

Unwise complaint ! shall I, divinely fed,
 Reject, not rich enough, my daily bread ?
 And you, who these pursue, no poem seek,
 I but my usual morning language speak.

March 17, 1735-6.

Rejoicing

CIV.

*Rejoicing in the Lord alway ; again I say rejoice.**

O D E.

MAN lab'ring, dark, confin'd to narrow space,
Sullenly wretched ; 'tis the silk-worm's case.
That worm, become a fly, among the flowers
Gaily rejoices ; may not this be ours ?

Just opposite my window, *Cynthia*, broad,
Me kindly view'd, musing, my constant road ;
But *Cynthia's* beam is gone, the orient shine
Extinguish'd hers. May not this case be mine ?

Or so, or not ; extinguish'd quite and lost,
Or bright expanding on some happier coast,
I'm not ev'n now a worm obscure, but sing,
And in fair gardens spread my painted wing.

For, beams eternal, bright and warm, I feel,
Joyfully bending to the sovereign will ;
On God repose, well knowing that his eye
Regards, his hand secures his ardent fly.

March 18, 1735-6.

* *Phil. iv. 4.*

L

FRET

CV.

F R E T N O T.*

"FRET not thyself," to find corruption lives,
 And a rank odour to our species gives;
 Grieve not, that pride, ingratitude, prevail,
 And indolence spreads wide her silken sail;
 That cruelty, with harden'd forehead, dares,
 And lust nor virgin, wife, nor widow spares;
 †Voluptuousness with ravage fierce goes on,
 And avarice consults itself alone;
 Uncharitable thoughts, and calumny,
 Spread far and wide, and every look's a lie.
 View not the world with a too fullen thought,
 Nor let its thousand beauties be forgot.
 If ills abound, if God's blest image dim,
 And if guilt dances on the flick'ring stream;
 The more let thy bold enterprising hand
 The general inundation fierce withstand.
 Dost thou a reformation wish? begin,
 And build a pure celestial throne within;
 Joy in that image which thy honour'd mind
 ‡Perceives *Astræa* there hath left behind;

* *Psalms* xxxvii. 1, 7, 8.

† ——— *Sævior armis*
Luxuria incubuit. Juv.

‡ *Ultima cælestium terras Astræa reliquit.* Ov. Met.
 Thou

Thou would'st perfection's fair resemblance see,
 Be it attempted, be it found in thee.
 There found, it not imports what's seen abroad,
 Safe in thy home survey the miry road ;
 *From thy glad hills look down, with pity hear
 The dashing foam below, nor tempest fear.
 So shall thy little world within be pure,
 And for each foreign ill afford a cure.

“ Fret not thyself ;” thy sorrow is in vain ;
 But know, by fretting, you increase the stain,
 That world deform of which you so complain. }

March 19-20, 1735-6.

* *Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere
 Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena ;
 Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
 Errare, atque viam palanteis querere vitæ.*

Lucret. II. init.

CVI.

GLORY OF AGE.*

IN youth, and as come on increasing years,
 The world demands, and hath, our hopes and fears ;
 Nor those alone, we hear a bolder claim,
 The blood perceives a tyrannising flame.
 Business sufficient ! now voluptuousness
 And glory human faculties possess ;

* *Though our outward man perish, yet the inward
 man is renewed day by day. 2 Cor. iv. 6.*

L 2

Reason,

Reason, subservient made, in secret weeps,
Or wisdom's mimick'd while true wisdom sleeps.

By use, or violence, as strength decays,
And passion slowly hath forgot to blaze,
*A nobler youth, a second man! stands forth,
Compares and finds things passing little worth;
Seeks heav'nly things, enjoyments pure, refin'd,
The human now becomes angelic mind.
Before, external beauty hid a fool,
Now wrinkles not conceal discretion's school;
Beauty superior! these deep furrows are
As scars receiv'd in honourable war.
The hero of the drama now is crown'd,
Whilst wise applauses heal each glorious wound.

So may I, in my latest scene of age,
Just praise receive, and joyous quit the stage!

March 23, 1735-6.

* *Then I looked on all the works that my hands
had wrought. and on the labour that I had laboured to
do; and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit,
and there was no profit under the sun. And I turned
myself to behold wisdom. Eccles. ii. 11.*

LIGHT.

CVII.

L I G H T.*

WELCOME, lov'd light! my necessary lamp,
 By which I colour'd forms on canvass stamp;
 Without thy aid my enterprising hand
 No cunning hath, nor can obey command;
 Nor could the eye these changing tints conceive;
 Thou dost the joyous bright ideas give.
 Nature by thee is dress'd! by thee is day,
 Ocean, and air, and earth, and heav'n are gay!
 Order produc'd, chaotic darkness still,
 Is emptiness; light must creation fill.
 "Let there be light," now spake creation's voice,
 Things truly now exist, and now rejoice.

Without the eye in vain had shot the blaze;
 To him who vision form'd, to him be praise!
 He taught the eye who nature taught to shine,
 The eye, discerning, shews the art divine.
 Instantly pictures and ideas rise,
 Fancy, what still is wanting, next supplies,
 Fair offspring of the wedded beam and sight,
 Rich in instruction, useful in delight.

Various the blessing streaming from the sun,
 And from his substitute, when day is gone;

* *Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it
 is for the eyes to behold the sun. Eccles. xi. 7.*

She failing, stellar rays, or those of art,
Direct the hand, exhilarate the heart.

What muse delights not in the dewy ray,
When the first matin wakes the vocal spray?
Or when soft twilight, with its breezes sweet,
Prevents the day's precipitate retreat?

Now brightens more the morn, the sun uprears,
Pale azure opens, flow mist disappears,
Soon will full rays discover distant view,
And tinge all objects with a lovelier hue;
And as the days successively bestow
The vernal train, more bright will nature glow,
'Till glaring beauty fills the burning sky,
Scorches the earth, and dims the dazzled eye.
Ev'n darkest night not seldom boasts to aim
A competition by swift-pointed flame;
And oft, more kind, from northern stores unknown
Sends beauteous coruscations, not her own.

Still light is vary'd; mists, and clouds, and clear,
Perpetual glad variety prepare;
Nay, ev'ry change of light new changes brings,
And shews a like vicissitude of things;
New tints, new pictures grace the crowded scene,
Such as no more shall be, have never been!

Wisely is all dispos'd, with bounteous care,
Paternal love! for we his children are;
His who commands worlds brighter far than this—
Immenfity, eternity, are his!

Hail,

Hail, light divine ! supreme ! eternal sun !
Unnumber'd are the beams, the center one.

March 22-24, 1735-6.

CVIII.

INTELLECTUAL LIGHT.

IN vain corporeal light, if dark the soul,
If the mind's region is this frozen pole ;
The mind's ! made capable to ken the whole.

If far beyond the intellectual eye
*Aspires not to, attains not deity,
Attain'd, not finds to be for ever nigh ;

To cast on all a golden ray serene——
Now universe is all refulgent seen,
But most appears, most beautiful, within.

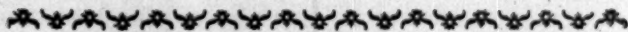
Thy vast concern ! the rest, the worlds abroad
Not thine, though each hath various good bestow'd ;
Thy happiness is self's peculiar good.

Innumerable objects fill all space,
Each moment, and each particle of place,
Each eye must see the dignity and grace.

* *That they should seek the Lord, if haply they
might feel after him, and find him, though he be not
far from every one of us. Acts xvii. 27.*

Illumination then shall be my care—
 To those who diligent and humble are,
 The Light of Lights will pour a plenteous share.

March 24, 1735-6.



CIX.

MY DAY BEGUN. TO MY SON.

I Would with ardent zeal, on steady wing,
 The high renown of ancient heroes sing,
 Or modern names deserving celebrate,
 Adorn their graves, their virtues imitate—
 Yes, thus I will attempt; nor thus alone,
 Not only copy, I would bring my own;
 †Original shall be my offer'd store,
 I will aspire where none have gone before;
 Not to distinguish this low, sounding name,
 Nor court the unadorning breath of fame,

* Θέλω λέγειν Ἀτρείδας, ἔκ. See *Anacreon's* first ode.

† *Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
 Trita solo, ἔκ.* Lucret. l. 925.

*Libera per vacuum posui vestigia princeps;
 Non aliena meo pressi pede—* Hor. Ep. i. 19. 21.

And it is true; but how different from their boast; and to
 how much nobler and more useful a purpose!

The

The breath of interest, passion, folly, lies!
 Nor yet the truly pious, virtuous, wise;
 *My proud ambition is, by honest art,
 To win more truth, to purify my heart,
 †The path of happy life, the flowery way,
 To tread, incessant, to the realms of day.

Alas! my muse, too weak of wing, despairs
 Due praise to others; if she well prepares
 My mind to use the present day aright,
 To purchase joyous retrospect at night,
 †She's well employ'd, though none should ever see
 My ready verse, or once should think of me.
 I seek not praise from others, none I give,
 Sufficient if I wisely learn to live;
 If that I can, and honour thence ensue,
 I glad bequeath the benefit to you.
 And if my verse delights more, moves, retains,
 And more than prose and silent thinking gains,
 §Who rashly slights my undress'd muse will praise,
 Dishevell'd her's, his locks adorn'd with bays.

April 2, 1736.

* ——— *Sume superbiam*

Quæsitam meritis.

Hor. O. iii. 30. 14.

† *Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her
 paths are peace.* Prov. iii. 17.

‡ *Bene et ille, cum quæreretur quo tanta diligentia
 artis spectaret, ad paucissimos perventuræ? Satis sunt,
 inquit, mihi pauci, satis est unus, satis est nullus.
 Egregie hoc tertium.* Senec. Ep. vii.

§ *Nec mea dona, tibi studio dispôsta fidei,*

Intellecta prius quam sint contempta relinquant.

Lucret. l. 47.

CX.

LATTER LIFE.* TO MY SON. ODE:

SOON as the pleasing vision dies,
And her attendant reveries,
The early smilers bid me rise.

Chiefly devotion, praises sweet,
Each gladly hastens each to meet,
And soul and body, friendly, greet.

The early dew, the flowery field,
Light, sky, and air, their praises yield;
With pure delight my being's fill'd!

From morn to noon, thence on to eve,
I influence divine receive,
Nor midnight-silence fails to give!

On breath of men I live no more,
Nor prudent gain, as heretofore;
My rolling waves have found a shore.

Content with honest decencies,
Pleas'd to correct what's found amiss,
I hope a more important bliss.

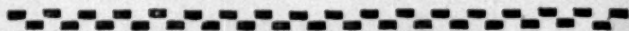
Is this to pass my leisur'd years
With honour? or should servile fears
Employ old age's vale of tears?

* *Otium cum dignitate.* Cic. *pro Sext.* 15.

My soul is wrapt in harmony !
 That thou the sweet delight may'st see,
 My son, I leave my verse with thee.

I pour their blessings on thy head ;
 And if around the fragrance spread,
 I shall live best when I am dead.

April 21, 1736.



CXI.

MATTER OF PRAISE. TO MY SON.

ESCAP'D the follies and the crimes of youth,
 The griding cares of busy manhood scap'd ;
 *From dangers manifold in search of truth,
 Nor in affairs important, once mis-stepp'd.

* His searches were so anxious, and so sincere, that from one doubt to another, he came at last to doubt even the lawfulness of his profession of a painter, so as even to have suspended the practice, for two or three months, of his most beloved art ; and this on his early entering into the world, with a most dear and affectionate wife, and a family coming on ; but he was soon set at ease from this most dangerous scruple by the Archbishop of Canterbury (Tenison) the Bishops of Ely, Exeter, and other the most eminent divines, who all loved and honoured him ; of which I have now the proofs in their letters.

From

From pale disease and grinning pain acute,
 From pungent grief, (*one loss excepted still !)
 Escap'd from teasing law, perverse dispute,
 † And curs'd dependence on another's will.

From each calamity our nature's claim,
 Expence, dishonour, plagues, and sad remorse ;
 From those attendant on a husband's name,
 To me of multitudes of joys the source !

From tongues malicious, envious or base,
 And from the mischiefs slanderers attend ;
 Escap'd all fear to shew erect my face,
 No enemy once known, but many a friend !

From the complaints or peevishness of age,
 Senses obtuse, or over-clouding mind ;
 ‡ Have I not trod with decency the stage ?
 And hath not Providence to me been kind ?

For these, and all I hope, I day by day,
 With early morning smiling praise, and when
 The sun rolls up, pours down his arched way,
 And when I here find solitude again.

For these escapes, for these enjoyments sweet,
 My grateful thoughts these artless songs indite ;
 Nor so content, I catch the vacant sheet,
 Accumulating praises as I write.

* This loss was of my dear mother.

† Perhaps there never was a man who had a more rooted
 aversion to dependence.

‡ *Ecquid iis videretur minus vitæ commode transi-*
gisse ? Aug. ap. Sueton. vit.

Not

Not hopeless that my praise may stimulate,
May others teach to live like me, and sing,
*When I am lost to sense, though safe with fate,
With pious hearts may pious odours bring.

Thou chiefly, O my son sincere! for thine
Is what I write; my kind companion, thou
My friend, assistant art; may love divine
Bid brighter laurels flourish on thy brow!

How shall I praise sufficiently! my praise
Sufficient is, for he accepts who gave;
Gives hope, that the remainder of my days
Shall with like joy conduct me to my grave.

Be written there, or be remember'd, " I
Study'd the sister-arts. These, more sublime!
To live unstain'd, unterrify'd to die,
†And was a very glutton of my time."

April 27, 1736.

* — *At ego securâ pace quiescam.* Milt. Manus. 93.

† Whoever knew my dear father, will see the force and
beauty of this ending.

SELF-

CXII.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

AGAIN my heart sustain thy wonted talk,
 And answer honestly to what I ask.
 "Hast thou apply'd with diligence and care,
 Examin'd what thy prejudices are?"
 Forthwith my heart this steady answer brought;
 "I, in the love of truth, the truth have sought."

Not satisfy'd with what it spoke in haste,
 Again I said; "Opinions, long embrac'd,
 Were they examin'd well, and are they still?
 Hast thou maintain'd a rectitude of will?
 Conformable have all thy actions been?
 And is all pure, all peaceable, within?"

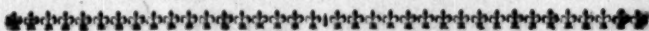
Gravely the heart returns; "What can I more?
 God hears; were *Satan* list'ning at the door,
 Did both demand, and death attending nigh!
 I durst, and would, with confidence reply;
 'Self-love by nature was supremely taught,
 'And, in the love of truth, the truth I sought."

And well may truth be lov'd; the more we know,
 More rich the streams of consolation flow;
 Doubt, fear, affliction, and despair arise,
 Not from the truth divine, but human lies.
 Just praise to truth divine; the more 'tis known,
 The brighter goodness infinite is shown!

Such

Such praise I now and ever pay ; bestow'd
 By omnipresent truth, the only good.
 His am I, all is his, and all is pure ;
 The sweetest truth ! " All is in God secure."

Nov. 9, 1736.



CXIII.

TRANSLATION OF AN EPISODE OF DANTE.

This ancient Florentine poet, in the 33d canto of the first part of his poem of " Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise," tells the strange story of Count Ugolino, Lord of Pisa, being deposed and imprisoned by the treasonable practices of the Archbishop Ruggieri, and starved to death, with all his family, in the Tower of Famine, as it was afterwards called from this tragedy. He takes occasion for this, from seeing, in his passage, the shocking appearance of two heads, close together, one upon the other, which it was gnawing with a more than famished eagerness. He asking " Who they had been, and what could be the motive to so horrid a spectacle ?" the uppermost turned suddenly from his foul banquet, and spoke as follows. This event happened in Dante's own time, who died in 1321.

HE from the horrid food his mouth withdrew,
 And, wiping with the clotted offal hair
 His shudd'ring lips, uprais'd his head, and spake :
 " Thou

“ Thou wilt compell me to renew my grief,
Which, ere I speak, oppresseth my sad heart ;
But, if I infamy accumulate
On him whose head I gnaw, I'll not forbear
To speak, though tears flow faster than my words.

“ I know not who thou art, nor by what power,
Whether of saints or fiend, thou hither cam'st ;
But by thy speech thou seem'st a *Florentine*.
Know then, that I Count *Ugolino* was,
The Prelate *Ruggieri* this, which known,
That I, by him betray'd, was put to death,
Is needless to relate, thou must have heard ;
But what must be unknown to mortal men,
The cruel circumstances of my death,
These I will tell, which dreadful secret heard,
Thou wilt conceive how just is my revenge.

“ The ancient tower in which I was confin'd,
And which is since the *Tower of Famine* call'd,
Had in her sides some symptoms of decay ;
Through these I mark'd the first approach of morn,
After a restless night, the first I pass'd
A prisoner in its walls ; unquiet dreams
Oppress'd my lab'ring brain ; I saw this man
Hunting a wolf and her four little whelps,
On that high ridge of mountains which divides
The *Pisan* lands from those which *Lucca* claims ;
With meager, hungry dogs the chace set out,
Nor long continu'd ; soon they seiz'd their prey,
And tore their bowels with remorseless teeth.

“ Soon

“ Soon as my broken slumbers fled, I heard
 My sons, who also were with me inclos'd,
 Cry in their troubled sleep, and ask for bread.
 O ! thou art cruel if thou dost not weep,
 Thinking on that which now thou well perceiv'st
 My heart divin'd ; if this excite not tears,
 At what art thou accusom'd e'er to weep ?

“ The hour was come when food should have been
 brought ;
 Instead of this, O God ! I heard the noise
 Of creaking locks and bolts, with doubled force
 Securing our destruction. I beheld
 The faces of my sons with stupid eyes ;
 Them I survey'd, but utter'd not a word ;
 Nor could I weep ; they wept ; *Anselmo* said,
 My little dear *Anselmo* ; ‘ What's the cause,
 Father, you look so sad ? ’ I wept not yet,
 Nor spake a word that day, nor following night.

“ But when the dawn of the succeeding day
 Faintly appear'd, and I beheld my own
 In the four faces of my wretched sons,
 I in my clenched fists fasten'd my teeth ;
 They, judging 'twas for hunger, rose at once,
 ‘ You, Sir, have given us being, with this flesh,
 This miserable flesh, have cloath'd your sons,
 With it sustain yourself ; the grief to us
 Were less to die, than thus to see your woes.’
 Thus spake my boys ; I, like a statue then,
 Was silent, still ! and, not to add to theirs,
 Doubled the weight of my own miseries.

M

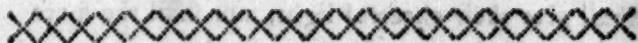
“ This

“ This and the following day in silence pass’d,
Why, cruel earth ! did’st thou not open then ?

“ The fourth came on ; my *Gaddo* at my feet
Cry’d, ‘ Father, help me ;’ said no more, but died ;
Another day, two other sons expir’d ;
The next left me alone in woe ; their pains
Were ended. Blindness now had seiz’d my eyes,
But no relief afforded : I my sons
Saw not, but grop’d about with feeble hands,
Longing to touch their famish’d carcases !
And call’d first one, then t’other, by their names ;
But answer none ! all horrid silence here !
’Till after two days more, what grief could not,
That famine did.” He said no more, but turn’d,
With baneful eye distorted, all in haste,
And seiz’d again, and gnaw’d the mangled head.

[To this shocking story, ample justice has lately been done
by the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynold.]

Poetical



Poëtical Meditations.

P A R T II.

[In this Part several Morning Thoughts also are interspersed, with many others, written at various times, and on various occasions.]

I.

Resignation to Providence in the most threatening perplexities.

ONCE my strong sight could brave the noon-day
sky,

Now, teasing motes slide o'er my feeble eye,
Of which God knows the consequence, not I.

But he who hath appointed day and night,
Who said, " Let there be light, and there was light,"
Doth what he will, and what he doth is right.

'The formless chaos, at his sole command,
Heard and obey'd; and his almighty hand
Created worlds, divided sea and land.

M 2

And

And at his word the sun and moon no more
 Shall give their chearful light, nor shall the shore
 Confine the sea, nor winds in forests roar.

Distance of time or place, eternity,
 Past, or to come, nor heav'n's immensity,
 Or the profoundest hell, hides from his eye.

Our proudest undertakings he inclines,
 And to one centre guides their various lines,
 As best conduces to his own designs.

Nor can the smallest accidents befall
 Without his providence, for at his call
 They come; 'tis he directs and governs all.

His wisdom can produce unlikeliest things,
 By this great order from confusion springs,
 He good from evil, light from darkness, brings.

He blasts the subtlest projects of his foes;
 But, where the ocean of his goodness flows,
 To them he loves, nor man nor angel knows.

Cease then, O timorous man, no more repine,
 But to thy Maker's providence resign
 Whatever either is, or shall be, thine.

Feb. 17, 1703-4.

This was at my father's first entering into business, and
 a family coming on; which gave him so much terror,
 that it first occasioned his religious scruples, and a most
 calamitous lowness of spirits for two or three years.

Written

II.

Written in the time of my religious scruples.

THEE would I fear and love, O Sov'reign Good,
And follow, if the way I understood.

'Tis said, the way is plain. How can that be,
Can that be plain in which so few agree?

*All Christians own one rule, the Holy Writ,
The question is, Who shall interpret it?

Some say the church, infallibly, and thence
Bring doctrines strange, and contrary to sense.

If we must tread the paths which others tread,
And blindly follow where the church shall lead,

Why was man's soul with reason's light supply'd,
If, needful most, it must be laid aside,

To all but priests the use of it deny'd!

How shall I trust my senses when I read,

Or hear, or see, if I a priest must need,

To tell me what it is whereon I feed?

Myst'ries there are whose depth I cannot know,

But still 'tis reas'nable it may be so,

And therefore I believe; must I go on,

And swallow every contradiction?

Which if I would, I can't; nor can it e'er be done.

* *Hic liber est in quo quærit sua dogmata quisque,
Et in quo reperit dogmata quisque sua.*

Written on the first leaf of an ancient
MS Bible in the Vatican.

Others say, Every man is judge, and may
 Interpret scripture just in his own way;
 The fence is broken, and unnumber'd swarms
 Of sects rush in, the church is all in arms,
 Harsh discord triumphs, each opinion's best,
 And every one, by scripture, damns the rest.

Nor are we left to seek what we're to do
 Than to believe, that's all uncertain too;
 The rule's the same, as we are told again,
 The way we are to go is very plain,
 "Be just, love mercy, humbly walk with God."
 'Twere well if that were all; but, O! the load
 Of super-added precepts, expositions,
 Directions, observations, impositions,
 Which few, or none can practise, no not they
 Themselves who undertake to show the way.
 "Aye, but do all you can;" alas! but who
 Can say he has done the utmost he can do?
 Those hermits who have wasted all their years
 In rig'rous watchings, fastings, prayers, and tears,
 Many condemn, few imitate, most say
 That God is better serv'd another way;
 When in an active state, much good is gain'd,
 The poor reliev'd, a family maintain'd,
 And children's children, yet unborn, sustain'd. }
 But I have chos'n an active life; and here
 The way is fill'd with business, and with care,
 Distractions, hindrances. When can a man
 Pretend to say, "He hath done all he can,

Or

Or all he ought?" Then see what others do,
 And act accordingly; but O how few
 Pretend religion; of those few how rare
 Examples worth our imitation are!
 Hypocrisy, conceit, perverseness, folly,
 Whimsies, enthusiasm, melancholy;
 Enough there is of these, too much, God knows,
 Which almost all religion overthrows.

Where then is truth, and who shall be my guide,
 That I mayn't wander where the path's so wide?
 When, amongst men of parts and piety,
 Some strenuously affirm, and some deny
 The self-same thing, in what a strait am I!
 How can I hope to be from errors free,
 'Midst such confusion and uncertainty?

But, sure, our judge who knows we are but dust,
 And who is no less merciful than just,
 Accepts the humble, and allowance makes
 For undesign'd transgressions and mistakes;
 Teaching and helping creatures, who desire
 All necessary knowledge to acquire,
 And who to virtue's greatest heights aspire.
 May I be such! then shall I hope to dwell
 With him who only is infallible.
 In all events, here will I rest my plea;
 What I can ne'er attain can ne'er my duty be.

I judge this must have been written about the year 1706,
 when he was depressed with great religious doubts and
 scruples. I have ventured to add of my own the two last
 lines.

III.

TO THE LARK. AN ARABIAN THOUGHT.

THOU very pretty little thing,
 Mount aloft upon the wing,
 And in the chearful vernal air,
 Now the weather's soft and fair,
 Let us hear thee shrilly sing :
 Let thy bed be sweetly plac'd,
 Feed and sip, and please thy taste ;
 See thy young ones sport and play,
 Peck and chirrup all the day ;
 But, oh ! the net will come at last.

One would think my father had had in his eye Hadrian's
 "*Animula vagula, blandula*," but he was entirely ignorant
 of it, as of every other beauty which is to be found in the
 originals only of the Greek and Latin writers. Yet,
 throughout all his productions, there occur, every now and
 then, such seeming imitations, from the mere likeness of
 original genius, as would induce the ancients themselves to
 think him their plagiarist.

IV.

On reading a copy of verses in praise of the beauties.

RISING, meridian, or declining charms,
Which poet's muse invite, or lover's arms,
Which at the court, or park, or play we see,
Are all alike indifferent to me.

As when in a clear night we view the stars
With twinkling lustre, 'till the moon appears,
And doth with her superior brightness drown
Millions of lesser lights, and shines alone;
These may be other worlds, as some folks say,
And may to other neighb'ring worlds give day;
But whatsoe'er be there their influence,
To us they scarcely light, no heat dispense:
So when fam'd beauties do the town surprise,
And bribe men's tongues, and captivate their eyes,
Something I see agreeable, and fine,
They warm not me, I just perceive they shine.

May each of them in their own vortex blaze!
But I am influenc'd by other rays;
She (in poetic style sublime) 'tis she
Is stars, and moon, and sun, and all to me!

She

*She is my other self; she many years
 Hath triumph'd in my love, and I in her's,
 Neither a rival, or a partner fears:
 And if our children our affections claim,
 They not diminish, but increase the flame.
 Conscious of real merit, we despise
 Insipid compliments, and flatteries,
 And beauty which the dress or art supplies,
 Virtue in ev'ry dress is beauteous still,
 Nor fears to be surpris'd in dishabille;
 Passion by fancy kindled soon grows cold,
 But love that's founded on esteem will hold.
 The raptures which the wanton lovers boast,
 Short as they are, yet very dearly cost;
 And are attended with a thousand woes
 Which conjugal affection never knows.
 Here one continu'd ecstasy appears,
 And mutual love compensates mutual cares;
 A noble, rational, and heav'nly flame,
 Which always burns, and always is the same.
 Friendship with love, pleasure with innocence,
 Here meet, and mental joys with those of sense.

* When the dutchess of Ormond sat to my father for her picture, one of the ladies who attended her asked him, "If he had ever seen so fine a woman?" My father said, that "her grace was an extremely fine woman." "But, Mr. R. did you ever see so fine a one?" "Why, yes," said my father, "I cannot but say I have." "Pray, who?" "I believe she is above, or gone to market."

He had then been married to my mother about 14 years.

A heart

A heart that never truly lov'd may range,
 And at the sight of each new beauty change ;
 But this establish'd and experienc'd love,
 Nor youth, nor age, nor joy, nor grief can move, }
 And no superior has, but in the saints above.

About the year 1706.

V.

AN ANSWER TO THE CALCULATORS.

THE broad, deep river frozen o'er,
 Good *Richard*, on the hither shore,
 The golden fruit on t'other side
 Glitt'ring on laden branches spy'd ;
 He saw men pass upon the ice,
 And rich return ; but he, more wise,
 On *terra firma* safely stood,
 And call'd those mad who pass'd the flood ;
 With care examining, he found
 They walk'd on ice, not solid ground.
 What then ? why then he did allege,
 The safest way was o'er the bridge ;
 The bridge was distant many a mile,
 The gold would all be gone the while.

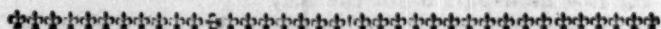
But some are wiser still than some :
 ' Don't you observe,' says friendly *Tom*,
 ' It freezes now ? 'tis *January*,
 Go boldly on, you can't miscarry ;

Though

Though 'tis not earth, 'twas ever found
 That solid ice was solid ground.
 " But will not western breezes show,
 That water underneath does flow ;
 And if we are not very quick,
 Will play us all a slipp'ry trick ?"
 Tom sneer'd, and cry'd, ' A pleasant jest !
 Watch you the wind, but now 'tis east.'

May, 1720.

Mr. Thomas Sergeant, gentleman-porter of the Tower, a great friend of the Eyles's, persuaded my father, who is Richard, to go into the South Sea. He was taken in himself, with many of his friends ; my father, by observing his own rules, got out 2000l. gainer: many of my father's friends told him afterwards, they wished they had given him 10,000l. and followed these verses, which he had shewn them, and became very famous at that sad time !



VI.

E P I T A P H.

QUIET see where the busy man is laid !
 *No tears, no sighs, the debt of nature's paid.
 Remember me, and let your thoughts be kind !
 I leave no spot of infamy behind.

Nov. 1, 1720.

* *Nemo me lacrymis decoret, nec funera fletu*
Faxit : Cur ? voluto vivu' per ora virum.
 ENNIUS.
 My dear father's is a much better reason.

Farewell,

Farewell, ye poor remains; your cares are o'er,
 Grief shall depress, and joy elate no more.
 Your work is perfected, your race is run,
 The time allotted you is past, is gone!

Stranger, attend. His memory be dear,
 Nor can philosophy restrain a tear;
 But unreprouch'd and sacred be his name,
 Tremble to hurt his unpolluted fame,
 For know, his ever watchful conscience did the same. }

Nov. 5.

VII.

A N O T H E R.

WELCOME, sweet rest; my griefs and joys are
 gone;
 'Tis night; the business of the day is done.

Dec. 3, 1725.

ON

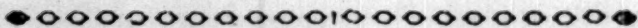
VIII.

ON MY LATE DEAR WIFE.

ADIEU, dear life ! here am I left alone,
 The world is strangely chang'd since thou art gone.
 Compose thyself to rest, all will be well;
 I'll come to bed " as fast as possible."

Jan. 18, 1725-6.

" As fast as possible" was an expression so frequent with him, that my dear mother used to make herself and him, now and then, merry with rallying him on this perpetual proof of the activity of his spirit; so that it has an affecting propriety here.



IX.

ON THE SAME.

MY early crayon drew this virgin face;
 Though love assisted, 'tis not what her's was;
 Correcter features her's, and far more grace!
 Then dawn'd a summer's day; its setting sun
 Is dropp'd, and quiet night is hast'ning on.

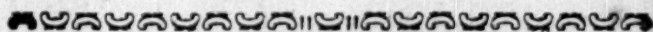
}

But the cool breezes of the evening may
 Be as delightful as the brightest day.

There's

There's good and ill in ev'ry scene of life,
 And happiness may be without a wife;
 Who knows to live hath learn'd the noblest art,
 And he acts best who best sustains his part;
 What that must be belongs to other pow'rs;
 To yield to them, and act it well, is ours.

She was born on Lord Mayor's day, and died on her own birth-day, æt. 51. These verses were pasted on the back of a drawing of her in black chalk, made before they were married.



X.

ON THE SAME.

THEE I possess'd full three and thirty years,
 Dear partner of my joys, griefs, hopes, and fears!
 I have not lost thee now, beyond that date
 The gift reverted to the hands of fate.
 Mine thou wert not! as justly might I claim
 The riches, beauty, learning, wit, or fame,
 Or what's belonging to another name.
 Great was the gift, and I will ever praise
 The goodness which so sweeten'd half my days;
 The other half, and what is still behind,
 I had my comforts, and shall comforts find,
 For Providence for ever will be kind.

}

}

Whate'er

Whate'er is due to thee, O dearest shade!
 Shall, with the utmost gratitude, be paid.
 *Thy name, thy image, all that memory
 Retains, or can restore, concerning thee,
 Shall, 'till my latest hour, be dear to me.

}

But I will calm my melancholy breast,
 And thus shall I contribute to thy rest,
 If thou, blest shade! see'st what is done below;
 For thou wert ever pleas'd when I was so.

* *Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.*
 Virg.

XI.

ON THE SAME.

SLumb'ring, disturb'd, appear'd the well-known
 face,

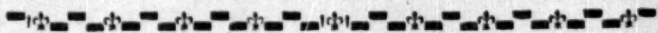
Lovely, engaging, as she ever was;
 I kiss'd and caught the phantom in my arms,
 I knew it such, but such a shade hath charms!
 Devout, I thank'd kind heaven, that, with a wife,
 Had brighten'd up my choicest years of life;
 But now, alas! 'tis thus!—she sigh'd—poor heart!
 A melancholy phantom as thou art,
 From thee more happiness I thus receive,
 Than all the living woman-kind can give.

This,

This, as I was about to say,
 But scrupling, is my heart yet free ?
 It is, as on our wedding day,
 For she was all the sex to me.

I wak'd, and found it was a shade indeed,
 She and her future sighs, or smiles, were fled ;
 I now am sighing in my widow'd bed.

Really dreamed, July 14-15, 1726.



XII.

ON THE SAME.

I Know not where, but gloomy was the place,
 Methought I saw a gloomy phantom pass ;
 'Twas she, the much-lov'd form ! nor spoke, nor
 stay'd, }
 No motion of her eyes, or hand, or head,
 But, gliding on, I lost her in the shade.
 All solemn was, no argument of love
 Appear'd her inward sentiment to prove ;
 Confus'd and griev'd, I stood ; then spoke my heart,
 Who could have thought such lovers thus would part !

Dreamed, Sept. 10-11.

Written, Sept. 16, 1726.

My mother died of a mortification in her bowels.
 She lay as if broad awake for some time, but senseless.
 My father stood by her bed-side, and longed

N

for

for some dear notice of him; but she expired without taking any; for those ever-honoured eyes had then "no speculation in them." My father was inexpressibly concerned, and often deplored it, though not at all blaming her, who had ever most dearly and tenderly loved him, because he knew the reason. Doubtless, it was this reflection, often recurring, that occasioned the present dream.

XIII.

ON THE SAME.

POOR *Puddy** help'd to fill the crowded house,
 When *Rodelinda* and her noble spouse,
 In notes angelic, took a sad farewell,
 And the orchestra rang the funeral knell.
 Here rose my love, and said a long adieu,
 For we, alas! must now be parted too.
 Homeward she went, but on that spot of ground,
 Made for delight, nor joy, nor ease, she found.
 Unknowing she was gone, well-pleas'd sat I;
 But she, poor heart! was gone—was gone—to die!
Oct. 18, 1726.

* My dear mother: a little piece of uxorious fondness, which I found in possession when I first came among them. She was taken ill of the cholic at the opera-house, and went home. I accompanied her. My father did not miss her, as he always sat in one place, a nook in the corner of the gallery, on the left hand, which was called "Mr. Richardson's place," and was always left for him, or resigned to him.

ON

XIV.

ON THE SINCERITY OF MY FAITH.

IF I deny what ought to be believ'd,
 My understanding then has been deceiv'd ;
 If prejudice, or inclination vile,
 With corrupt bias, does my heart beguile,
 I know it not, or can't the ill remove,
 But sure I am, I truth and virtue love.
 I may be wrong, but have done all I can ;
 Is it a crime, ye priests, to be a man ?
 All think that they themselves the truth have found ;
 Anathemas go plentifully round ;
 You me, and others me and you, condemn,
 And millions judge alike of us, and them ;
 Vain breath of worms ! but he who rules above,
 Is just, and will, if reason does, approve ;
 From all to him I joyfully appeal,
 He calms our fears, and every grief can heal.

May 28, 1727.

XV.

THAT SPLEEN WILL COME SOMETIMES.

RIDING, or walking, morn and evening, I
To raise some useful new ideas try ;
Mean time myself I with the landscape please,
And taste the sweets of solitude and ease ;
The day with busy labour is enjoy'd,
And with repaste ; the night in rest employ'd ;
But still, as reason helps when nature fails,
She sometimes o'er philosophy prevails.

June 19, 1727.



XVI.

Little sketch of my own joy in fine weather and country.

GRASS, hay, a stream, variety of trees,
Blue sky, and clouds, hot sun, and cooling breeze,
Leaves rustling, murm'ring water, and the airs
Of birds, a mind delighted, free from cares.
If lovely were the season and the place,
My son was with me, who most lovely was.

Near Hendon, June 16, 1728.

The four first lines were written on the spot in my pocket-book.

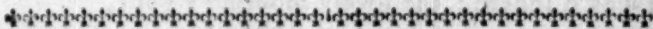
EPIGRAM

XVII.

EPIGRAM ON POPE'S DUNCIAD—TO HIM.

FRIEND *Pope!* when first your *Dunciad* did appear,
 I lik'd the wit, but thought it too severe;
 I now no longer am in pain for you,
 For all that's writ against it says 'tis true.

June 23, 1728.



XVIII.

Translation of an air in Hydaspes, applied to my wife.

“Y E S, the pale ghost of dead *Eliza's* pleas'd,
 Thy constancy her sad regrets hath eas'd;
 Nourish the lovely flame, be constant still—
 'Till thou art shade like me.”—Dear shade, I will.

This alludes to an air in the opera of *Hydaspes*, of which my dear father and mother were both very fond.

<i>Così mi piace</i>	<i>Cb'al ombra ancora</i>
<i>Del morto Idaspe</i>	<i>Tu serbi fè.</i>
<i>Vive costante,</i>	<i>Conserva amante</i>
<i>La dolce fiamma</i>	<i>Cb'amor ti die.</i>

XIX.

ON MY DREAMING OF MY WIFE.

AS wak'd from sleep, methought I heard the voice
 Of one that mourn'd, I listen'd to the noise;
 I look'd, and quickly found it was my dear,
 Dead as she was, I little thought her there.
 I question'd her with tenderness, while she
 Sigh'd only, but would else still silent be;
 I wak'd indeed; the lovely mourner's gone,
 She sighs no more, 'tis I that sigh alone.

Musing on her, I slept again, but where
 I went I know not, but I found her there;
 Her lovely eyes she kindly fix'd on me,
 " *Let *Miser* not be *hangry* then," said she,
 A language love had taught, and love alone
 Could teach, we prattled as we oft had done;
 But she, I know not how, was quickly gone. }

With her imaginary presence blest,
 My slumbers are emphatically rest;

* These little foolish fallies of the heart, abandoning
 itself to the most unguarded tenderesses, were ever con-
 fined to the very center of family——

—*Discināi ludere donec
 Decoqueretur olus.*

I of my waking thoughts can little boast,
 They always sadly tell me, she is lost.
 Much of our happiness we always owe
 To error, better to believe than know !
 Return, delusion sweet, and oft return !
 I joy, mistaken ; undeceiv'd, I mourn ;
 But all my sighs and griefs are fully paid,
 When I but see the shadow of her shade.

July 15, 1728.

XX.

MY DIFFERENT TIMES OF LIFE.

MY early steps in life, on barren ground,
 Inhospitable and severe were found ;
 The next, laborious, but more prosp'rous were,
 Not unattended yet with ceaseless care ;
 Care for the present, and futurity,
 Not for time only, but eternity.
 Subsid'ing these, what should my cares be now,
 But to enjoy what nature shall allow ?
 Let present inclination teach me how.

March 13, 1728-9.

XXI.

ON HUMAN LIFE. SKETCHES.

IN our imperfect state, who can possess,
 Or only taste, an unmix'd happiness !
 Nor are our suff'rings perfect ; study then
 To meet the pleasure, and avoid the pain.
 But they unwise, and most unhappy are,
 Who wink on good, and on the evil stare.

NOTHING in life is durable and fix'd,
 But good and evil are for ever mix'd ;
 And sometimes this, and sometimes that, prevails,
 Storms sometimes blow, then whisper vernal gales.
 The past regret not, nor the future fear,
 Non-entities are these, but now is here.
 This is your portion, properly your own,
 Future is doubtful, and the past is flown.

March 26, 1729.

XXII.

ON THE DECAY OF LIFE.

IF the dull ebb of fortune's tide shall come,
 And each new year behold a less'ning sum;
 With chearfulness let hoarded treasures waste,
 And careless joy reward the labours past.
 As when with business laden I went on,
 Some intervals of rest between were thrown,
 I those enjoy'd, though, when they all were o'er,
 I knew I should be poorer than before.
 Shall I complain, if my declining day
 Sinks in the evening's unperceiv'd decay;
 Or do I wish precipitate to fall,
 Or mourn, that, when I lose, I lose not all!
 Some natural decays of age suppose,
 "There is a time to get, a time to lose."*
 Of the long shades of life do I complain?
 Is there no kind of happiness but gain?

March 30, 1729.

* *Eccles. iii. 6.*

XXIII.

*On the just self-approbation of a sincere conscience.**

To Mr. MELMOTH.

HAVE I with fear the deity ador'd,
With utmost diligence his will explor'd ;
Each day, for many years, with labour'd thought,
The truth, in all her dark recesses, fought ;
Interest and reputation sacrific'd,
And all the " lions in the way " despis'd ;
Condemn me not as impious, ev'n if I
What you, as diligent, believe, deny.

But if you have implicitly believ'd,
Or articles, on slight support, receiv'd,
Though our opinions different may be,
Reproach yourself, for shame, condemn not me ;
Or right or wrong, I have done all I can ;
I err, you say ; 'tis incident to man ;
You also surely are deceiv'd, nor know
When you are right, nor wherefore you are so.

The man of principles, and those his own,
Hath right to judge, but other men have none ;

* *Quod me ad consuetudinem revocas—Mea mihi conscientia pluris est quam omnium sermo. Cic. Attic. xii. 28.*

If you will censure, 'tis a guilty jest ;
 I, who enquire, am right in that at least,
 And there approv'd, where approbation's best. }

April 11, 1729.



XXIV.

THE LAST COMFORT OF OLD AGE.

GRIEF did my infancy and youth employ,
 But hope and love supply'd the place of joy.
 My middle age encumber'd was with care ;
 But love was more conspicuously there.
 Now care, not grief, seems to have said adieu,
 But love is superannuated too, }
 And pleasures die, nor can I hope for new ;
 This one except ; the well-enlighten'd mind
 Can, in decay, angelic pleasures find ;
 Thus may old age transcendent comforts give,
 And we, at once, may learn to die and live.

April 18, 1729.

His beloved wife, my dear mother, died in 1725, after
 having lived with him 33 years in entire love and harmony.

That

XXV.

That all the various modes of religion mean the same thing.

MANKIND, by nature's light inform'd, agree,
 That universe hath more than what we see ;
 Something superior to themselves ; and on
 They go, 'till reason terminates in one ;
 A perfect being, everlasting, blest,
 Producing and sustaining all the rest.
 Farther access to mortal sense deny'd,
 Wise legislators useful tales supply'd ;
 Invented what was like to be believ'd,
 The people were, but not themselves, deceiv'd ;
 Folly with this, and superstition join'd,
 And all contributed to cheat mankind.
 Thus gods were multiply'd, and noise and show
 Did through the world like rapid torrents flow ;
 Things circumstantial were to truth preferr'd,
 For truth is too celestial for the herd.
 Corrupted and disguis'd it is, but still
 Remains the fundamental principle.
 Men infinite absurdities invent,
 The meanest things the greatest represent,
 But evermore the Deity is meant.
 Thus, all religions differ but in name,
 The trappings vary, but the thing's the same.

}

Persia,

*We wish ; it therefore must be so ;
 Study if that be true, or no.
 But this is certain, truth will flee
 From the pursuit of you and me ;
 Impartially look all around,
 And tell me who the truth hath found.
 Say, such a one hath notions true ;
 But why ? because he thinks like you.
 Another man by other rules
 Will judge, and say, you both are fools.
 Divinity the truth unlocks,
 But then you must be orthodox ;
 An heretic you will be found
 In other times, on other ground.
 Nor is morality secure ;
 If we in general are sure,
 Apply it to a given case,
 The maxim's not so sure as 'twas.

We tumble nature's volume o'er,
 Would all her mysteries explore,
 With probability a scheme
 One forms, another baffles him ;
Des Cartes was, *Sir Isaac* is,
 Hereafter neither may be wise.

We hide our bodies nakedness ;
 And are our minds regarded less ?
 We talk and look as if sincere,
 But woe be to us, if we are ;

* See *Plato's Phædo*.

The man who most to truth pretends,
 You may be sure, hath selfish ends ;
 His claim to this sincerity
 Is an accumulated lie.

In short, the naked truth and we
 Do not in circumstance agree ;
 We are for earth, for heaven is she.
 All is sincere and perfect there,
 But we must breathe polluted air ;
 Dim are our eyes, and what is seen
 Hath a false medium set between ;
 For angels is ambrosial food,
 Ours is corrupted flesh and blood !

}

Truth inaccessible is made,
 And we appear in masquerade.
 Then, pr'ythee, fling thy books aside,
 And laugh and talk, eat, walk, and ride.
 Or, if to read you still intend,
 Come, I'll advise you as a friend ;
 No longer hope the truth to see,
 But what nor is, nor seems to be,
 Apply yourself to poetry.
 'Tis fiction, you reply, a jest !
 And tell me, what is all the rest ?

}

But since you still contend for truth,
 Go on, Sir ; what d'ye think of both ?
 A lie so dress'd it none deceives,
 (Which is the case if none believes)
 Is less a lie than what's contriv'd,
 And told to be, and is, believ'd ;

It

It seems to me, but what think you?
A lie, thus qualify'd, is true.

Poëtic fire from heaven is brought,
Pleasant its fictions are, or ought;
The mind delightfully is lull'd,
Uneasy passions over-rul'd;
Transported to another sphere,
We are much happier than here.

With what applause *Athenian* eyes
Gaz'd upon *Socrates* the wise!
On *Plato*, *Aristotle*, all
We fages of the ancients call;
Abundance of their notions, now,
The meanest of us disallow.
They seem the whims of shatter'd brains,
Homer, with *Virgil*, still remains,
The muse fresh laurel ever gains. }

Below, we roam in error's maze,
Why should we chuse the rugged ways?
Let's tread where flow'rets ever spring,
Where fancy does her treasures bring;
Substantial these, and real are,
Those false which solid would appear.
Imagination's bounty flows
On him who to receive it knows.
There seek for happiness, for we
*Are, truly, what we think we be;

* *Crede quod babes, et babes.*

If

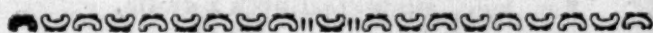
If we are pleas'd, 'tis no deceit,
 A real happiness we meet.
 You see the man is in a dream,
 What signify your eyes to him ?
 Or truth or error, one's no less,
 Or more, than t'other's happiness ;
 Consider only, does it please ?
 Or can it be attain'd ? if not,
 The man that seeks it is a sot.
 Imagination, we are sure,
 The greatest misery can cure ;
 It's wealth is inexhaustible,
 Nor satiates, yet does ever fill.
 If truth be not design'd for man,
 Let him enjoy the good he can.

}

Thus living, we shall die more wise
 Than those who offer sacrifice
 To truth ; for all the world is lies.

}

May 1, 1729.



XXVII.

LIFE A DREAM.

DROPP'D on this globe, mere strangers, we
 Are entertain'd with novelty ;
 Untaught attention this invites,
 And infant gaiety excites.

O

As

As we come on, new images
 Ever arise, and ever please ;
 Notions of virtue, piety,
 Instill'd ; and we are taught to see
 The beauties of humanity ;
 Examples set before our eyes
 Of men religious, good, and wise,
 Brave, generous, sincere, and just ;
 To these, insensibly, we trust,
 Live with mankind, and practise so,
 As if all this was more than show.
 Unequal thus to those with whom
 We herd, we must be overcome,
 To grief and misery expos'd,
 The world is not what we suppos'd ;
 The disappointment galls the mind,
 We pity and despise mankind ;
 Still more and more their crimes are known,
 As lingering old age comes on.
 If death approaches, Providence
 Makes easy our departure hence ;
 For, wise, we see that life's a dream,
 The world not merits our esteem ;
 But, having found ourselves abus'd,
 Our fretfulness may be excus'd.

May 5, 1729.

Desire

XXVIII.

Desire to call the dregs of life my own.

O May my latest years partake the joys,
 The business which immortal minds employs;
 The world's concerns encumb'ring me no more,
 May I imagination's mines explore,
 And far above our cloudy regions soar!
 Boundless the compass is which she can take,
 Explore created worlds, or others make.
 Inquisitive and diligent, the mind
 The most important truths can surely find;
 Can those enjoy, but fallacies and lies,
 With their prophane anathemas, despise.
 When truth conceals her ever-lovely face,
 Imagination, with her magic glass,
 Abundantly supplies the vacant space;
 Appearance serves instead of real things,
 And equal pleasure, equal safety, brings.
 Or say, that we, with keen desire, pursue
 Truths less important, the enjoyment's true.
 Whilst we but hope, by diligence, to gain
 What may give pleasure, or enervate pain.
 Blest be the hands which useful works have wrought;
 But nobler is activity of thought.

XXX.

MY OWN OLD AGE. (1801. 2.)

WHATEVER other people say,
 I find no symptoms of decay ;
 The hand, the eye, the fancy strong,
 As I have known them all along.
 But a contemporary face,
 Which is no longer what it was,
 Diminish'd strength, and shoulders bending,
 And all to dissolution tending,
 Open my partial eyes to see
 That thus, alas ! it is with me.

May 17, 1729.

cost him a shilling, besides provender and shoeing ; this for two and twenty years. I am sure I had not less than six or seven in the time, and yet I was well known to be too fond of my horses to use them ill. Don Pedro never wanted spirit, but was always perfectly governable, and had a delightful trot. Nothing would tire him ; only, after a long day's journey, he would just take his supper, for he never forgot that, and then throw himself down like a log his whole length, and sleep 'till he was called up to go another, for which he was always ready. My father used him well, (as he did every other creature, man and beast,) and then maintained him, in just such a place as he describes above, 'till he fairly died of old age, which was at least three years after he was no longer fit for service.

XXXI.

OCCASIONED BY MRS. HOLFORD'S PICTURE.

O Lovely *Holford*! there we find
 All that is good in woman-kind;
 Beauteous her person, and her face,
 And all with unaffected grace;
 But when she strikes the harpsichord,
 And her enchanting voice is heard,
 'Tis so judicious, 'tis so sweet,
 The female beauty is complete;
 A woman still, but, more divine,
 She would appear too masculine.

May 19, 1729.

XXXII.

REVIEW OF LIFE.

LOOK back, O tim'rous man, review in thought
 The steps which thee to where thou art have brought.
 Thy life hath tolerably happy been,
 And might much more, had not *the constant din }
 Of needless fears disturb'd the passing scene.
 Deceiv'd so oft, better instructed now,
 For thy prevailing quality allow;

• ——— *Strepitumque Acherontis avari.* Virg.
 Enjoy

Enjoy the good, and resolutely say,
 " Silence, ye phantoms—I will live to-day."
 No priests, no shrines, nor oracles desire;
 Would'st thou the will of the Most High enquire?
 What he commands is evidently seen,
 And what will do; for it is writ within!
 God ratifies what reason does proclaim,
 *The voice of God and reason is the same.
 He knows our frail original; and, just,
 †Remembers we, his children! are but dust.

May 19, 1729.

* ————— *Nec vocibus ullis*

Numen eget, dixitque semel nascentibus auctor

Quicquid scire licet.

Lucan. ix. 574.

† For he knoweth our frame, he remembereth we are
 dust. Ps. ciii. 14.

XXXIII.

ENJOY THE PRESENT.

NATURE, a parsimonious nymph, yet kind,
 With flow'rets strews our paths; art comes behind;
 Where she, undeck'd and unprovided, spies
 A vacant spot, she with her own supplies.
 Thus, objects, too remote from nature's eye,
 Are brought, by well-invented glasses, nigh;

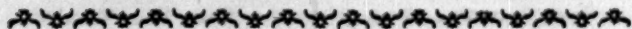
Extended, or contracted, those, at hand,
Art, in her own dimensions, can command.

Still on, the noble enterprize pursue,
And, what was never yet attempted, do ;
Contrive some engine to inform the mind
Of things to which she's naturally blind ;
Things past forgetting, and futurity
Suff'ring unheeded in its clouds to lie.
Invent some glass, the magnitude to show
Of all events, as they before us flow,
That we our present selves, and present things }
may know.

May 23-27, 1729.

*Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere ; et
Quem fors dierum cunque dabit, lucro
Appone.*

Hor. O. I. 9.



XXXIV.

THAT HAPPINESS IS IN THE MIND.*

YOU wish for rest and sweet tranquillity,
And joy ; for these you elsewhere fain would be.
There do you hope what you desire to find ?
Ah ! no. Move not your body, but your mind !

* ————— *Quod petis hic est,*

Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus. Hor.

Rectify

Rectify this, and any where you may
Be happy, or to-morrow, or to-day.

See *Marcus Antoninus*, x. 23. and *Gataker*, *ibi*.

XXXV.

That we have all we wish, if we know it.

HOW often hath uneasy thought
A happiness at distance sought!
A rural habitation, ease,
To study only what will please;
Not idle yet, not unemploy'd!
But, quitting what hath been enjoy'd,
To vary my remaining life,
And art my mistress, not my wife.
Contemplating, in solitude,
How nature's ills may be withstood,
And to accumulate the good;
Not grov'ling here, aloft to fly
Beyond the hills, the clouds and sky,
Nor stop but with the Deity;
Not with *Icarian* borrow'd wings,
But those from God which nature brings.
For nature ever will appear
Most powerful, and most sincere.
'Tis done; thy vain complaints give o'er,
All that you wish you have, and more.

May 30, 1729.

That

XXXVI.

That we are men, and not Gods.

WHAT are the Deity's commands?
And what expects he at our hands?
He that is truth and purity,
Must hate uncleanness and a lie;
One duty therefore needs must be,
To be as pure and wise as he:
But this is gross absurdity!

Begin again. If God is wise,
He knows what every creature is;
Requires no more than he bestow'd,
Not that a man should be a God!
Nor punishes who are not free.
Rejoice mankind, secure are ye,
Or all is gross absurdity!

May 31, 1729.

Hu-

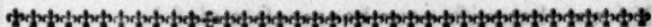
XXXVII.

HUMANITY TO ANIMALS.

Almost extempore, on seeing a swallow that seemed in some distress; she sat in the path-way, and several times suffered me to come near her, and then removed.

PRETTY creature! had'st thou known
My thoughts, thou had'st not from me flown;
Or, if thou could'st explain thy own,
And I could help thee, gladly I
As swift would to thy succour fly.

May 31, 1729.



XXXVIII.

To be content with the degree of happiness that is allotted human nature.

PINDARIC ODE.

I.

EAGER we press
For happiness;
But, not considering what it is
That is attainable below,
Onward, and onward still, we go,
Though

Though evermore we find,
Acquiring new, we leave the old behind;
A certain measure only is by fate assign'd.
With wisdom, then, your industry employ,
This mix'd condition to enjoy;
Unsatisfy'd, you what you have destroy.

II.

Something I find that's worth desiring still—
And ever will.
You're on the mountain of accumulated years;
(How near the summit who can say?)
Look back as far as possibly you may,
And, with impatient eyes, see how the land appears.
Among all those annihilated days,
Can you remember any was
Without a wish for something unpossess?
Did not that wish your happiness molest?
Without it you had been completely blest.
Content, we're rich; but very poor,
How rich forever, if we covet more.

III.

By this experience learn to be more wise;
Enjoy the state that is;
Things future in their time may be,
But what is that to thee?
Enjoy, although a happiness complete
We never can come at,
Unless we wish no more. Accomplish that,
The art of living you have learn'd,
And, by philosophy, true happiness have earn'd.

June 1-2, 1729.

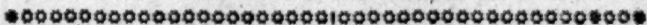
EPI-

XXXIX.

E P I G R A M.

WHEN we are young, how very fair
Our wanton eyes find women are !
But older grown, we think more wise,
We view the sex with other eyes.
Thus merit is, nor less nor more
Than just what we've occasion for.

June 2, 1729.



XL.

OECONOMY OF PROVIDENCE.

PROVIDENCE hath a mighty train
Of children ; but, without much pain,
For their subsistence well provides,
And for their vanity besides.
A little specie circulates,
Opinion all the rest creates.
Both parties their convenience find,
The bills are drawn on good mankind ;
Which, howsoe'er excessive, they
At sight will generously pay.

June 3, 1729.

Оя

XLII.

On seeing a hay-maker long whetting his scythe.

GET you to work, you idle fool,
What always whet and whet your tool !

My heart recoiling did reply,
Just such an idle fool am I.
Money's the instrument of ease,
Of pleasure of what kind you please,
And this our proper business is.
Never to spend, but always get !
'Tis idleness, 'tis whet and whet.

June 12, 1729.

XLII.

On viewing a rose-tree. Anacreontic. ODE.

WHAT pretty little animal
Adds beauty to that blooming rose ?
A thousand other flowers call,
Examine her before she goes.

It is a neat and nimble fly,
Whose azure's dipp'd in liquid gold ;
Her aim is not at yonder sky,
Nor is, nor ever shall be, old.

But

But she the present day enjoys,
 In sunny beams and summer's heat;
 Pleasure or rest her life employs,
 She lives, to propagate and eat!

And when the winter's hoary frost
 Appears, and terrifies us all,
 Then, in the heap of matter tost,
 Adieu! my pretty animal.

And is it not exactly thus
 With nobler animals than she?
 With the renown'd *Bucephalus*,
 With thee, O *Cæsar*, yes, with thee!

Do we intend to serve the rest
 Of men, or beasts, or flies, like these?
 We do; because it is the best
 Expedient our own tastes to please.

'Tis therefore nature hath endu'd
 Us with so great and various pow'rs;
 'Tis Providence that does the good,
 The praise be there, the pleasure's ours.

Be proud no more than yonder fly,
 Or any other animal;
 Like them we live, like them we die,
 As wither'd leaves in autumn fall.

Then, whilst your summer's life shall last,
 Let pleasure be your only care;
 Excite, and rectify your taste,
 For this is all your business here.

'Twere

'Twere thus ; but that another state,
Unknown ! advises other cares ;
'Tis true ; yet virtue, best for that,
Source of true pleasure ! here prepares.

June 15, 1729.

XLIII.

Trust to the care of Providence. Sketch. ODE.

UNMOOR, and drive into the main,
The sea unknown I scorn to fear ;
Nor will of storms or calms complain,
But quiet and secure rest here.
Do you, O pilot, exercise your skill,
Enough for me ; and this, I know, you will.

You tell me, Sir, there's danger nigh,
But pr'ythee, captain, tell me why ?
A single passenger am I.

June 15, 1729.

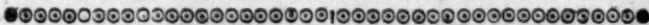
XLIV.

REAL ENJOYMENT.

TO live is to enjoy ; who learns to live,
Learns, by enjoyment, real life to give.
Your anxious cares, from infancy 'till now,
No long-continu'd pleasures would allow ;
None of your small remaining portion waste ;
Thus in few years you more of life may taste,
Than in the sixty-two already past.

June 16, 1729.

He was born the 12th of January, 1667.



XLV.

ENTIRE DEPENDENCE ON PROVIDENCE.

SKETCHES.

O Providence ! O fate ! thou pilot wife,
On board whose vessel is my merchandise,
In navigation ignorant am I :
Be it a calm or a tempestuous sky,
To thee resigning all, secure I rest ;
No anxious care shall discompose my breast,
Believing, what thou dost is ever best.

P

GOOD

GOOD captain, I shall take no care,
 But quiet rest, since thou art here ;
 The great *Atlantic* ocean I
 Dare cross, or in rough *Biscay* ply ;
 Let the seas rage, the tempests blow,
 The thunder all its terrors show,
 I nothing of thy business know ;
 With thee, expert and good, I, safe,
 Shall in the midst of danger laugh.
 Or black the night, or if the morning shine,
 That be thy care, O Providence ! not mine.*

AS when a traveller forsakes the shore,
 Resolving unknown regions to explore,
 He in the navigator's skill confides,
 And on the heaving waves securely rides ;
 I thus to Providence commit my care,
 A destin'd, but unknowing traveller !
 And such (now sleeping) all our fathers were.

June 16, 1729.

Compare this little ode with Horace's "*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus*," (i. 22.) of which my father knew nothing.

* *Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you. 1 Pet. v. 7. Commit thy way unto the Lord ; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass. Ps. xxxvii. 5.*

Therefore

XLVI.

Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart. Eccles. xi. 10.

DEAD, say you? "Yes, she died to-day."
The like of us the world will say,
And who can tell how soon it may?

Each hour then frugally employ,
As much as possible enjoy,
For death will quickly all destroy.*

We look to an eternal state;
We reason on we know not what;
But he the best provides for that,

Who most enjoys; for † virtue is
The ready way to happiness,
In other worlds, nor less in this.

* *He saith, I have found rest, and now will eat continually of my goods, and yet he knoweth not what shall come upon him, and that he must leave those things to others, and die. Eccles. xi. 19.*

† ————— *Semita certè*

Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.

Juv. X. 363.

XLVII.

ANACREONTIC. ODE.

HOW shall I relish life ? O how
 Be reconcil'd to fleeting now ?
 Incessantly the moments haste ;
 Each, parting, beckons to the last ;
 Come on, say then, and let him see
 How prodigal of life is he.
 Neglected and despis'd we are,
 Just as our predecessors were ;
 His life rolls on, all unenjoy'd,
 Either with repetitions cloy'd ;
 Or wishing something yet to come,
 When happiness is nearer home.
 The kind hours thus, who roses spread,
 See you are plucking thorns instead ;
 Not pleas'd with the allotted good,
 A nymph you have, a goddess wou'd,
 And so you clasp an empty cloud.

June 17, 1729.

RESOLVE

XLVIII.

RESOLVE EITHER TO LIVE OR DIE.

'TIS true, and your complaints are just,
 You very miserable are ;
 Uncertainties no longer trust,
 But be determin'd by despair.
 Life burthensome, a man may be
 Discharg'd without formality.

Wherefore delay ? why hesitate ?
 The case, methinks, is very plain ;
 You either should accomplish that,
 Or else no longer thus complain.
 To hate to live, and fear to die !
 Or one or t'other is a lie.

This fear infers, that life is yet,
 In some proportion is, at least,
 Though mix'd with ill, a benefit ;
 Repining then must be a jest.
 Who owns the good, and still complains,
 Deserves to suffer for his pains.

June 18, 1729.

XLIX.

Variety makes amends for want of permanency.

ANACREONTIC. ODE.

DOES the vast ocean ebb and flow ?
Do clouds adorn the azure sky ?
Does all the face of nature show
An infinite variety ?

Winter and summer, night and day,
Childhood, virility, and age,
Are ever coming, never stay ;
We always fill, and quit the stage.

Nations and empires are the same,
The same are arts and sciences ;
Forgotten now which once had fame,
And that detested which did please.

If all things, thus, for ever move,
Complain not of satiety ;
Nor that you lose the things you love,
Compell'd to sweet variety.

June 18, 1729.

L.

ON THE ENJOYMENT OF LIFE.

GO to the grass-hopper, thou fool,
 And learn true wisdom in her school.
 With her 'tis summer every day,
 If 'tis not so with you, it may.
 The winter's frosts, and tedious nights,
 Have their peculiar choice delights ;
 Learn to observe and relish those,
 You may at Christmas pluck a rose.
 The constant sun, in all the signs,
 With equal heat and lustre shines ;
 If we not always find it thus,
 The fault is not in him, but us.
 We from his beams remove too far,
 Or, daringly, approach too near.
 Whilst you, unanxious, skip and sing,
 'Tis summer, 'tis eternal spring.

June 18, 1729.

LI.

ON THE SAME. ANACREONTIC. ODE.

GO to the grass-hopper, my friend,
 Her ways consider, and be wise;
 She frisks and sings 'till summer's end,
 And when the winter comes, she dies.

Her neighbour ants, with anxious care
 And labour, pass their hours away;
 'Tis summer, but no happier,
 More pleas'd, or more content, are they.

Foolish anxiety avoid;
 For now alone provision make;
 The time which cannot be enjoy'd,
 The pismires and the gods may take.

June 19, 1729.



LII.

GRADATION OF IMPERFECT BEINGS.

MAN! 'tis a term vast compass does include!
 Say how 'tis fairly to be understood.

Through-

Throughout the universe there seems to be
 A gradual ascent from one degree
 To that which borders next ; and, O how small
 The space from either through the wond'rous all !
 From a poor atom the gradation tends,
 'Till the ascending pile the brightest angel ends.
 From thence to God, how vast the distance is !
 Or rather universal all is his.

The lowest men to wisest brutes are tied,
 And all men to each other are ally'd ;
 How thin partitions do each sort divide !
 Superior sit angelic human minds,
 Behold the man who truth and virtue finds.
 But, unperceiv'd, or unbelov'd, the crew
 Despise, malign, and persecute the few,
 Who greatly yet their noblest end pursue ;
 These wisely, and with virtue too, conceal
 Truths which, with safety, they can ne'er reveal.
 But as this number is so very small,
 The multitude denominates them all.

Thou wilt forgive me, dearest friend, if thee
 I, subject to infirmity, can see ;
 We both discernment have enough to know,
 That the most wise and virtuous men are so.

June 22, 1729.

This, I imagine, was to Mr. Melmoth, counsellor at law.

That

LIII.

*That we are secure, if the Author of our being is
himself a reasonable one.*

*All men cannot receive this saying, save they to
whom it is given. Matt. xix. 11.*

ENDU'D with reason and discourse, the mind,
Expanding, new discoveries to find,
Looks here, looks there, above, below, around,
Enquires of all; no kind instructor's found.
Who will this thirsty vessel fill? who can?
Behold on earth a solitary man!
Is there a God? what is he? what are we?
Created late, or from eternity?
Are human souls distinct, and can alone
Exist, when the material forms are gone,
Their particles dispers'd, and quite unknown?
Shall I hereafter live? and where? and how?
Like, or unlike, to this accustom'd now?
Tell me.—But all the universe is mute,
And man is here no better than a brute.
Pretending, they declare; but I deny
Assent; I know, they know no more than I,
But oft impose, for truth, absurdity.
By reason, if at all, these things are seen,
And our securest, only guide's within.
We learn from man, from nature, Providence,
But, still, as we assisted are from thence.

That

That reason tells us, reason does preside,
 As far as we can judge, the rest's deny'd;
 In ignorance be, therefore, satisfy'd. }
 We may.—For, if the universe is all
 By reason guided, and for ever shall,
 We are secure in whatsoever state ; }
 If not, in vain we reason and debate,
 'Tis all obscure, 'tis all we know not what ; }
 Confusion all ! impossible is this,
 For we experience all is otherwise.
 Were this the case, the world could not subsist,
 Nor we, nor any other thing, exist ;
 Beauty and order would, for ever lost,
 Be in the chaos-heap of matter tost.
 Darkness, and horrible deformity,
 Presiding ; how unlike to what we see !
 Enough. But if we farther will explore,
 'Tis vain, 'tis vain ! for we can know no more.
 As nature to this globe of earth confin'd
 The body, so is limited the mind.
 And happy 'tis that, as we cannot know
 Things too sublime for us, we safely go
 In nature's paths, and can be satisfy'd ;
 Reason ne'er asks what reason has deny'd.

June 25, 1729.

Else

LIV.

Else the animals are happier than we. See the last.

THE animals, who nature's laws obey,
 Cheerful and happy seem; and well they may;
 They have no priests, no orthodoxy they!

But men, by these submitting to be taught,
 Who never for themselves sincerely thought,
 Are into this accurs'd dilemma brought;

Or horribly they dread futurity,
 Or on presumption build security,
 Or unconcern'd, just as the brutes, they lie.

So great the hazard! terms uncertain scare,
 Exceeding hard, if possible; and prayer
 So clogg'd, that small security is there.

This then remains to be our happy plan,
 And happy only he, who either can
 Think not, as brutes; or as becomes a man.

June 24, 1729.

H U.

LV.

HUMAN LIFE.*

VASTLY solicitous we ever are
 Concerning life, as of some great affair:
 What is it? what is the amount of all
 That furnishes this little interval,
 Betwixt the moment when I first began,
 And that when I shall cease to be a man?
 What is't that all my hours, days, years, employs?
 A chain of little sufferings and joys,
 With here and there a link more ponderous;
 This is man's life, and this by death we lose!
 Duly subordinate to man, the claim
 Of every other creature is the same;
 So many dinners, love-intrigues, delights,
 Busy, diverting days, refreshing nights;
 So many pains, griefs, fears, and all the train
 Of miseries come o'er and o'er again.
 Who lives a day hath some, who ages knows,
 Slides through his course in joys and griefs like those.

But man, predominant above the rest,
 Is of a noble power of thought possess'd:
 Is he, on that account, supremely blest?
 Or does he suffer by the gift, and how?—
 Consider we what I am doing now.

* Ζήτημα λαμπρόν. Longin.

Retir'd, I find my meditations please,
 When easy flow such useful thoughts as these.
 When glorious objects mental joys excite,
 Or things are seen in a poetic light,
 Where the imaginative power displays
 New beauties, which itself can only raise.
 When unfrequented wisdom's paths I tread,
 And onward press, secure, divinely led,
 By reason's light, not the deceitful glare
 Of kindled matter, and find treasures there.
 How difficult the task ! how oft the ray
 No warmth procures, nor brightens into day,
 Impenetrable darkness stops the way !
 How many phantoms, dire chimeras, we,
 And real savage enemies, must see ;
 What foes encounter, silence, and subdue,
 Ere we enjoy what is divinely true !
Paëolus' golden streams from mountains pour,
 Ennobled with the all-enchanting ore ;
 But he who seeks it on the wealthy strand,
 Shall, for some grains of gold, find heaps of sand.

Nor can we ever enemies subdue,
 We oft defeat, are oft defeated too ;
 Oft find, that what we once, as true, believ'd,
 Delusion prov'd, and what once pleas'd, deceiv'd.

Accuse me not that I complain of this,
 The noblest part of human knowledge 'tis.
 When infant reason, destitute of force,
 Naked, expos'd, lay poison'd by its nurse,

A mon-

A monster grown, bloated with noxious wind,
 What labour and dexterity of mind
 The cure requir'd, if it a cure could find!
 To him who undeceives us more we owe,
 Than to the man who teaches us to know.
 What art, what science, what attainment, can
 So much enrich and dignify a man,
 As reason purging off detested stains,
 And which, by native vigour, health regains!
 Happy is he, who, honour'd and rever'd
 For wisdom equal to his length of beard,
 His gravity, his mitre, or lawn sleeves,
 If, as he knows no more, he not believes
 Beyond what he, when in the cradle laid,
 Believ'd; if, born a fool, he dies not mad!
 If Providence had not mankind secur'd,
 What horrid pangs had thinking men endur'd!
 But the assailant oft itself repells,
 And, if one error wounds, another heals.
 *In things divine, who least pretends to know,
 Hath gone as far as human wit can go;
 He may be then pronounc'd the wisest man,
 Who ends his course where he, a child, began.
 Hard fate of human reason, never us'd
 So well as learning, to be disabus'd!

Whether a man is happier than a brute,
 Hath been, digressively, our short dispute.

* *Che le cose del ciel sol egli vede,*

Cbi ferma gli occhi, e crede.

Fillidi Sciro, fin.

Review

Review the case, it will be hard to say,
 If we enjoy, or suffer, more than they.
 'Tis as the mind shall happen to be dress'd,
 Solemn or gay, one man above the rest
 Is wise, and all superior to the beast.
 Exalted minds angelic joys procure,
 They may alike infernal pains endure.
 The truth seems thus, uncertain though it be,
 The brutes enjoy nor more, nor less, than we,
 The air's the same, though in another key.
 But this is sure, let orthodoxy reign,
 And men, consistently, pursue the train,
 Brutes, unconcern'd, shall the advantage gain.

The stream of life perpetually flows,
 And joys and griefs, still varying, compose
 The gift which heaven, or long or short, bestows.
 'Tis such as serves to balance well the fear
 Of death, or of too long confinement here.

Is this then human life? is it for this
 We so exceeding anxious are? It is!

June 30, 1729.

LVI.

ART AND NATURE. ODE.

A Bird is near my widow'd bed ;
 When early I unseal my eyes,
 By nature, or by reason, led,
 She sings, and I philosophise.

A prisoner she, by fate unkind,
 Driv'n from the woods and open sky ;
 To melancholy thoughts inclin'd,
 A greater sufferer am I.

And yet she sings, and I'm content ;
 Both happy are, or seem to be ;
 The ills we bear no punishment
 Appear, at least 'tis so with me.

An enemy that is subdu'd,
 To be an enemy does cease ;
 Content the bird regains his wood,
 Content to me is chearfulness.

Whether my pretty bird, or I,
 May glory most in what we do,
 Enquire ; the cause I go to try,
 The parties we, the judge are you:

How should I blush, if, to contend
 With such an animal as this,
 I should be brought to condescend ;
 Not so, but thus, the matter is.

'Tis nature strives in her, 'tis I
 That combat on the other part ;
 I manage the philosophy
 That cures, or mitigates, the smart.

And wherefore should not I prevail,
 And art more joy than nature bring ?
 Shew me the sweetest nightingale
 That can like *Senesino* sing.

July 1, 1729.

LVII.

*That life is our patrimony, which we are to improve
 by all justifiable means.*

POSSESS'D of an estate, a prudent man
 Endeavours to improve it all he can.
 Life each man's patrimony is ; self-love
 A principle will teach him to improve ;
 Which he does most, when what he does possess
 Procures him most degrees of happiness.

What's

What's happiness? and how shall I attain?
Thou, my celestial oracle, explain.

Pleas'd, we are happy; in proportion so,
As we no wish for something absent know;
The ecstasies of sense, or of the mind,
Ascending, if they leave a wish behind,
Are less sincere than an inferior good,
Where such uneasy thoughts do not intrude.
Happiness is to every man, what he
Does, in himself, experience it to be;
What may be so to you, may not to me.
Nor is joy happiness, but does arise
In us, spontaneously, from that which is.

Would you improve this life's imperfect state,
And be a man angelically great?
Begin, divesting your corrupted mind
Of those pernicious principles you find
Engrafted there; a pestilent disease!
Possess'd, ev'n heaven itself could never please.
Become a child, or say, become a brute,
Who knows but what doth with its nature suit.
Who eat, and love, and sleep, and, as appears,
Are utter strangers to infernal tears.
This done, assume the man; go boldly on,
Get principles; but those admit alone,
Which reason masculine delights to own,
Those, as they are most likely to endure,
Will, thanks to heaven! our happiness procure.
This, I deny not, error also may,
For she does most variety display,

Q 2

But

But, insecure, oft terrible is she,
Neither of which the truth is found to be.

Now, purify'd, the mind, with reason arm'd,
Disdain to be by lesser fright alarm'd ;
Although 'tis probable the ills may come,
Look not abroad, secure yourselves at home
Your present day ; the rest resign to fate,
And, unconcern'd, for time's productions wait.

Courage and magnanimity express,
Or you in vain endeavour to possess,
And to secure, a state of happiness. }
Calamity, or what we such suppose,
Along the stream of life for ever flows ;
This will unhappiness procure, if we
Wisely extract not its malignity—
By patiently submitting to the pain,
Or treating it with generous disdain,
Or reconciling to the thing the mind,
Or resolutely to God's will resign'd.
Aye, there behold the universal balm,
Which brings repose, and sanctifies the calm!
And this is real happiness, but yet
'Tis only negative, 'tis not complete.
By fear and sorrow unmolested, we
May easier attain the next degree ;
Enjoying all that nature does supply,
From one enjoyment to another fly ; }
For reason does not what is good deny.
Nor yet that we with joy ourselves survey,
Bravely advancing in the chosen way ;

Tasting

Tasting delights, from thoughtless mortals hid,
 Nor here is pride, by reason taught, forbid ;
 That self-applause and joy which may arise
 In minds celestial, virtuous, pious, wise.

Is this impracticable? be it true.

The rules are just, what then remains to do ?

Far as you can, this noble way pursue.

So shall your life shine with a brighter ray,

Be the sweet morning of a summer's day.

Or failing here, your labour's not in vain,

You some degrees of happiness attain ;

Those recompense your diligence and pain.

If only this is gain'd ; when you have try'd,

You to yourself, at least, are justify'd.

July 3, 1729.

LVIII.

TOO HIGH A KEY. ODE.

ATtempting song, I rais'd my voice,
 Rememb'ring what *Cuzzoni*'s was ;
 But I produc'd no harmony,
 I took it in a key too high.

Thus, setting out in life, I strove
 To imitate the blest above,
 And hop'd the rest of human kind,
 Enough at least, were so inclin'd.

Q 3

But

But I, alas! mistook my key,
 I am not what I meant to be,
 Nor find the world as I believ'd ;
 Thus disappointed and deceiv'd,
 I must begin my song again,
 And warble in an humbler strain.
 Myself and others rightly understood,
 The music may be tolerably good.
July 5, 1729.

LIX.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

TO be shut up with malefactors dead,
 Still more than if they were alive, we dread ;
 Just so, we trust to Providence's care
 More easily, and less subdu'd by fear,
 In what concerns our future portion here,
 Than more remote futurity ; a state
 Which ever hath been subject to debate !
 From rascals dead we know we are secure ;
 And, though in t'other case we're not so sure,
 'Tis yet abundantly more probable,
 That death will not torment, than that it will.
 Yet, fear is not proportion'd to the case,
 For passion will usurp its sovereign's place.
 Here the true cause of all our terror is
 Distemper'd blood, or rooted prejudice.

July 17, 1729.

LX.

RETROSPECT OF LIFE.

DESPISING sleep, diversion, interest,
 With mind laborious, oft with fear oppress;
 Not vanity or curiosity,
 No impious motive hath prevail'd on me;
 But duty, and the love of truth, my mind
 To ease and comfort, all my steps inclin'd,
 Compell'd! Thus many years, whilst others slept,
 Or laugh'd, I my assiduous vigils kept.
 On noblest subjects I employ'd my thought;
 The banish'd truth, in its retirements, sought.
 *Through paths untrodden have I ventur'd on,
 And, as my reason dictated, have gone;
 No other guide there is, there can be none!
 Arriv'd, at length, the lightsome region found,
 The land is good, but darkness does surround
 The man who treads on the forbidden ground.
 Truth for the multitude was ne'er design'd,
 Too gross are they, her air too, too refin'd!
 Error to nourish all the world is seen,
 And the man feeds on what the child took in.
 Though truth is own'd of infinite concern,
 Yet men have other business than to learn.

* ————— *peragro loca nullius ante*

Trita solo.

Lucret.

Through folly, luxury, or worldly care,
 Pride, indolence, or superstitious fear,
 Their principles continue what they were. }
 *If those are theirs, of which they nothing know,
 Which they to birth and education owe!
 The idol of the world is interest,
 To cheat mankind the business of the priest.

Is truth a stranger ; who possesses her }
 Must as a prudent traveller appear,
 And of the country the fix'd habit wear ;
 Thus, incommodious yet, an honest mind
 Does all, though innocent, disguises find.
 †Truth's an internal ornament, not made
 For the sun-beams, but glitters in the shade,
 Surrounded by a world of brutes the wise
 Must be ; so *Adam* dwelt in *Paradise* ;
 But not like his ; ours will not us obey,
 These are not only beasts, but beasts of prey.

‡Peace the possession of the truth procures,
 And the enjoyment of the good insures ;
 A disentangled mind, a notion clear,
 The truth once found, 'tis evidently there.

• ————— *Quæ non fecimus ipsi,*
Vix ea nostra voco. Ovid.

† See *Milton's Mask*, v. 641, &c.

‡ *Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her
 paths are peace.* Prov. iii. 17.

But

But this withal some injury hath done,
I live in secret, and almost alone.

Aug. 14, 1729.

Few men lived less alone than my father ; for, though he might say more justly than almost any,

Nunquam minus solus quam cum maximè solus,
yet he kept a great deal of company, and had a very universal acquaintance. Every one was fond of his, as he was a most chearful and engaging companion ; and all own, that no man ever told a story better than he, nor had better to tell ; for he had a fine memory, and was a just and a nice observer of what he read and heard.

LXI.

HIGHER FLIGHTS.*

WHETHER the sun is center of our world,
Or its vast globe is round our dwelling whirl'd ;
Whence come the winds, what makes the ocean flow,
† And is another world in ours below ?

* ——— *Quis sub Arcto*
Rex gelidæ metuatur oræ,
Quid Tiridatem terreat, unice
Securus. O quæ fontibus integris
Gaudes, &c.

Hor. O. I. 26.

† See Dr. Halley's notion of a nucleus within our globe, whose poles are opposite to ours, in the Philosophical Transactions.

When

When reign'd *Busiris*, or is he the same,
 Transmitted to us by some other name ?
 What matter is ; or if divisible,
 In parts and numbers infinite, yet still,
 As many as the earth, contains the smallest particle ;
 Let those enquire, whose minds can condescend
 To such pursuits ; I higher flights intend ;
 Truths ! which by craft or ignorance obscur'd,
 May be develop'd by the mind assur'd,
 From terror and from darkness freed, and may
 Bask in pure reason's penetrating ray,
 And prosecute with liberty its way.
 Truths ! which exalt, sustain, rejoice the mind,
 Truths ! for our noblest faculties design'd.
 I, born to indigence, and much oppress'd
 In early days, nor head nor hands might rest ;
 Life to sustain, I, with my pencil, strove
 For excellence ; the pencil still I love.
 But truths substantial, faint resemblances
 Could not supply, nor anxious reason please ;
 Throughout my busy life, divided care
 My time, my labours, and my powers share ;
 The animal and rational unite,
 I paint for body, for the mind I write.

Sept. 6, 1729.

LXII.

USE OF REASON.

“OUR reason we must use.” If thus you say,
 And that “we all must judge one certain way,”
 What greater contradiction can there be,
 Unless all eyes do every object see,
 And all alike; and, what appears to you,
 Shall, in my judgment, equally be true?
 Your doctrine’s built upon fallacious ground,
 Supposing all alike, when all are different found.*

Sept. 12, 1729.

Pope used to love to tell stories of Titcum, whom he was much with in his younger days. When Titcum, who had been bred a Catholic, died, he would see no clergyman. “No,” said he, “they are a pack of fools; there is our fool has writ a great book, to prove ‘that bread is flesh,’ and your fool (meaning Tillotson) has writ a greater, to prove ‘that bread is not flesh.’”

* *Sed ego insipientior quam illi ipsi qui ista credunt, qui quidem contra eos tam diu disputem.* Cic. Div. II.

PAST

LXIII.

PAST PLEASURES.

PAST pleasures we in vain deplore,
 They're gone, and can return no more,
 Farther and farther still they go;
 It ever was, and will be so.

Adieu, for ever, then, adieu!
 Our business is to seek for new,
 Which will be past, and vanish too.

But if, in life's declining state,
 We wish and hope we know not what,
 And all insipid is, and flat,
 What shall support the sinking man?
 Enjoying life the most he can.
 All lost, this joy remains, at least,
 He very soon will be at rest.

Written by moon-light,

Sept. 21-22, 1729.

LXIV.

THE SYBARITE.

THERE was a *coxcomb, I forget his name,
 As oft I do ; the story is the same ;
 Supinely flung, his limbs were nightly laid,
 And heaps of rose-leaves were his fragrant bed.
 But so it chanc'd, one night he sleepless was ;
 And, would you know the lamentable case ?
 Strange accident ! a leaf ill-fated lies
 All ruffled under him ; aloud he cries ;
 And who, thus teas'd, could ever close his eyes ? }

Who sleeps on billets is secure, for those
 Are not so soon disorder'd as a rose.

Os. 23, 1729.

* This was Smindyrides, the Sybarite. The story is in
 Ælian, ix. 24. I had told it my father, but did not know
 he had put it into verse 'till now, after his death ; and made
 it better.

Pleasure

LXV.

Pleasure our great pursuit. The art to chuse.

PLEASURE's the *Daphne* which we all pursue,
 Oft disappointed, we the race renew;
 Or, if enjoy'd, new passions still arise,
 For this alone the human life employs.
 The nymph in various forms appears; what one
 Fondly careſſes, will another shun.
 Nor proves she always what she seems to be;
 We often catch no virgin, but a tree.
 No matter what another thinks, if you
 Enjoy, so far your happiness is true.

Existence we from nature did receive,
 But would you be instructed how to live?
 Expect no more from life, than life can give. }
 A complicated state! throughout the train,
 Pleasure is mix'd, inseparably, with pain.
 The art is this; distinguishing aright,
 Evil diminish, magnify delight.
 Spring, summer, autumn, winter, night, and day,
 Each hour hath something solemn, something gay;
 The little genii sullenly advance,
 Or, smiling, meet you in a sprightly dance.
 Fall in with those that chearfully come on,
 And let the others mourn and sigh alone.

Each circumstance hath some peculiar good,
 That chuse! the art of life is understood.

Nov. 2, 1729.

NO-

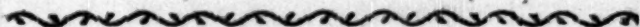
LXVI.

NOTHING SAID:

YOU know we met the other night,
You know too the occasion ;
And you demand that I should write
What was our conversation.

I nothing said, for she said all ;
You pardon, Sir, I lie,
A thousand speeches she let fall,
But said no more than I.

May, 1730.



LXVII.

A REAL DREAM. MANY YEARS SINCE.

DEAD to the world, whilst sleep my limbs oppress,
My thoughts, at liberty, despising rest,
Perceiv'd, my noblest self, my spirit free,
And looking down on this corporeal me.
This now lov'd body in a ditch was laid,
There lay these active hands, this busy head ;
There lay this honest heart, but void of heat ;
It had its fate-appointed pulses beat.

No

No projects now, no hopes ! and even care
 Was silent, was obliterated there.
 I saw its abject state, and thus thought I ;
 In that, or whatsoever place you lie,
 Know, whilst I thee possess'd, I us'd thee well ;
 If, in the days of nature, ill befell,
 No fault of mine contributed ; no shame
 Reddens the face of my surviving name ;
 Pure, uncontaminated, hast thou been,
 Thou wert, at least, all beautiful within.

Thyself, with prudent dignity, regard,
 And virtue will be found its own reward.

June, 1730.

LXVIII.

THE LOTTERY.

YE ladies, preparing for *Amerſham* * races,
 Receive, with discretion, advice from a friend ;
 No interest hath he, but he tells you your caſes,
 For he is no ſtranger to what you intend.

It is not a race, 'tis a lottery you,
 For all your pretences ſo cautious and wiſe,
 Ye maidens and widows, are gathering to,
 And a lover is what you expect as a prize.

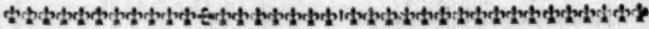
* My father was then on a viſit at Mrs. Drake's, at
 Sharloes.

Conſider,

Consider, if blank this your ticket should prove,
 You are not in just the condition you were ;
 Instead of a prize in the alley of love,
 You must be contented to go under par.

If I were a lover, by all that is good,
 Should the nymph put me off until after the day,
 I would not accept of her then, if she wou'd ;
 She's a blank, and I'd make her the difference pay.

Trust not to blind fortune, accept of your lover,
 Or he may reject when the lottery's over.



LXIX.

DAMÆTAS AND AMARYLLIS.

CLEAR was the evening, and the weary'd sun
 Was hasting to the level ocean's brim ;
 The cottager's appointed work was done,
 All silent was, and nature's eye grew dim.

Under a musk-rose old *Damætas* sat,
 With lovely *Amaryllis* by his side ;
 Pleasing their looks, delightful was their chat,
 And both the censures of the plains defy'd.

Known honour is against all slander proof,
 Secur'd by innocence no blush can stain ;
 Virtue and prudence keep the foe aloof,
 Or his own breast alone shall feel the pain:

R

Joyous

Joyous they sat ; sometimes his pipe he play'd,
 Whilst she the primrose and the cowslip wove ;
 Sometimes to sing he press'd the skilful maid,
 And friendship was the theme ; it was not love.

Friendship, nor youth, nor beauty's charms doth claim,
 Fair as the fairest was *Dametas* old ;
 He knew to fan a purer, brighter flame,
 A flame which lives when love, as death, is cold :

A flame which brighter in *Elysium* glows,
 Where is no *Cupid's* gaudy feather'd dart ;
 There ever lives, nor diminution knows,
 It cheers the soul, not festers in the heart.

Below, full oft, with absence too severe,
Dametas is, is *Amaryllis* croft ;
 Then shall their joys no interruption fear,
 But ev'ry moment shall their friendship boast.

Mean time, let each, as opportunity
 Allows, the other's happiness procure ;
 And what they cannot, with the will supply,
 And unavoidable complaints endure.

Thus sung, or thus discours'd, the ancient swain ;
 She, smiling, heard, and what he said approv'd ;
 Then answer'd in a more delightful strain,
 For (though not equally with him) she lov'd.

Jan. 3, 1731-2.

This was in the height of his poetical friendship for
 Mrs. Catherine Knapp ; who was, indeed, a fine woman,
 had been a very fine one ; now a little in the vale of life ;
 sensible withal, and discreet.

EPI-

LXX.

E P I G R A M.

HOW comical now is my fate,
 Were my story but prettily told ;
 While here I am poking the grate,
 And blowing my nose for my cold !

To cough I can scarcely forbear,
 Give me porridge and ground-ivy tea,
 And, by *Thursday* or *Friday*, as fair
 As *Phyllida's* self shall I be.

Jan. 26, 1731-2.

LXXI.

FROM LOCMAN (THE ARABIAN.)

TO-day is ours, to-day let us enjoy ;
 Give me the largest glass ; here, fill it, boy !
 Whilst wine is in the hog'shead, let it run ;
 No mortal ever saw to-morrow's fun.*

June 30, 1731.

* Τὸ σήμερον μέλει μοι,

Τὸ δ' αὔριον τίς οἶδεν ; Anac. XV.

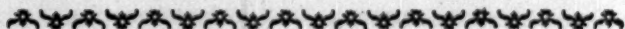
LXXII.

Written in Lord Dyfert's garden at Ham.

CAN more be done ? If not, no farther try ;
'Tis time and labour very ill-bestow'd ;
You must, at last, on reason firm rely,
Eternal reason ! call it fate, or God.

That point determin'd, what have we to do,
But to enjoy what shall of life remain ?
To see the good in the most pleasing view,
And ills resistless bravely to sustain ?

Aug. 19, 1731.



LXXIII.

*In that which was Lord Rochester's, at New-Park,
the same day.*

AGAIN I see the place, which heretofore
I saw with joy ; those days are now no more ;
What yet remain, if I should happy find,
*It not depends on things, but on the mind,
That well dispos'd, the rest will all be well ;
If not, ev'n heaven itself becomes a hell.

* *Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.*

Hor. Ep. I. 11. 30.

Review.

Reviewing all your numerous train of years,
 Mix'd and successive joy and grief appears;
 What now remains would you desire to know?
 You need not to the cave of *Delphi* go;
Apollo's here. You happiness would find;
 Hope not to mend the world, correct your mind.

Aug. 21, 1731.

LXXIV.

Written on BANSTED-DOWNS.

BLAME not the world, men's follies, or their
 crimes,

Nor hope for better in succeeding times;
 All will be right if you yourself are wise,
 And can the ills you must endure despise.

Aug. 22, 1731.

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

LXXV.

TO SELF. UNFINISHED SKETCH.

FORGIVE me, O thou best of friends! forgive;
 Teach me, what yet I never knew, to live.

R 3

Prompted

Prompted by fate, I happiness have sought,
Pursu'd the noble game, but have not caught;
This way and that, above, below, around,
In vain; 'tis in the narrow center found!

To books, arts, prudence, virtue, gold, and fame,
Love, friendship, peace, wife, children, health, I
came.

What poets, priests, philosophers, can name ;

*Eager I ask'd the prize I did expect,

Whom once they flatter'd, now they did reject.

Not that I thee neglected ; by thee aw'd,

I rev'renc'd thee as a domestic god ;

Dreaded reproaches from thy angry brow,

And paid obedience to thy laws, as now ;

But rather fear'd than lov'd ; at length, I find

†Thou only art sincere, sufficient, kind.

A prodigal am I, am naked come

From husks with swine ; O, welcome meat at home !

If self declares it, wealthy then, and wise,

Great, and renown'd, the happy mortal is.

On lovers, friends, whoever shall depend,

Will lose his lover, nor preserve his friend.

If virtue, arts, or wisdom, he shall chuse,

He'll be an idiot, and his honour lose.

• *Inter cuncta leges, et percontabere doctos,
Quâ ratione queas traducere leniter ævum,
Quid minuat curas, quid te tibi reddat amicum.*

Hor. Ep. 1. 18. 96.

† *Tibi tecum optime convenit.* Senec. Quest. Nat.
IV. Præf.

But

But thou, indulgent, say that I am blest,
 I happy am, forsaken by the rest;
 By thee applauded, and by thee alone,
 Wealth, wisdom, beauty, all the world's my own.

Thus pray'd I most devoutly, but in vain;
 Self hears me not, and I must still complain.
 Who is the man who happy days shall see?
 *Who thinks he happy is, that man is he.

OÆ. 13, 1731.

All are alike seeking the way of happiness; it is the whole bent and study of human nature, from birth to death; but how few find it! My dear father did, more than any man I have known; and so too many others said of him. The generality are ever wandering and bewildering themselves in a thousand plausible mazes, that lead to, and end in, inextricable error; but miss the plain path before them, nor hear the "still small voice," while they are starting after shrill and discordant noises.

If thou hadst known, even thou, in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes. Luke xix. 42.

* *Qui sibi amicus est scito hunc amicum omnibus esse.*
 Senec. Ep. vi. fin.

LXXVI.

THE HAPPY MAN.

HAPPY the mind, strong, vigorous, and clear,
 By guilt unwrinkled, or by shame or fear;
 The man who health enjoys, unus'd to pain,
 Nor dreading want, nor much desiring gain!
 Who business hath, and leisure; both employs
 To proper purposes, and both enjoys.
 Wild blows the tempest? Calm, sedate is he,
 Tasting the harvest of philosophy.
 Ills apprehended wisely are withstood,
 While the man revels in the future good.
 Cautious, but hopes, and images the best;
 Acts right, and leaves to Providence the rest.
 Devout, can raise to heaven a steady eye,
 Bask in its beams, and flames of hell defy.
 Happy who can with wings poetic rise,
 His fancy bright, and picturesque his eyes,
 Sees beauties vulgar sight can never know,
 Enjoys what art or nature can bestow,
 And more than nature ever had can show.
 Is he lov'd? loves he? and hath a friend?
 Unthank'd for good does still more good intend;
 Though injur'd, cross'd, is placable and kind;
 Happy the man! celestial is the mind!

Oct. 26, 1731.

THE

LXXVII.

THE HAPPY WOMAN

IS she who healthy, witty, fair, and wise,
 Can all the follies of her sex despise ;
 A virgin is, and so resolves to be,
 Scorning to change for man her liberty.
 Conscious of virtue, unperplex'd with thought,
 And daily says her prayers as she was taught.
 Happy is she, as mortal woman can,
 Who loves, and is belov'd by such a man,
 Who always studying her happiness,
 She studies his felicity no less ;
 To all the world this virtuous friendship shows ;
 How blest, if, now, her happiness she knows !

Oct. 28, 1731.

This is Mrs. Knapp, as the other was himself, and truly his picture.



LXXVIII.

THE DELL, *at Sharloes in Bucks.*

YE sylvan deities who haunt this glade,
 For gods, and godlike minds, by nature made,
 Attend ! Ye gaze upon my uncouth face,
 'Tis true I am a stranger to the place ;

But

But here, by you inspir'd, around me throng,
And be indulgent to my humble song.

Fit place for contemplation, is the mind
Inquisitive and wise, from earth refin'd !
Here, worthy objects raise the pious thought,
By all we see, or find around us, taught ;
These woods, groves, lawns, fields, gardens, valleys,
 hills,
These murmur'ing currents, lakes, or whisp'ring rills,
These various walks, where the sun's chearful ray
Salutes us, or where boughs obscure the day ;
For every season, every hour contriv'd,
Glad hearts are gladder made, and drooping souls
 reviv'd.

'Tis true, no prospects far remov'd appear,
Nor barren hills ; but all is cultur'd here ;
Nor desert ; see, among the trees, a * town,
And all that *Sharloes* sees is *Sharloes'* own !
On earth, in air, in water, all around,
Beasts, birds, and fish are plentifully found.
Fly not, ye deer, no enemy am I ;
They know mankind, and, scudding, swiftly fly.

See, yonder, that fair hospitable pile,
Where plenty, elegance, and temp'rance smile ;
No wonder ; she, whom Providence hath made
Its substitute, commands, and is obey'd.
Here we maternal love with prudence see,
And filial duty, though in infancy.

• *Amersham.*

Here

Here friendship shews its ever-lovely face,
 And merit, wisely, merit doth embrace,
 Here joy seraphic, and a love divine,
 With a more elevated ardor shine ;
 Th'Almighty here is with due rites ador'd,
 Each scorning to admit another Lord !
 Here beauty dazzles the beholder's eye,
 But blended so with awful modesty,
 That passion, if it does the heart invade,
 Is, of itself, divine, or so is made.

Ye deities, whom now my eye surveys,
 I now, among you, see a lovelier face,
 Not more engaging beauty than appears
 When I those children see—but they are hers !

This *Sbarloes* is, which whosoever knows,
 From thence reluctant, but instructed, goes ;
 Reflecting thus, that mind must stupid be,
 Which, seeing *Sbarloes*, does not heaven see !

My father was on a visit there of about a week or ten days, October 1731.

What is said of friendship, is in respect of Mrs. Catherine Knapp, a lady of family and fortune, and fine qualifications ; Mrs. Drake's friend and companion ; and for whom my father had himself an extraordinary esteem and regard.

LOVE

LXXIX.

LOVE ASLEEP. ANACREONTIC.

HUSH, see you not among those lillies
 Quiet sleep the god of love,
 How inactive he, and still is,
 Wont so busily to rove!

Winds too fierce, approach not near him,
 Nor ye leaves too loudly rattle,
 Nightingales, at distance fear him,
 And, ye nymphs, forbear to prattle;

Move not, or on tip-toe gliding,
 And let echo list in vain;
 Waters, from the mountains sliding,
 Silent seek the daisy'd plain.

Love asleep, the world is quiet,
 And his quiver'd darts defying.
 " I (*says Sylvia*) not deny it,
 But such peace is worse than dying."

April 6, 1732.

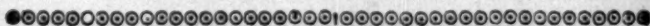
LXXX.

EASE PROCURED BY INDUSTRY.

TO labour born, to industry inclin'd,
 Active my hand, nor indolent my mind,
 The race of business eagerly was run,
 Sustain'd with honour, and the prize is won,
 And I, reposing, bless the setting sun.
 Careless and joyous now, I court delight,
 Unterrify'd at dark approaching night !

}

The silk-worm thus, with busy art and care,
 Pursues her task, nor will her bowels spare ;
 Her task perform'd you fancy she will die ;
 Ah no ! more wise, the worm's a butterfly.



LXXXI.

SEEING THE RISING SUN.

SHOUT, all ye forests, clap your hands, ye trees,
 Smile, op'ning flowers, blow now, you rip'ning corn,
 Rejoice, ye mountains, and ye whelming seas,
 Each river-god laugh, leaning on his urn ;

** The mountains and the hills shall break forth be-
 fore you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall
 clap*

Behold the purpled sky, the bright'ning ray,
The sun appears, and, mild, proclaims the day.

Sleep on, ye drunkards ; gluttons, snore your fill ;

Let sloth and lust enjoy the reeking bed ;

But ye, who wisely follow nature's will,

Dismiss your sleep, from pure digestion bred :

Arise, come forth, pronounce the matin prayer,

And drink new vigour from the cordial air.

See yonder ! now ye may securely gaze,

The roseate dews indulge your tender eyes ;

Familiar, now, ye may behold his face,

Anon he'll triumph in the azure skies.

See how he mounts, and mounts ; the neighing horse

Thus starts, and glad pursues the promis'd course.

Turn, as ye walk, and see the trees behind,

While the blue mist flow smokes among the boughs ;

The growing beam in chequer gilds the rind,

And, with new brightness, riper warmth allows ;

The distant west unveils her drowsy eye,

And all the fading nightly dæmons fly.

Long since I listen'd the shrill matin song,

Awaking day, and the domestic brood,

Bristled, or feather'd, each, in various tongue,

Demand, what they hereafter promise, food.

Mean while the joyful birds, on every tree,

Or high ascending, boast their liberty.

*clap their hands. Isa. lv. 12. Let the floods clap
their hands, let the hills be joyful together. Psalm
xcviii. 8.*

Still

Still mounts the sun, and casts his beams around;
 I feel his warmth increasing with his light;
 His beams, not level, glancing on the ground,
 But sloping, to the shaded stream invite;
 The clouds come on, in white and gold array'd,
 And kindly spread a temporary shade.

What! still asleep! all dark the airless rooms!
 Still death-like silence sullen reigns within.
 No! hark! an apparition onward comes,
 Another moves; their day does now begin;
 Anon, half-waken'd eyes, in dull dismay,
 Will stare, when told what they have lost to-day.

At Sutton, Aug. 7, 1732.



LXXXII.

Soliloquy, on employing the dregs of life.

WHY dost thou linger thus? why still a slave?
 Why bid defiance to the cruel grave?
 The dregs of life, long since decreed thy own,
 Those dregs are come, and may be quickly gone;
 Sweeten those dregs, at least their taste improve,
 Supply with other joys retiring love.
 Beneath the shadowy verdure of tall trees,
 Or near some stream, or grand extent of seas,
 Or some fair prospect widely looking round,
 Or in some closer cultivated ground;

Where-

Where'er thy lot shall Providence dispose,
 A life of care and studious labour close.
 Nor idle yet ; beyond yon' tow'ring sky,
 By love divine, and contemplation fly.
 And, when old native genius shall awake,
 Let thy accustom'd hand the pencil take ;
 Or the propitious muse, on sprightly wing,
 Of God, of nature, love and friendship, sing.
 Or, if to reading humour shall invite,
 A book peruse—or thou a book may'st write !
 " That horse may lawfully be call'd a cur,
 Who will not carry his own provender."

Sometimes thou otherwise may'st use thy head,
 Thinking, the body also must be fed ;
 Then search the walls, see how the fruit comes on,
 Learn how to be the best supply'd at noon ;
 Thy soul, sublime, then condescends to stoop,
 And peep into the barn, or chicken-coop,
 Or dove-house ; pry 'till eggs be duly found,
 Of beef or mutton ask the price *per* pound ;
 How may be had the seasonable fish,
 Good bread and water, thy luxurious wish !
 But, above all, the dairy be thy care ;
 For meat and drink, fish, fowl, and flesh, are there.

Thus may'st thou thy remaining moments fill,
 Riding or walking, rarely sitting still,
 Death hastens on, and " will come when it will." }

Aug. 21, 1732.

My dear father, who had always been a most laborious,
 man, (boy and child, we may say !) and who, notwith-
 standing

LXXXIII.

LIGHT WITHIN.

WELCOME, bright star, the sun's glad harbinger;
 But, O, my bosom! 'tis all darkness here.
 Fair peace return! bright joy shine here again;
 Or thou to me art glitt'ring there in vain.

standing such numerous writings, both published and manuscripts, and those of such close thought, which were mostly produced between the hours of four or five, 'till eight, in the morning, and walking or riding, and then, in his chamber-chair, often 'till midnight, employed more hours in the day than almost any man, in working for a numerous family, having frequently four or five different companies sitting, in the summer-time, from nine in the morning 'till eight at night, with only his dinner-time, and a quarter of an hour's nap between, used every now and then to say, "he still hoped to make the dregs of life his own." And so he did, living some years entirely to himself, and in the manner he here plans out, only that he never had any thing to do with marketing, &c. Rare example of a happy temper, with so indefatigable a spirit, fully enjoying the most absolute leisure with cheerfulness and dignity, after a long life of the severest application to business! He was now 67 years old; but, though he supposed the dregs of life were come, they were not so, as he did a great deal of business, at various times, and with great reputation, and might have done much more, after this.

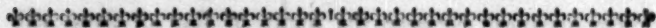
S

Nor

Nor star, nor sun—a more important ray,
O, spirit divine! thou art my light, my day.
I see the dawn, the grey-clad nymphs retire,
Celestial warmth is kindling at thy fire;
Thou art all glory, though all gloomy I;
So yonder purple cloud proclaims the sun is nigh.

* Sept. 19, 1732.

* About, or rather at this time, began the Morning Thoughts; the 4th and 15th of this September being the first and second of this glorious series of a daily philosophical and poetical history of his mind.



LXXXIV.

All mean the same God, whatever the name.

VENUS! to thee my vows I pay,
Adore thee each returning day;
Each dawn my incens'd sacrifice
I offer with uplifted eyes;
And, when the day forbears to shine,
My evening offerings are thine.
Be thou propitious to my love,
My fears and jealousies remove;
On me bestow each day's delight,
Nor hide her from me all the night.

But 'tis not, *Venus!* 'tis not thou,
O *Phosphorus!* to whom I bow,

'Tis

'Tis not to yon' *Hesperian* star,
 But him, by whom all things that are
 Exist, and shall for ever be ;
 He shines in all, and only he.
 To him let me be understood
 To pray, for ever wise and good !
 Him, who eternally decreed,
 We all should " have the good we need."

O $\mathcal{A}$. 10, 1732.

LXXXV.

From an ancient Greek manuscript. ODE.

A Troop of fair *Diana's* maids
 Tripp'd light the flowery ground,
 Seeking the thickest of the glades,
 And what they sought they found.

But something found they never sought,
 Nor understood it neither,
 It was from one to t'other brought,
 A silver painted feather !

The bauble caught each greedy eye,
 Each reaching hand would have it ;
 To her that sat the nearest by,
 She, who possess'd it, gave it.

Around it went, and all were pleas'd,
Yet, with a strange commotion,
They felt, at once, their souls were teas'd
With passion and devotion.

All were inquisitive to know
What kind of bird e'er wore it?
And, whilst indifference they show,
Were ready to adore it.

But soon the question came to be,
Who should possess the feather?
For maidens never will agree
In partnership together.

Diana must the matter end;
A favourite had she;
She gave the feather to my friend,
My friend gave it to me.

But who was that distinguish'd lass?
Your pardon, that I say not;
What lovely form, what beauteous face?
Forbid by her, I may not.

She knew I'd make a pen of it;
I did, but to my wonder,
Her name and mine, whate'er I writ,
Would never be asunder.

I try'd again, again I try'd,
The case was still the same;
Observing, she began to chide,
But how was I to blame?

Perplex'd,

Perplex'd, amaz'd, I musing sat,
And saw, at little distance,
Something—ye Gods ! and what is that ?
I rose to make resistance.

But *Cupid*, laughing at me, said,
“ Be still, 'tis only I.”
I then was something more afraid,
Yet knew no reason why.

Says he, “ That feather there, your pen,
Came from this wing of mine ;
Your name with her's who gave it, then,
No wonder if it join.

“ If, refractory, she oppose,
No God will so advise her ;
(He touch'd a dart) here's something knows
To teach her to be wiser.”

Nov. 15, 1732.

LXXXVI.

THE CHERRY AND THE FILBERD.

CHERRY.

METHINKS you look confounded dull,
Your coat is grave and rusty ;
I am of juicy sweetness full,
Am beautiful and lusty.

S 3

FILBERD.

FILBERD.

Though beauty I, and gaiety,
 Nor have, nor mean to boast of,
 I have what, thou can'st not deny,
 I know to make the most of.

I can the dainty palate please,
 And am secure from plunder;
 I many weeks enrich my trees,
 Thou art but nine days wonder.

There needs no moral to this fable;
 Girls, let it lie upon your table.

Nov. 23, 1732.

LXXXVII.

*Sent to Mr. Pope, when his Essay on Man was first
 published.*

YES, friend, thou art conceal'd; conceal'd, but
 how?

Ever the brightest, more refulgent now;
 By thy own beams betray'd! each nervous line,
 Each melting verse, each syllable, is thine.
 But such philosophy, such reason strong,
 Hath never yet adorn'd the loftiest song;
 This is not *Pope*—who can this poet be?
 No name will fit; it is, it must be he.

Dost

Dost thou unwilling raise the dreaded hand,
 To scourge the town, the court, the guilty land ;
 Is thy design to make men good and wise,
 Branding pert emptiness, and daring vice.
 Dost thou thy wit, at once, and courage show,
 Strike hard, and bravely vindicate the blow ;
 Or dost thou God delineate, or man,
 Trace that immensity, this mortal span ;
 Thy hand is known, nor needs thy work a name,
 The poem loudly will the pen proclaim.

I see my friend ; O sacred bard, all hail !
 The glory of thy face defeats the veil.
 Write thou, and let the world the writing view,
 The world will know it can be none but you.
 Close in thy grove, or in thy grotto sit,
 We see the wisdom, harmony, and wit ;
 The blaze bursts forth, astonishing our sight,
 Though wrapt in artful clouds, we see thee write.

So the sweet warbler of the spring alone
 Sings darkling ; but, the note, the note is known ;
 And so the lark, inhabiting the skies,
 Trills unconceal'd, though hid from mortal eyes.

March 17, 1732-3.

LXXXVIII.

W H I M.

I'M pleas'd to please my friend, while she
 No less is pleas'd in pleasing me;
 If pleasure pleasing me is none,
 I am not pleas'd to please alone;
 When pleasure is by pleasure met,
 Pleas'd, pleasure pleasure will beget;
 If pleasure lonely wishing lies,
 Displeas'd, it languishes and dies.
 When pleasure's gone, be pleas'd to say,
 How long unpleas'd will friendship stay.

April 6, 1733.

LXXXIX.

FLOWERS AND FRUIT.

DESPISING sleep, the early day
 Invites to open air;
 My growing flowers I survey,
 My orchard finds me there,

The

The honey-suckle, piony,
 Carnation, lilly, pink,
 The rose, nor slight the apple-tree ;
 Nor long forget to think,

This tree hath had its bloomy spring,
 'Twas promising and gay,
 The eastern winds their terrors bring,
 The gaudy leaves decay.

Alas ! too soon my fav'rite flowers
 No more were to be seen ;
 The white and red no longer ours,
 Let us enjoy the green.

I did. At length, among the leaves,
 I saw some fruit secure ;
 The vernal blossom oft deceives,
 The knotted bud is sure.

Let her (thought I) reflect like me,
 When crowded by the beaus,
 The solid fruit upon the tree
 The truest beauty shows.

June 16, 1733.

All these sort of addresses to Mrs. Knapp were only the amusement and overflow of a lively imagination, unbending itself from those high subjects he so often treats ; much like what is commonly supposed of Petrarch's to Laura ; and she, who was a very ingenious woman, not young, (at least five and forty !) understood them as such.

On

XC.

*On Thornhill, the seat of Sir James Thornhill, in
Dorsetshire.*

RESTOR'D, adorn'd by *Thornhill's* artful hand,
See *Thornhill* on its old foundation stand ;
Not only ruin triumph'd o'er the frame,
The gates were open'd to a stranger name.
She sigh'd, she pray'd, nor sigh'd and pray'd in vain,
At *Thornhill*, *Thornhill* is obey'd again.
Here long ere time records, that name was found
Commanding hills, and plains, and woods, around ;
Behold the lost dominion is restor'd,
Again, of *Thornhill*, *Thornhill* is the lord !
Another æra for the name's begun—
Live happy here 'till time itself be done.

July 10, 1733.

My father and I were invited down hither by Sir James, and stayed with him a week or ten days, with the most polite and friendly reception. This ancient estate had been out of his family, I think, two or three hundred years, and recovered by Sir James's skill and industry, as our best history-painter.

HERE-

XCI.

H E R E A F T E R.

IF, when I was a little chit,
 One, fam'd for astrologic wir,
 Concerning me had prophesy'd,
 And I been sure he had not ly'd;
 Had told me I should live to see
Gun-powder treason thirty-three;
 Had told me all that I have seen,
 That strange variety between;
 Had told me how, and when, and where;
 My little eyes, I see them stare!
 But what would they, if any now
 Should tell me where, and when, and how,
 Events, to all but fate unknown,
 Should push, and push each other on,
 Appear, pass o'er the stage, be gone!
 Should say, the next is foe, or friend,
 Or that with this the train shall end.
 If this was told, and all believ'd,
 I know not how 'twould be receiv'd,
 With chilling damp, or praiseful tongue,
 Whilst one or t'other might be wrong.
 In vain it is that we suppose
 To know what not an angel knows,
 What the next minute shall befall;
 'Tis night, 'tis *hocus pocus* all;

Whether

Whether the sun on me shall shine,
 Or not a beam of it be mine ;
 Whether what life is still behind
 Shall be malevolent or kind—
 What life ? alas ! I life have none,
 The Gods give moments one by one,
 And what they give can never stay,
 They give, and snatch as fast away ;
 Now all is smiling, fullen next,
 Tormented, pleas'd, delighted, vext.

Nov. 1733.

See Horace's ode to Leuconoë, " Tu ne quæsieris scire, nefas ! " and see here much more fancy and invention, though the same subject ; and, above all, to how much a nobler purpose.

*Thou art wearied in the multitude of thy counsels ;
 let now the astrologers, the star-gazers, the monthly
 prognosticators stand up, and save thee from these things
 that shall come upon thee. Isa. xlvii. 13.*

XCII.

ALL LOST AND FORGOTTEN. A FRAGMENT.

— **T** H E N this lov'd world shall be
 But as a fable told, a dream to me.
 To what now charms the sense, exalts the mind,
 My lip shall be averse, my eye be blind.

And

And thou, O purpling sky, thou morning star,
 Thou sun so glorious, and thou moon so fair,
 Yon' boundless heavens, and thou bespangled pole,
 How little part of universal whole !
 Ye hills, ye fields, ye gardens, rivers, seas,
 Thou winter's hearth, and cooling summer's breeze,
 Ye walks, ye journeys ; and each glad some face,
 When home presents me my accustom'd place,
 Adieu ! all these are now for ever lost,
 My business now is a far distant coast.
 I now no more shall, with just pride, enhance
 The healthful luxury of temperance.
 I now no more shall find the vigorous limb,
 No more on flowery hills poetic climb,
 No more pursue the art I ever lov'd,
 No more be censur'd, be no more approv'd.
 All nature sinking shall appear one blot,
Raphael and Milton—*thou shalt be forgot !

Dec. 8, 1733.

* He means this last to Mrs. Knapp, I suppose, and, besides, there is a little hint after it in short-hand.

ON

XCIII.

O N M I L T O N.

THY majesty, *Mæonides*,* must bow,
 Nor sings the *Mantuan Swan*† delicious now;
Sicilian‡ muse! not tender are thy lays,
Pindar and *Horace* we forget to praise.
 Sublimely great, in elegance supreme,
 A God thy muse, and sacred is thy theme!
 All that exalts, is good, is wise, we see,
 And all the charms of poetry in thee.
 'Till thy *Lost Paradise*, *Parnassus* shone,
 A feeble brightness soft the purpling dawn;
 Now full meridian glory decks its skies,
 And rays empyreal dazzle angels eyes.

O bard beyond compare, my soul's delight!
 Teach me thy page, I not presume to write. §
 Dec. 12, 1733.

* *Homer.*

† *Virgil.*

‡ *Theocritus.*

§ My dear father was naturally a fond lover of poetry,
 and Waller and Cowley he had selected for his favourites;
 for so it may be called, as he never had any one to point
 out the beauties of any thing, nor any way to direct his
 choice. When he first came to Mr. Riley's, quite or al-
 most a boy, he found an old quarto edition of *Paradise*
Lost, torn and thrown about the house, for no one
 had any taste there. He was so struck with the first looking
 into this, of which he had never so much as heard before,
 that

XCIV.

*Not having seen the morning or evening star many
months.*

WHERE art thou hid, O fairest star,
Whose eye I lov'd to view?
Art thou extinct? or banish'd far
In yon' unfathom'd blue?

Or art thou fled beyond the main,
Where sun-scorch'd negroes rove?
Do desert forests thee detain,
Or some unhallow'd love?

Ye caves, beneath the gliding stream,
Where *Naiads* corall'd arms
Spread forth, when tantalising dream
Their cooler passion warms;

Say, is my smiling star retir'd
Beneath your washy ouze;
Weary of being thus admir'd,
Doth she the dolphins chuse?

that he at once gave up his Waller and Cowley, and read this over and over again, (as much as remained of it, for several leaves were lost; I have the book now just as he at first found it;) and in the eagerness of his love, got it in a manner by heart. So that his passion for Milton (whom he read better than I ever heard any) was truly genuine, and his own; and not, like that of ninety nine in an hundred, as in all other cases, from the general cry.

On

On yonder hill, how oft do I,
 When evening cool invites,
 With steady gaze, the slooping sky
 Ranfack, and all its lights!

Is *Venus* this, or is that she?
 Still is the answer, No.
 Where can the lovely goddess be,
 Who disappoints me so?

When morning-mists the azure plain
 Obscure with cooler grey,
 I leave my bed, but still in vain,
 My star leads not the day.

More early, ere the saffron morn
 Hath streak'd the eastern road,
 I to my wonted haunt return,
 I wait the coming God.

O *Phosphorus*! (thy other name)
 Shew me thy circlet fair;
 I wait 'till great *Apollo's* flame
 Bids me no longer stare.

Ye sages, who the heavens read,
 Direct my untaught view;
 Or, if she not returns with speed,
 My morning star, adieu!

Impatient I must cease to gaze,
 If gazing still alone;
 Besides, my morning-star-less days,
 Myself must soon be gone.

April 7, 1734.

T. W.

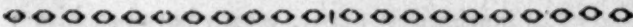
XCV.

*Two roses in a glass, gathered some days since, now
before me on my table.*

BUDS! snatch'd by me from your gay stalk,
The witness of my early walk!
What, still alive, still odorous fair,
As in your native garden there,
Encompass'd round with sweets? Ah! no;
Though here ye spread, and smell, and show.
But ye are here now smelt and seen,
Which, yonder left, ye had not been!
Perfection is not made for man,
Let us rejoice in what we can.

Aug. 6, 1734.

This might also have been applied to Cæsar and Alexander,
and the other heroes, who quit security and ease, for fame.



XCVI.

ON DR. WARD AND TEMPERANCE.

THE land tormented long with quacks,
As very rogues as *Walham Blacks*,
Pretending this and that to cure,
And, like the Pope, devout and sure;

T

Comes

Comes now another, with a *drop*,
 To kill diseases at one chop.
 Pray, let an honest man be heard,
 As honest as is either *Ward*.^{*}
 Confound the drops, pills, blisters, potions,
 And all your 'pothecary-motions ;
 Would you prolong beloved breath ?
 A muzzle take, or draw your teeth.

Aug. 26, 1734.

* The other was John Ward, Esq; of Hackney, member of parliament, expelled the house, and pilloried for forgery in 1727. See Pope's *Dunciad*, iii. 34.

XCVII.

ON BENTLEY'S MILTON.

LIKE a lanthorn of paper, which boys to a kite
 Have fix'd, at the tail, to amaze and affright,
 But which nor intends, nor dispenses the light,
 Is *Bentley* ; of languages learned profuse,
 But a beggar, applying his words to their use ;
 And for modesty, manners, and honest good-nature,
 Your servant, Sir Doctor, the fam'd *Milton-hater*.

XCVIII.

*To Mr. Pope, who said " I had made more verses
than he."*

I Make more rhymes than you, you say.
No doubt I do, and well I may :
You them create ; I'd have you know,
With me spontaneously they grow.
Your's ven'son are ; but I, a glutton,
Must fill my belly with my mutton.

XCIX.

Designed for pictures that I etched of myself.

THIS face no more shall glad the friendly eye ;
Let not the name in dust inactive lie ;
Then shall thy mind be better'd by the sound,
And both our urns with living odours crown'd.

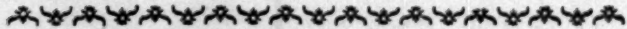
Mine shall no more delight the friendly eye,
Let not the name in dust inactive lie ;
Dishonour it defies ; thy heart sincere,
Living ! when dead thy urn will laurels wear.

T 2

Happy

Happy who imitates the good design'd !
 Adieu ! love mine, to thy own name be kind.
 Whose will no evil ever said or did,
 Why should his face, his name, his heart, be hid ?

To be put to my picture.



C.

*Melancholy reflection on dining at Richmond alone.**

FOR loss of pleasure had, I sigh in vain—
 Enjoy the present, what is lost is gain.
 Sweet is the season, moderate the day,
 The views delightful, to my wish the way,
 Healthy and strong myself—If this be so,
 It not imports what 'twas some years ago.

*At the Dog at Richmond, whilst
 dining alone, May 29.*

Alas ! soft words are unavailing sounds,
 Whilst the heart feels, ev'n now the sorrow wounds.

Coming home.†

* It was on my long confinement at home (who used to be his never-failing companion) with a nervous weakness and lowness of spirits.

† I shall never forget his dear look and sigh, when he came home, and met me languid and melancholy, "hoping he had had a pleasant journey;" nor the affectionate agony of his squeeze of my hand, without answering a word.

On

CI.

On meeting Alderman Parsons at Sutton, Aug. 4.

WELL mounted, lacquey'd, gilded, as you see,
A foolish, saucy look—and who is he?
A may'r, a senator, some great man, sure?
“Guess'd like a conjurer—'tis *Numps* the brewer.”

CII.

TRUE LUXURY.

WHO would the treasure, life, improv'd, possess?
The senses gratify, the mind no less;
Tempt appetite, and what it can receive,
With lib'ral hand the greedy craver give.
Indulge imagination, let it rise
On boldest pinions, and with eager eyes.
We haste (remember) to an unknown coast,
*Life's pearl, once dropp'd, is gone, for ever lost!

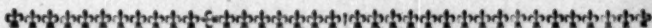
* This alludes to a story my father used to tell of Hernando Cortez, who shewing such a pearl as had never been seen, (perhaps not that which Cleopatra drank off to Marc Anthony, dissolved in vinegar, nor that which Julius Cæsar placed on the ear of Venus Genitrix, in the temple he dedicated to her,) leaning over the side of his ship, dropped it into the sea.

CIV.

TEMPERANCE.

HERE, I have got a try'd receipt
To make a charming dish of meat ;
'Tis cheap, and always to be had,
Gives health, and makes the spirits glad.
I'll read it to you : " Only wait
'Till real hunger asks the plate,
And when you fear you eat too much,
Hold, not another morsel touch !"

Nov. 17, 1734.



CV.

A H I N T.

"LUTWYCH is dead : it well may be,
Old, threefcore years and ten, was he."
Hah ! say you so ?—a hint for me !

Nov. 19, 1734.

CVI.

MY EARLY LUCUBRATIONS.*

WHILE others sleep, or drink, or play,
 I ask what solitude can say;
 If it improves, and gives delight,
 I put it down in black and white;
 And, as it takes as little time,
 I prose neglect for tuneful rhyme;
 What thus the muse transmits to view
 Is safe, and well consider'd too;
 I for myself have thought, and you.

Nov. 19, 1734.

* This word was objected to by a great poet, and learned man, to whom my father read it, as being only proper for "late studies at night;" but he was mistaken, though I could not disprove it then.

In lucubratione vespertinâ ridicas 5 palos 10, totidem antelucanâ. Plin. H. N. xviii. 26. And Columella, xi. 2. per antelucanam lucubrationem.

SHUN-

CVII.

SHUNNING COURTS.*

NOR yet the sun appears. Confusion fills
 My landscape, dark the fields, and hid the hills,
 Fog, mist, and vapour suffocate the skies,
 And cloud on cloud the feeblest beam denies ;
 Though all is bright beyond the atmosphere,
 Does the sun think he hath no business here ?
 Made for himself, or us, does he suppose,
 Or, faithless, hath he other regions chose ?
 Why were those fires, those splendors to him given,
 That throne sublime in the vast vault of heaven ?
 'Twas all for us. We therefore bless his rays ;
 But those with-held, unworthy he our praise.

So, eastern monarchs, hid and lost in ease,
 The slaves of luxury, the land's disease,
 Neglecting government, or worse, distress'd
 Their people, and by cruelty oppress'd,
 Forfeit their power, and abdicate the throne ;
 And who deplores the tyrant, if undone ?

* My father had an aversion to what he called " the slavery of court dependence," and twice declined being King's Painter, though powerfully invited. He was in a manner compelled to draw the King's picture, and the Prince of Wales's. The last came home to fit to him.

Happy

* Happy the land which no such comet knows,
Where royal state with public freedom flows ;
Each in their channel just, and both unite
To navigate the common vessel right !

O majesty ! forget thyself a while,
And humbly on a free-born *Briton* smile ;
A man who no preferment asks, or worse,
A bribe, a pension, constitution's curse !
With honour crown'd, rich his exchequer is ;
His length of days the least reproach defies, }
And all his luxury his mite supplies.
Smiling attend ; resolve, where'er thy place,
In either hemisphere the throne to grace ;
Shine forth, the people's good be all your care,
The people's good for which your glories are ;
Then shall your diadem with honour shine,
The world made happy, happiness be thine.

Nov. 20, 1734.

* My father uses his old friend, the sun, whom he
so often almost idolises, as the Portuguese sailors do their
St. Antonio, when they cannot prevail on him to lay a storm.
This in jest ; but he is in noble earnest, when he asserts his
own free-born sense of government.

PRAISE

CVIII.

PRAISE DUE IN ALL CONDITIONS.

STILL dreary cold, and gloomy smoke and fog,
 Sun, moon, nor stars, are seen by night, nor day,
 As if all nature were one quivering bog,
 And we were reptiles, doom'd in mud to stay.

If thus it ever were, existence found,
 The pleasure which, ev'n now, I see and feel!
 My praises should be heard through all to sound,
 I would adore the wise paternal will :

And justly would. What praises then are due
 To him who summer's heat, bright frost bestows,
 The fragrant verdure, and the sunny blue,
 Autumnal apples, and the vernal rose!
Nov. 20, 1734.



CIX.

WHY I WRITE.

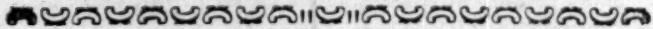
THOUGH few approve, I'll write my thoughts ;
 but why ?

Indeed, ye nice, 'tis not to humour you ;
 I write to please myself, I not deny,
 And to give pleasure to the friendly few.

And

And not alone to please, though worthy that,
More worthy yet is my sincere design ;
To raise and mend my soul I meditate,
And happy thou, if that intent be thine.

Dec. 19, 1734.



CX.

LEISURE WITH DIGNITY.

To Sir Berkeley Lucy, baronet.

YOU seem solicitous, my friend, to know,
How I employ my leisure hours bestow'd,
How I on waters calm my pinnace row,
So long accustom'd to the rolling flood ;

How I my limbs, my faculties, inur'd
Laboriously to life's important task,
If indolence is patiently endur'd,
And if I not again for business ask.

You apprehend impossible it is
To taste unpractis'd ease with dignity,
And on the quiet scene the audience please ;
Such are your friendly fears concerning me.

You

You know me well, dear friend, but sure forget
These hands, these eyes, this mind, can be employ'd;
Though I not in the trading voyage sweat,
The ambient space is not an empty void.

You know me well, and rightly judging, say,
I indolence and loit'ring pleasures loath;
And can I not employ a summer's day,
And winter's tedious night, avoiding both?

Can I not innocently say, and smile,
This day is mine, I now am no man's slave?
Is there no honour but incessant toil?
Can no man but a sordid drudge be brave?

Not tedious is the summer's day, the night
Of longest winter is too short for me;
Business, though empty-handed, can invite;
I can, as guests, the arts with pleasure see.

Not mercenary now, the art belov'd,
Companion, friend, with native lustre shines;
Love claims the subject, 'tis by skill approv'd,
And leisure perfects what itself designs.

Nor now, with anxious eyes, the muses sing,
Nor now, complaining, fear and sorrow sooth;
My *Clio* warbles to a nobler string,
Paints joyous landscapes in the beams of truth.

The vast affair of worlds to come, unseen,
With fear and trembling, and with utmost thought,
Is firmly fix'd, and many years hath been;
This hath employment, fit for angels, taught.

Ex-

Expatiating, and round and round I try,
 With steady wing, and gaze the ardent sun,
 From happiness to happiness I fly,
 'Tis ever here, nor secret conscience shun.

And can I help the needy, my glad heart
 Meets the occasion, labours in that mine;
 If I can ought that thou should'st want impart,
 (Dear friend) these hands, eyes—all I am is thine.
Dec. 27, 1734.

“Life’s idle business,” Pope says, and he talks only like a poet, but “life’s important task” is speaking like a philosopher and a rational Christian, and like such a man as this paper of verses describes, and such as my dear father really was; who, in a life, of most ardent business, could yet be truly said “to be then most busy when he had least to do.” He rose very early; in the summer often at four, seldom later than six even in winter; for he had his fire laid, and a rush-light burning, to kindle it himself, with two large candles placed. These hours he used to call “his own.”

CXI.

COMPLAINING, LOOK WITHIN.

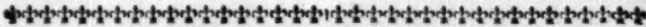
O Sleep, return! sweet sleep, return, and peace,
 Paternal fondness, disappointed, cease!

Duty

Duty neglected do I, sighing, blame ?
 Observe that sigh, the breast from whence it came ;
 What there is found amiss correct, the cure
 Is sweet, and the rewarding olive sure.

Jan. 1, 1734-5.

What an image of a sweet, mild, placable disposition,
 still improved and heightened by the delightful study of religion and philosophy ! and such my dear father's truly was ; ever ready to overflow with tenderness for desert, and as ready to see the contrary in its most favourable light ; at worst, to compassionate, and still hope a change.



CXII.

POWER OF PENITENCE.

DUTY and love perceiv'd, sweet sleep returns,
 And love paternal with new brightness burns ;
 With joyous arms my children I embrace,
 And they, as glad, behold a father's face.
 Unkindness found, return'd unkindness may
 Restore my sleep, and drive my sighs away ;
 But I have no such medicine, none can gain,
 Philosophy, religion will complain.
 The duteous tear heals all, and all is heal'd,
 The tide of love its utmost banks has fill'd ;

For

For thee, dear son, I have no love in store,
Thine never ebbs, and mine can be no more.

Jan. 2, 1734-5.

I have the heart-felt happiness of reflecting, as I frequently do, and incessantly return my humblest acknowledgments to God for it, that I was a perpetual cordial comfort to that dear man, and, after my dear mother, the best and most beloved of wives! contributed, above all things in this world, to make so valuable a life as contented and happy as it deserved.

CXIII.

ENJOY ALWAYS.

TIR'D with my six hours bed, I waiting lay,
Imploring the approach of ling'ring day;
" O would *Aurora*, though in tempest, haste!
O that the intervening space were past!
O that the spring more swiftly would come forth,
And bid the rising sun creep near the north,
That earlier morning might me earlier bid,
Rise from my bed, be there no longer hid!"

Soon I correct these thoughts. I wish the spring,
I wish the sun its wonted light would bring,
But would not lose the intervening hours;
The darkest season has its springing flowers;

En-

Enjoyment all can give, there's none to lose,
 Nor would I any, 'till its season, chuse.
 Expected good the present shall increase,
 By hope possess'd ! thus shall impatience cease.
 Life is too short, I bid no moment haste,
 Will lavish none, each drop of life will taste.

Jan. 7, 1734-5.

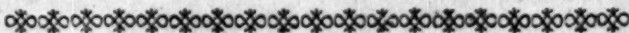


CXIV.

E N J O Y.

OUR life is short,
 And fortune's sport ;
 Our business is
 To " ease, and please."

As short, and more full than Epictetus's " Bear and
 forbear," which, however prudent, omits the natural and
 just enjoyments of life.



CXV.

GOD PRESENT, ALL SERENE.

DEPRESS'D by rain perpetual, wind and cloud,
 Or mists, which pure cerulean brightness shroud ;
 U Or

Or whether age, or accidental damp,
 My spirits chills, and dims the vital lamp,
 I tug for breath, and frequent tug in vain,
 Reiterate, reiterate again,
 'Till short relief is gain'd; again my breast
 Is soon with want of air inspir'd, oppress'd.
 Ere youth to manhood had its claim resign'd,
 *Thus hath my body griev'd my passive mind,
 Or thus my mind hath my machine diseas'd,
 For rarely thus I breath demand, if pleas'd,
 Or, unperturb'd, or not too much employ'd;
 How intimately are those friends ally'd!
 And, as each other they annoy, no less
 †They mutual love and power to aid express.
 That these be perfect friends concerns us near,
 Pleas'd both, but neither's pleasure buy too dear.
 The present, all complaints have one great cure,
 Or dissipated they, or I endure,
 Nor more complain; or so complain, that I,
 With resignation, kiss my destiny.
 The great idea seen, the face divine,
 Gloomy, though morn, I see the landscape shine;
 In winter's tempest I embrace the spring,
 The fields, though drown'd and muddy, odours fling;
 In mists and fogs, in winds, and ruffled sky,
 Young zephyrs, scatt'ring full-blown roses, fly;

* Hence 'tis we wait the wond'rous cause to find,
 How body acts upon impassive mind.

GARTH'S DISPENS.

† ————— *Alterius sic*

Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice. Hor.

The

The beamy face of the vast orb his rays
 In gold, in purple, plentiful, displays.
 God is in all, alike in all is he,
 I him in darkness, as in splendor, see ;
 Alike his attributes in all appear,
 He is not God of spring, but all the year ;
 The weather, seasons, are inclement, rude,
 He is in all the same, wise, powerful, good ;
 My Father's face, if manifest, divine,
 Grievs may invade, or health and plenty shine,
 Trivial the circumstances, He possesst,
 That great idea flaming in my breast,
 These not import ; the landscape will be fair,
 Warm, and exhilarating sweet, the air,
 And I shall freely breathe, for God is there.

Jan. 19, 1734-5.

The first time my dear father was sensible of this difficulty of breathing (which was so great sometimes, but rarely, and accompanied with such a palpitation of heart, that one might plainly see his neck-cloth move) was from a most violent attack on seeing the tragedy of Oedipus, I think the first play he ever saw, when about eighteen or nineteen years old ; and which affected him so, that he was obliged to have a lodging at Highgate, to be in the air ; and here, after two or three days, from his lowness of spirits doubtless, he fancied he had received a violent tap on the shoulder, when no one was by ; which alarmed him to such a degree, as a hint and fore-runner of death, that it was some months before he could get clear of this fright, as he had a strong and lively imagination, and was, in his early youth, much more than afterwards, of a melancholy turn.

CXVI.

ENJOY AND FORBEAR.

I Love my appetite to please,
 And would the juicy orange squeeze ;
 Would catch, and teach each honest pleasure
 To give its most and over-measure.
 Behold I blush not while I boast
 To drink the wine and eat the toast ;
 And while of pleasures I have store,
 I gormandise, and call for more,
 Would all possess that any man
 Has grasp'd, now holds, or ever can.
 This purpose how shall I attain ?
 " The way is sure and safe." Explain.
 " Learn to enjoy, and to refrain."
Jan. 19, 1734-5.

See No. CXIV. and note.

CXVII.

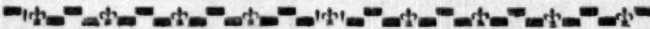
WE KNOW NOT WHAT IS BEST.

YE flowers, which deck my table while I write,
 Whose various colours me so much delight,
 While joyous thoughts, pure sentiments arise,
 And I am lab'ring to be gladly wise ;

How

How did you grieve when the rude finger
 Your tender stalks, and bid you grow no more,
 And scarcely life sustain your number'd days,
 So few, nor more to feel the chearing rays!
 Now you rejoice secure, and shelter'd here
 From the black sky, and wind and east severe,
 From the fierce frost, the cruel blasting sweeps;
 Death now not swiftly flies, but slowly creeps!
 The lesson's plain. Imagin'd ills befall;
 Resign; our wiser Father governs all.

Jan. 24, 1734-5.



CXVIII.

RESIGNATION.

THE muse is like some certain friends,
 Who serve for mercenary ends,
 But, if you their assistance need,
 You'll find they are not friends indeed.
 I, by an accident surpris'd,
 Chanc'd to be unphilosophis'd;
 The muse perceiv'd me glance an eye
 To her, but she, methought, was shy;
 I then complain'd, as now you see;
 The maid was griev'd; "and why (said she)
 Am I condemn'd? and why in rhyme?"
 Then putting on an air sublime,

Pronounc'd this oracle :

“ Whoe'er complains,
A captive is, and clinks his iron chains ;
Exert the man, let wit, let reason speak,
The fetters, though of adamant, will break ;
And thus will reason, thus the muse will say,
Sustain the evil ! 'tis but for a day,
And sent by him whom all the worlds obey.” }

Then smil'd the muse, triumphant, for she saw
Peace in my eye, and in my heart the law.*

Jan. 26, 1734-5.

* *Great peace have they who love thy law, and nothing shall offend them.* Pl. cxix. 165.

CXIX.

ENJOY THE PRESENT.

AND glad am I, fierce *January's* o'er—
Alas ! this *January* is no more !
Life now is so much shorter than it was,
No added *January* fills its place.
Unalterably fix'd, the fatal hour
*Remains beyond Omnipotence's power ;

* *Ne Deum quidem posse omnia—nec facere, ut qui vixit non vixerit.* Plin. H. N. xi. 7.

What

What fate decreed, eternal wisdom spoke,
Nor can the everlasting chain be broke.]

But now the vernal bloom, the gaudy *May*
Is a month nearer than on New-year's-day.
Granted. But 'tis as evidently true,
The hour of death is a month nearer too.

The stock of pleasure for that month design'd,
Is gone, and but rememb'rance left behind ;
Lost to the universe is all that's past,
And, whilst I think, new pleasures fly as fast.
Another month expir'd, the glittering store
Will still be less, and life exhausted more !
The wise oeconomist, had he a tongue
To praise the empty bag at random flung,
Would to its next possessor kindly say ;
" Wist not the time more swift may pass away,
* Hope for another, but enjoy to-day."

}

Feb. 1, 1734-5.

* *Omnis Aristippum decuit color et status et res,
Tentantem majora, fere presentibus æquum.*

Hor. Ep. I. 17. 23.

See this in *Aristippus's* own elegant words, *Ælian*
XIV. 6.

CXX.

ERROR SOMETIMES THE MOST DESIRABLE.

PUT eight or ten in company,
 Or more or less by two or three,
 It not imports ; there's not a man,
 Of all the accidental clan,
 Who is not better than the best,
 Hath wit as much as all the rest ;
 Or if not that, at least still hope,
 He's something that *Swift* wants and *Pope*.

How wise and good is Providence,
 That, in such penury of sense,
 Permitted to the human race,
 Each shows a well-contented face !
 Amidst the poverty which reigns
 Of good, while every man complains,
 Not one but thinks himself hath store,
 Enough for half a dozen more,
 Of this, or that, or t'other kind ;
 Self-love and self-conceit combin'd,
 Will for that one abundance find.
 Whoe'er it be, all will prefer
 This self to t'other him, or her ;
 And, though 'tis fallacy and dream,
 'Tis better than the truth to him.

}

O truth

O truth! I love thee; let me ask
 To see thy face without a mask;
 But, like St. *Austin*, let me pray,
 "I may not see too much to-day."
Feb. 2, 1734-5.

CXXI.

INDISPOSITION AND RESOLUTION.

* CREEP on, dull morning, indolently creep,
 And seem, like me, unwak'd, nor yet asleep;
 With drowsy steps, and yawning cheeks, come on,
 A zephyr'd whisper, rosy gleam, be none;
 In mist and cloud envelop'd is thy sky,
 Encumber'd, restless, and disturb'd am I;
 I slumber, dream, then wake, then dream, then doze,
 Attempt to live, and heavy eyes uncloze;
 Inactive yet, delay, attempt again,
 Complain, but lounge, and then again complain;
 Reliev'd awhile, but whilst reliev'd distrest,
 The fire of nature smoulders yet, oppress;
 Irresolute, resolv'd, irresolute,
 And life and death, a hated state! dispute.

* These lines wonderfully humour the languor they so finely describe, by the very movement, which can hardly get on. Mark the difference when extricated.

But

But now the kindly flame arises fair,
 Escap'd my bed, the muse attends my chair;
 Vigour and joy awake, my mind expands,
 And all its active faculties commands;
 My open'd way I resolute peruse,
 Within, around me, with attention view;
 Busy, contriving how I wisest may
 Dispose each moment of my new-born day;
 How dignify with seasonable good
 Each added drop to life's long trailing flood;
 Days days pursue, years follow years, and pour
 Their flick'ring waves; nor dread the unknown shore;
 No tedious, unresolv'd debate is mine,
 Employments, like my flowers before me, shine,
 And as those flowers delightful; soon I chuse,
 Nor time of action in consulting lose.

But first resolve, whate'er the cause I find,
 Why I an hour this day was lame and blind,
 Busy in doing nothing, but, diseas'd,
 Nor slept, nor wak'd, was neither vex'd, nor pleas'd,
 An hour was lost; that cause with utmost care
 I'll shun, and of the cause of that beware.

Feb. 17, 1734-5.

Among the almost infinite variety of natural and spirited descriptions of the early morning, of which he was so fond, (and indeed all the other parts of day and night, and seasons of the year occasionally,) I should least have expected one of this kind. I suppose, by the last lines, he had spent the evening with some friends, as he every now and then did, in the city, Mr. John Gore, Sir Jeremy Sambroke, Sir Edward Hulse, &c. who had over-persuaded him to taste with them

CXXII.

CAN DO WHAT I CHUSE.

O How my joys awake, my raptures spread,
 When early I forsake my tedious bed ;
 When I, reflecting, to this self can say,
 “ Friend, thou art free, spend as thou wilt thy day !”
 Chain’d to the oar so many circling years,
 To works laborious, and to anxious cares,
 Giv’n now with dignity and joy to chuse
 The works of leisure for the hand or muse ;
 Busy, or unemploy’d, approv’d to be,
 Bid by the world, myself, and God, be free,
 And tasting liberty ; this joy will bring,
 Known but to him who thus can think and sing.

Feb. 19, 1734-5.

them of a sumptuous supper, against his usual temperance, and he resolves to venture himself no more among them ; and so, shun “ the cause” that caus’d their kind importunity, and his compliance ; which was very extraordinary too ; for I have seen him so well resist them, as to sit the whole supper without tasting a mouthful even of John Dorée.

CXXIII.

SAFETY AFTER TEMPEST.

THE discipline of sleep inactive past,
 From kindly warmth to rigid north I haste,
 The raptures of the new-born day to taste.

How sweet the air! how cold the boisterous wind!
 But I have learn'd in summer joy to find,
 'Tis rosy summer in my placid mind.

Our native isle, unknowing what is next,
 Now glad with zephyrs, now with *Boreas* vext,
 Is with variety, so lov'd! perplext.

But everlasting blooming spring the while
 Spreads here within a salutary smile,
 Myself am *Delos*, fortunate the isle.

**Delos*, once floating, in the orient tost,
 'Till she *Apollo's* birth was taught to boast,
 She then commenc'd a fix'd, a happy coast.

* Alluding to Callimachus's beautiful "Hymn to *Delos*," which he had lately versified from a prose translation I had made for him, and which he hath here so artfully applied to his once tossed and unsettled state of mind, from religious scruples; for which see No. I. page 163.

So

So I, long wand'ring in the rugged main,
 Heard my inquisitive desires complain,
 And ask'd this oracle, and that, in vain.

Now brightness, more than young *Apollo* knew,
 I on my *Delos* can with rapture view ;
 Am anchor'd firm, and know my cable true.

Now round and round incessant, though the wave
 Attempts my shores, I can the ocean brave,
 For he who fix'd me, " mighty is to save."

And round and round incessantly I hear
 The mantling swan my hills and valleys chear,
 Singing they say, " Rejoice, love knows no fear."

March 19, 1734-5.

CXXIV.

Seeing a scattered daisy in the foot-path.

HOW many eyes have thee, delighted, seen,
 Arising, spreading, 'midst the sunny green !
 When gather'd, borne in an embracing hand,
 How wert thou wav'd, and by the zephyrs fann'd !
 Design'd to deck some water'd glass, like mine,
 And there a while with many more to shine ;
 But dropp'd, ill-fated flower, and lost, here lies
 The early pride of spring, and trodden, dies,

While

While millions left adorn the verdant field,
And to ten thousand eyes their beauties yield.

Each man a daisy is, and such am I,
Who thus must leave the rest, thus fading die ;
But I not only pleasure can bestow,
I in myself enjoy, have pleasure too ;
And I, when dead, perhaps may pleasure give,
Teach thee to die in peace, in joy to live !

April 9, 1735.

This may seem trifling to those (who are many, indeed the many) that have not poetic and picturesque eyes to mark and enjoy the sweet little elegances of all the divine works of nature ; and who, consequently, lose a thousand pleasures that offer themselves, nay almost impose themselves upon them every hour. These " have eyes to see, and see not." This was not the case of my father, nor of *Chaucer, (whose truly poetical genius, above most of our best poets, is seen by those who can see him) as appears by his delicate encomiums on the daisy. My father saw and admired nature's more than Raphael's or Titian's pencil ; a more pure outline, and a lovelier colouring, in every weed of the field or ditch ; and therefore would often, in his early morning walks, bring his handful of these little fugitive beauties, which were spread on our breakfast napkin, and then put into a little water-vial, and placed on the table or bureau where he read or wrote.

* See Chaucer's " Floure and the lease."

CXXV.

SELF PRAISE BEST PRAISE.*

SPARE me, ye tongues, I mean no ill,
 If I not all my duties fill,
 'Tis not the error of my will.

But if you my prescription claim,
 Are obstinately bent to blame,
 †My conduct shall be still the same.

Thus I a monument shall raise,
 Shall do me honour all my days,
 ‡For I myself myself shall praise.

And though a pile of self-esteem
 Ridiculous and strange may seem,
 And little other than a dream,

Less worth is gold, or brass, or stone,
 For, if your heart the praise disown,
 Praise, joy, or honour true is none.

* *Mea mihi conscientia pluris est quam omnium sermo.* Cic. Att. xii. 28.

† *Fortis, et in seipso totus, teres atque rotundus ;
 Externi nequid valeat per leve morari.*

Hor. Sat. ii. 7. 86.

‡ *Quid sibi amicus est, scito hunc amicum omnibus se.* Senec. Ep. vi.

Let conscious merit triumph there,
This with your proudest pile compare,
Those are but castles in the air.

Still, if I might enjoy my choice,
I should perceive my heart rejoice,
Re-echoing loud the public voice.

At night, April 15, 1735.

Horace's "Exegi monumentum ære perennius" is of this kind, but how different the object! one, the modest triumph of a good conscience, the other only the self-flattery of an idle vanity, with the most empty of all the frenzies, even of this, the fond wish of being talked of after one is dead. But though my father did not seek this posthumous praise, he hath it, (as Cato obtained the more fame, by neglecting it,) and had the other too, for no man had more genuine assurances of the general esteem, without the tinsel professions of it in nauseous compliments, which he always abhorred. And this will ever be the case, when the main chance is first secured, the deserving it—"All these things shall be added unto you."

His pictures are a like monument of his own raising, and with a like effect. How often have his old friends, when they have sat with me, on casting their eyes on his pictures, in my parlour and dining-room, said, "That was an honest man! that was a wise man! Your father, Mr. Richardson, was the best company of any man I ever knew, and told a story with the most humour and clearness, and always apropos. He knew precisely where the clench lay, and where to stop."

Though he cannot hear these things himself, he hath left them a rich legacy to me.

My

CXXVI.

My verse useful, if not otherwise good.

I Love thee, son, my friend art thou,
Would please thee, fancy I know how.
Poets thou read'st of ancient date,
And modern too, but what of that?
Shew me the bard who will supply
Thy smoking pipe so oft as I.
Nor will my muse forbear to write,
Whilst thou art pleas'd to take and light.

May 3, 1735.

This alludes to our constant custom, in riding out; we stopped at some pleasant house, to take our second breakfast, about one o'clock, as we dined at four, or after; after our tea I smoked a pipe, as I had been advised by Dr. Mead, for a watery disorder I had for some time in my eyes, and from which I found a thorough relief.

CXXVII.

LIFE COMFORTABLY REVIEWED.

WHEN I cast back through a long train of time,
Undimm'd as yet, my reminiscent eye,
Wander in milt of life's most early prime,
Slowly return, and every station try;

View youthful inexperience, manly care,
 And all that years declining have brought forth
 Impartial weigh, nor crime nor folly spare,
 Nor proudly overlook endeavour'd worth ;

(*This to myself I say, at most to thee,
 My heart's repository, dearest child,
 †Who in my eye and tongue that heart may'ft see,
 And never, but the filial love hath smil'd:

And this to thee I earnest say aloud,
 Behold my face, and know both parents there,
 That thou may'ft reap the furrow I have plough'd,
 And the rich harvest of my labours share—

I fear thee not ; thy early virtue wise
 Instructed thee, and led thee safe the way ;
 The more wilt thou paternal teachings prize,
 Note what I do, and list to what I say.)

* *Hæc, inquit, ego non multis, sed tibi ; satis enim magnum alter alteri theatrum sumus.* Senec. Ep. vii.

This parenthesis is in the style of Horace's " *Qualem miniftrum fulminis,*" O. iv. 4. but less Pindaric, conformably to the more sober turn of the ode, as the sense is connected by a sort of repetition.

† On these outward signs every one might safely depend, and did, for I solemnly profess before God, now that he is long since dead, that I, who was hardly ever from him for fifty years, am thoroughly persuaded, he never once told a lie, designedly, in his whole long life ; nor ever once did any one action that he thought would offend God,

When

When I my prospect take, not as the sun
Through wintry north now views the languid
spring,

But as in brightest noon the landscape's shown,
And not a nightingale forgets to sing,

Various the scene, the complicated thread
Of grief and joy ; the last the smallest part ;
I see a thick inwoven chequer'd shade,
Where the few lights were chiefly wrought by art.

The moral life more uniform appears,
More lovely joyous ; a celestial green,
Which a perpetual flow'ry whiteness wears ;
If briars or thorns, no weeds abhor'd are seen.

For all the trace, I view the studious thought
Demanding, " Is this right ?" ere yet my hand
To enterprize the project would be taught,
Or ere volition durst the thing command.

I never dar'd deliberately say,
Though appetite hath impudently spoke,
" I appetite, not duty, will obey ;"
But bravely scorn'd to bend to passion's yoke:

* Yes, oft when fortune on me fiercely star'd,
I boldly all her thunderbolts defy'd ;
When she assail'd, I all my bosom bar'd,
Mean while, what she impos'd I flat deny'd.

* My father twice ran the risk of all his fortune for confession-sake. Once with Mr. Riley, his master in his profession, and on whose favour (at that early time very much

Or if, though rarely, reason was subdu'd,
 Or silenc'd, reason soon dissolv'd the spell;
 The general step with vigour was pursu'd,
 I only stumbled, or unwounded fell.

Gay is this retrospect, and gay is now
 The balmy evening of my labour'd day;
 For, wisdom will infirmity allow,
 And to the heart sincere, "Well done" will say.

Inly my heart pronounceth thus, and he,
 Who knows the heart, will what it says repeat.
 When thus my life I retrospecting see,
 The cloudless sky, the chequer'd shade, is sweet.

May 12, 1735.

Begun and finished before half an hour after seven.

unsettled and precarious, for he had been in a manner obtruded upon him by his brother, Mr. Thomas Riley,) were all his hopes and dependence, refusing to second him in a lie, by which he exposed him to the resentment of a man of the first quality; and afterwards in his "great religious scruples," in which he abandoned his profession itself, on a doubt concerning the lawfulness of it, when he had a most beloved wife, and a dear family coming on, and that profession his darling study!

END OF MORNING THOUGHTS.

JOURNEY

JOURNEY FROM WHITCHURCH, *Aug. 7-8, 1731.*

To JOHN WALLIS, *Esq.*

KIND was thy invitation, nor less kind
I go; and such the entertainment find.*

On the flat bank of *Thames* the mansion stands,
There lie my friend's hereditary lands;
The house and gardens neither great nor mean, 5
But where the rural gentleman was seen;
The prudent female management was found
In all the various offices around;
Nothing superfluous or wanting is,
Nature is good, and art the rest supplies. 10
Can music, wit, and beauty grace bestow?
Music, wit, beauty, this fair seat can show.
Happy *Corelli*! *Handel*, thou art blest!
Your harmony † *Maria's* voice exprest;
Her skilful fingers wak'd the willing strings, 15
The organ's solemn tube its tribute brings,
But she gives harmony to you unknown,
The notes are your's, the music is her own!
Graceful she sits, her looks are harmony,
The ear is charm'd, still more is charm'd the eye. 20

* ————— I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous.
SHAKES. OTHELLO.

† Miss Molly Graham, Mrs. Wallis's daughter by a
former husband,

The time allotted past, I haste away ;
 Friendship and pleasure importun'd my stay.
 The sun declin'd ere I began my roam,
 And *Henley* was this night to be my home ;
 Unknown and intricate the way, a guide 25
 My friend, unask'd, would prudently provide.

Ye rural gods, ye nymphs, to us unseen,
 Clad in celestial blue, or vivid green,
 Why have I pass'd so many summers o'er,
 All unacquainted with your joys before ! 30

Sometimes ascending with slow steps the way, }
 We might below the bending streams survey,
 And meadows flat, with moisture ever gay ;
 Then, opposite to those on which we were,
 More fields, more woods, on other hills appear, 35
 Churches, towns, villages, and noble seats,
 All the variety of rural sweets !
 When, looking onward, or on either hand,
 The eye may all that eye can reach command ;
 Or if high-heaving mountains interpose, 40
 The sense alike delighted is with those.

Now through the glady paths we journey on,
 Dusky and cool, though bright *Apollo* shone ;
 To inmost gloom the beck'ning nymphs invite,
 Where at high noon is visible the night ; 45
 When storms autumnal smite the steadfast oak,
 And the foundations of the hills are shook,
 From heav'n fires glitter, thunder rolls above,
 All here is quiet, not a leaf shall move.

When

When *Pan* demands repose, and seeks to shun 50
 The scorching arrows of the mid-day sun,
 Here is his bed, he sleeps securely here,
 And the nymphs whispers only reach his ear.

Still passing on, we gain the op'ning ways,
 Where boughs less thick admit intruding rays, 55
 Among the branches flickering they play,
 And spread the glories of declining day
 On leaves and barks ; a chequer'd gold and shade
 By horizontal ruddy beams display'd !
 Still op'ning more, the trees no longer hide 60
 The fields, the hills, the woods on either side.

Now birds are mute ; but when with matin lays
 Their joys they utter, and their maker's praise,
 How shall each thicket, every bough and spray,
 And all who hear, rejoice and praise as they ! 65

Still onward moving, now outspread is seen
 The carpet of an unfrequented green,
 A farm, a cottage, pigs, a horse, a cow,
 Poultry, and yelping curs salute us now ;
 A human form gapes on us as we pass, 70
 What seems a virgin trips it o'er the grass ;
 The harvest drudge from field is weary come,
 Or from the market, to his wish'd-for home,
 Where a kind daughter, or a kinder spouse,
 Prepares his supper and a cleanly house. 75

Again we're hid in trees, again appear ;
 Descending now, then rising, on we fare.

Thus, as in life through different scenes we range,
 We wander onward in incessant change.
 And, O that life were, as this journey, sweet! 80
 It is, if sense and wise religion meet;
 Whate'er the weather, or the various way,
 The mind can brightness all around display.

At length the rising moon's broad orb is shown,
 Silent she mounts the abdicated throne. 85
 We now no more the sun's red circle find,
 But mounting beams his chariot left behind,
 These, with *Diana's* cooler, paler ray,
 Produce a feeble, complicated day;
 Fainter and fainter glows the western sky, 90
 Nor long will this diminish'd beams supply;
 With ken perplex'd the landscape now is seen,
 While fading rays mix with the fading green;
 Mean time the moon acquires a clearer light,
 'Tis now determin'd, universal night. 95

Henley we reach at length, enjoy our inn,
 Dismiss our guide, who recompens'd had been, }
 Refresh in haste, and fally forth again.
 Our servant, horses, on that spot of ground,
 Supper, oats, litter, and contentment found. 100

From the wide bridge we view the silent stream, }
 So still, that, if it mov'd, 'twas as in dream,
 Whilst the moon slept with lazy outstretch'd beam. }

Enough of this, again we mount the hill,
 The street too slept, desert almost, and still; 105
 Only

Only aloud a female voice we hear,
 Her spouse had been too busy with his beer.
 We stay'd not, but the high-built windmill found,
 Mounted, and view'd the moony landscape round,
 Travers'd some fields, enter'd again the town, 110
 Sought rest; the business of the day was done.

Short are my slumbers, nor inactive those,
 Greedy of thought, my mind disdains repose;
 To quiet it I now as usual try'd;
 In vain! I dream'd, and dream'd I had a bride; 115
 This maid was young, was beautiful, and kind:
 I wak'd, I wish'd, but I no bride could find.
 No remedy—but now the day appear'd,
 It, purpling, smil'd; rejoicing, up I rear'd.

At *Whitechurch*, *Thames* his poverty doth mourn, 120
 His waters there confess a thrifty urn;
 Not so at *Henley*; from his ample bed,
 Boasting, he lifts his venerable head,
 Spreads forth his arms between the mounting hills,
 His flood the narrow meads and valleys fills, 125
 Though now not streaming; still the waters stray,
 Scarce on his surface the cool breezes play.

Wash'd by the river is the nether end,
 The buildings thence the western hill ascend;
 Close to the shore I had my short repose, 130
 Left the moon shining, found it when I rose;
 *Impatient now, and full of active thought,
 To view the rising sun, my cloaths I caught,

* What follows, for some lines, is his very picture, both
 of body and mind.

Forth

Forth issue, o'er the bridge, and up the steep
 With eager tread, and scarce forbore to leap. 135
 Through fields of hops, and chalky barren ground,
 The unknown path I sought, at length I found ;
 Hard the ascent, but on I won my way,
 Full well I knew no rising sun would stay:
 Higher and higher yet I onward go, 140
 Oft turn to view the moonlight vale below ;
 On op'ning flowers, and on green herbage lies
 Fresh dew, which, steaming, now attempts to rise.
 The day comes on, the moon's pale honours fade,
 While on the misty clouds new brightness play'd ; 145
 'Tis thou, great sun ! thy chariot-wheels are nigh :
 Forthwith the blazing orb salutes my eye ;
 The eastern prospect yet could not be seen,
 Hills beyond hills successive rose between.
 On that I scal'd is worn an ample road, 150
 Aloft, on either side, trees spreading flood,
 These form an aperture of narrow space,
 This the sun fill'd with his refulgent face.
 Some minutes since he rose ; I, after, found,
 Rising, his front with clouds was kerchief'd round. 155
 Let not the undiscerning think it strange,
 If my experienc'd eye foresaw a change ;
 And such was the event. To-day is fair ;
 To-day, and not to-morrow, is my care.
 Thus thinking, I enjoy'd the present good ; 160
 Happy were all, if thus they ever cou'd !

Secur'd by artificial shade, I dar'd
 Press forward where the awful blaze appear'd ;
 Then,

Then, turning back, I saw, now gilded o'er,
 The tops of hills oppos'd, obscur'd before ; 165
 Over the town a canopy was spread
 Of sunny beams, itself as yet in shade,
 'Till strengthen'd more, directed more oblique,
 They upper, middle, nether buildings strike ;
 But still the sun and moon their rule divide, 170
 This holds the orient, that the gloomy side ;
Cynthia, unheeded, stole herself away,
 And now *Apollo* claims the total day.

Here, there, all round, I cast my ravish'd eye,
 Noting the changes of the earth and sky ; 175
 Surpris'd I saw, where late the golden rays
 Shot from aloft intolerable blaze,
 Now milder brightness shines ; so white, so clear,
 As if unstain'd by any atmosphere ;
 Silver to this would but as dross appear ! 180
 'Twas liquid pearl, but liquid pearl refin'd,
 As if for some celestial bride design'd ;
 Deck'd with such robes as this are virgins seen
 In heaven, though far more beautiful within.
 With golden harps, and heavenly voices sweet, 185
 They hymning dance the smiling spouse to meet.
 Such robe as this the pure in heart shall have,
 Escap'd the world, triumphant o'er the grave ;
 Though here with wrongs and censure sore oppress'd,
 All now is safe in everlasting rest. 190
 Such robe as this, O man sincere ! ev'n thou,
 In God's indulgent eye, art deck'd with now.

Thus

Thus meditating, I pursu'd my way,
 And fancy'd I rejoic'd almost as they.
 May I possess a mind so calm, so pure, 195
 A joy so keen, a recompence so sure!

But other thoughts return upon my mind,
 The hills of *Henley* must be left behind;
 I now must trace the long-extended plain,
 And feel the world's impertinence again. 200
 Yet dear-lov'd home with honest charms invites,
 Home ever furnishes its own delights.
 'Tis time to mount, all's ready at the gate,
 And haughty *Windsor* doth my coming wait.
 We pass the bridge; my horse now clambers o'er 205
 The hills my slipper'd feet had climb'd before.
 Where madding *Cæsar* pass'd the *Thames* I saw;
 The will of *Cæsar* now no more is law.
 By *Bray* I rode. O name for ever lov'd!
 *She bore it whom my heart and heaven approv'd; 210
 Celestial roads she long hath trod; yes, she
 Hath angel friends, delighted once with me.
 Long either shar'd the other's joy and pain,
 'Twill be all joy when we shall meet again.

At noon I coolly to fair *Windsor* came, 215
Windsor hath yet a castle and a name,
 But now no courtly flatterers are here,
 No monarchs view'd with hatred, love, or fear,
 For int'rest idolis'd, while yet the heart
 Is unconcern'd, or acts a viler part. 220

* My dear father lived in the utmost harmony and happiness with my dear mother upwards of 33 years, when she died, 1725.

I saw

I saw where conquerors commanding sat,
 Where captive kings retain'd an awkward state ;
 The victor, now, and vanquish'd, lie in peace,
 Alike are earth ; their crimes and follies cease.
 Right reverend *Fleetwood* now no more I see, 225
Fleetwood, my friend ! there * did I visit thee.
 In yon' fair chambers once thy dwelling was,
 There we rejoic'd to see each other's face ;
 Though years are past, thee I remember still,
 With tend'rest sentiment, and ever will ; 230
 You to mankind spread kindness, ever due !
 Few were distinguish'd, I among the few.

Windfor, farewell, and all thy age hath shown ;
 Cheer'd with thy prospects, all I see's my own !
 Again farewell ! Now *Hampton Court*'s my aim, 235
 Dining at *Staines*, to *Hampton Court* I came.
 My son, my other self, accompany'd,
 With him I joy to sit, to walk, to ride ;
 Whether at home, or on the various way,
 He rules, intending only to obey ; 240
 Delights, instructs me how to think and see,
 Whilst he alike is pleas'd and taught by me.

Approaching *Hampton Court*, what thoughts arose !
 † There *Raphael* paintings more than nature shows ;

* Dr. Fleetwood was made canon of *Windfor* by King William a little before his death, in 1701.

† *Hic ille est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci
 Rerum magna parens, et moriente mori.*

Card. Bembo.

[It is needless to add, that the author here means the
 Cartoons, now removed to the Queen's Palace.]

Thither

Thither how oft, with yearly joy, I came, 245
 With whom, long dead! my muse still weeps to name.
 What noise! what hurry! royalty is there;
 The proud seem humble, and the vulgar stare;
 Here armed bands in warlike order stand,
 And yet the turtle's voice is in the land. 250
 In princes courts foul luxury we find,
 Flatt'ring the tongue, and insincere the mind!
 The great there learn, like slaves, to condescend,
 And spurn'd, to spurn as hatefully intend.
 Whisp'ring my horse, I hastily pass by, 255
 Laugh at myself, that I was caught so nigh;
 But 'twas my road. Along the river's side
 We, meditating tea and *Kingston*, ride.
 Thither we came. Refresh'd, to *Putney* trot,
 Nor there was *Chefelden*, our friend, forgot. 260
 Whoever shall the bridge at *Putney* see,
 A toll of grateful praise shall pay to thee,
 Admire thy skill, unpractis'd in the art,
 For thou to nobler use created wert;
 To free mankind from the severest pains, 265
 The patient yet not murmurs nor complains;
 With gentlest hand thou dost to ease restore,
 Just to the rich, and gen'rous to the poor.

Though palaces the banks of *Thames* adorn,
 The nymphs too oft their scanty waters mourn; 270
 Tow'd vessels, lab'ring, slowly win their way,
 And, interrupted oft, their stores convey;
 Now the full stream, proud in her wealth t'appear,
 Widens her banks, is more frequented here;

Here,

Here, and beyond, tides regularly flow, 275
 And plenty bear along where'er they go ;
 With people now his structur'd shores abound,
 His view with *London's* matchless glory crown'd,
 Fleets beyond fleets amaze the ravish'd eye,
 State, commerce, power, wealth, pride, and luxury !
 280

From *Fulham* we to *Chelsea* hasten on,
Chelsea, where **Riley's* tender pencil shone ;
 He knew my well-meant duty to approve,
 And condescended me a youth to love.
 Though forty winters since have pass'd away, 285
 My love and gratitude find no decay.

Palmer, excuse me, I must pass thy gate,
 Nor stay to mourn with thee thy widow'd state ;
 But faith, religion, and philosophy,
 Learning, and wit, conspire to comfort thee. 290
 Assist thou me, who still my loss deplore,
 Though I the briny road sail'd long before,
 My feeble virtue can but ill sustain
 The wound, it bleeds afresh from every vein ;

[* One of the best native painters that has flourished in England, whose talents, while living, were obscured by the fame, rather than by the merit, of Kneller, and depressed since by being confounded with Lely, an honour unlucky to his reputation. He was humble, modest, and of an amiable character, had the greatest diffidence of himself, and was easily disgusted with his own works. *Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting,"* iii. 122.]

Irrepa-

Irreparable loss! some cordial yet 295
 I can from love—No—I from friendship get;
 Friendship in hearts, reciprocally join'd,
 Is more than love, is nobler, more refin'd.

But *Knightbridge* now appears; 'tis past, my course
 Is ended; unfatigu'd I quit my horse; 300
 Me home receives; I there rejoice to see
 Children, who, guiltless, joy to welcome me.
 I ask their story, they obsequious tell;
 I mine; the journey pleas'd, and all is well.
 They to their supper; I to them intreat, 305
 And I, but rarely I, a supper eat,
 Canary'd milk and bread is all my meat. }

Now to my room and solitary chair
 I haste, and all my soul is busy'd there;
 There night and morn I meditate and read, 310
 Review my thoughts, and every word and deed;
 My hopes and fears, my joys and griefs renew'd,
 My passions are encourag'd, or subdu'd;
 The pleasing scenes of my past life again
 I there enjoy, and triumph o'er the pain, 315
 But foolishly sometimes regret the good in vain. }
 To cultivate benevolence I try; }
 Never forgive—you start; I'll tell you why; }
 *Impossible; no enemies have I; }

• This puts me in mind of the *Gascon*:

*Quand je me fâche, je tue tout le monde—
 J'espere que Monsieur ne se fâche souvent.
 Jamais.*

Or

Or none I know ; if any such appear, 320
 Their crimes, their names, shall be forgotten here.
 Nor shall things seeming ill as such be thought,
 'Till I have evidence the heart is naught.
 Whilst love remains, whilst innocent the mind,
 Howe'er the fact may seem, I'll think it kind. 325
 Let those who love me, and desire my love,
 Labour, like me, the passion to improve ;
 Let them be just, let them indulgent be,
 But let them never hope to love like me.

And to this chair, plac'd in this widow'd room,
 The muse, invited, will not fail to come ; 331
 'Twas for the muse design'd ; a still retreat,
 Sacred as *Sion*, as *Parnassus* sweet.
 As here I sit, and cast my eyes around,
 The history of my past life is found ; 335
 The dear resemblances of those, whose names
 Nourish and brighten more the purest flames.
 And, *Wallis* ! here I thus record thy love,
 For so thy virtue, and thy friendship, move ;
 Here shalt thou be remember'd with my friends, 340
Whitchurch and thou, and thus my journey ends.

Written Aug. 11, 1731.

JOURNEY TO BATH, *Sept. 3, 4, and 5, 1731.**To EDWARD HAISTWELL, Esq.*

AND can'st thou, *Haistwell*, so adorn'd thy mind,
 So just a critic, modest yet and kind,
 Can'st thou to words inaccurate attend?
 Thou can'st; thou bad'st me write, and I'm a friend.
 When I am honour'd with commands like those, 5
 I am too vain to condescend to prose.
 Besides, I, cunningly, in verse would write,
 That, if the sense pleas'd not, the numbers might;
 In painting, the best connoisseurs are caught
 With colouring, though all the rest is naught. 10
 Indulgent be thine eye, for all I say
 Hath this design, to please and to obey.

Doubtful the weather, though appearing fair,
 My eye judicious view'd the sky with care.
 When I for pleasure journey forth, I hate 15
 Black, spotty clouds, detesting to be wet;
 Those chas'd away, more blue in heaven appear'd,
 My hopes increas'd, and all around was chear'd.
 Joyous I trotted on, and many a mile
 To laugh the landscape seem'd, the air to smile. 20
 At length the distant evening welkin frown'd,
 The clouds were darken'd, and the lands were drown'd;
 Those hills by me late trod with joy, and seen
 Adorn'd with sunny beams and native green,
 Hills,

Hills, whence so rich, so lovely views were shown, 25
 Yet not more rich, more lovely, than their own;
 Unless the river, which mæand'ring stream'd
 Among the meadows, be more lovely deem'd.
 *Tis but one-month since there I boasting rang'd;
 The year is older, and the season chang'd; 30
 Those hills, ev'n those, now black and moist appear,
 No beauty thence is seen, no beauty there.
 But, where I travell'd, an indulgent sky
 Shone bright; alas! the threat'ning storm was nigh.
 What grave reflections may arise from hence, 35
 What tracings of the ways of Providence!
 Better than mine those, *Haiſt-well*, thou can'ſt make.
 I, musing, on my way to *Reading* take.
 From thence to *Newbury* how fair the way!
 My heart how pleas'd, my countenance how gay! 40
 Only I wish'd I had not been alone;
 I know you smile, and say, "He means his son!"

By your advice from *Newbury* I rode,
 And ground twice drench'd with blood of *Britons* trod;
 'Twas an excursion, dinner must be had, 45
 'Till eel and craw-fish ready were I stay'd.
 The ruins of a castle here I see;
 May all such castles ever ruin'd be,
 The seats, the instruments of tyranny! }
 With indignation I those bulwarks saw, 50
 Where arbitrary will oppos'd the law.
 Around, an honest people hostile stood,
 Nor idly; what their cause? their country's good.

* See "Journey from Whitchurch," Aug. 7, 8, 1731.

They drove oppression to a distant place,
 But bled too largely to pursue the chase. 55
 • Wretched the man who dares not chuse a grave,
 Rather than be a beggar and a slave !
 A dog ! who not disdains to be the tool
 Of a proud rascal, or a high-born fool.

With various thoughts I prosecute my way, 60
 Now gloomy dull, now as absurdly gay ;
 What were those thoughts 'tis not for me to say. }
 Lend me your ear, my friend ; 'twas my intent
 To be a rake—or so—but innocent.

Mean time the heavens far other scenes prepare, 65
 Winds push the heavy clouds along the air.
 Swiftly they move, they spread, and dark come on,
 Drizzling begin, then pour impetuous down.
 Foreseeing this, I sudden stop my course,
 And to a spreading tree direct my horse ; 70
 Call for my coat, regardless of the way,
 And he belike thought only to obey ;
 Rough was the ground, he trips, I quickly knew
 Down he must fall, and I must tumble too.
 When he stoops low, I usually remain 75
 Fix'd in my seat, and spur him up again ;
 And now I only could my judgment trust,
 To spread myself with safety on the dust.

• *Quid queri, Labiene, jubes ? an liber in armis,
 Occubuisse velim potius quam regna videre ?*

Lucan. IX.

My

My friend, you're frightened ; you have leave to laugh,
 My horse and I came down, but both were safe. 80
 He rose, I mounted, fled, hous'd ; short our stay,
 The storm pass'd over, we pursu'd our way,
 And still pursu'd it, pressing on amain,
 I bade defiance to more wind and rain ;
 It came ; and now no shelter could be had, 85
 I had been more tormented had I stay'd ;
 On to proceed is still an easier evil,
 To saunter in an ale-house is the devil !
 Impetuous minds have their advantage—true,
 I grant that we have our vexations too. 90

Of the first onset I not much complain'd,
 But more it blew, and more and more it rain'd ;
 Full in my face both unrelenting drove,
 My horse too plagu'd me, he was loth to move.
 “ Old as you are, I older am than you, 95
 What reason will not, whip and spur must do ; ”
 Not so impetuous as I was, was he,
 Nor so desir'd at *Marlborough* to be ;
 Bravely I bore the water and the air,
 Maintain'd the foreign and domestic war. 100

Ills are a part of life, like good ; the art
 Is, wisely to behave in either part ;
 One to improve, of t'other to beware,
 With patience unavoidable to bear.
 Ills, well sustain'd, or prudently withstood, 105
 Will change their nature, evil thus is good.

The clouds began to break, to cease the rain,
 I to rejoice—the storm came on again;
 Again I bore it, remedy was none,
 Pelted with rain, and wind, I must go on. 110
 No niggard drops oblique, like fleecy snow,
 But heavy cataracts black clouds bestow.
 My face I cover'd with my bonnet's brim,
 The wind from thence drove on my breast the stream;
 That not succeeding, I expos'd my face, 115
 Better wet there, than in a nobler place.
 Happy for me that I was water-proof,
 Face, bosom, downwards, all had now enough.
 "I now no nymphs perceiv'd, nor wanton fawns,
 Peeping from glades, or frisking on the lawns; 120
 No fubby loves with painted pinions rise,
 And skim along, or flutter in the skies,"
 Or ride on gilded clouds; I saw, heaven knows,
 I felt, I thought, and hurry'd on, in *prose*!

Again the storm was laid, the skies were clear'd, 125
 And the departing dabbled sun appear'd;
 And now its beams plagu'd me as much, or more,
 Than wind and rain had harrafs'd me before.
 How can that be? say you. Sir, thus it was,
 His level rays shot full into my face. 130
 Malicious tyrant! though you now are proud,
 You late were humble, prison'd in a cloud;
 You then, at least, avoided all offence,
 Though now you tease me with your insolence.

* See "Journey from Whitchurch" again.

Men, in prosperity, we often find 135
Cruel, who in adversity were kind.

*Are these the beams which rising gaily shone
On *Henley's* hills, and canopy'd the town,
When I, exulting, late from *Whitchurch* came?
It is that sun, the beams are not the same. 140

So, when a man, adorn'd by virtue's rays,
Goes nobly on, accumulating praise,
But fails, grows base, unjust, impure; the mind,
Though seeming bright, essentially is blind,
And such the change, could *Haistwell* prove un-
kind! 145

Another simile be pleas'd to take,
The weather fine, your friend would be a rake;
Wet to the skin, no more of that you hear,
He's now a sober, sage philosopher.

At length I *Marlb'rough* reach, take proper care 150
To keep this aged body in repair;
Provide for bed, but being full of thought,
I, musing, scribbling, sat 'till this I wrote.

Early I mounted, dreaded still the rain,
Push'd on, defying wind and wet again; 155
Resolving these to hazard; justly I
Had both conjectur'd, by the evening sky;
A melancholy, purple, misty air,
And the moon's feeble beams expiring there;
Her face a wan, a creamy visor wore, 160
Dropping with wet, and indicating more.

* See "Journey from Whitchurch," v. 132, &c.

Marlb'rough, adieu! that celebrated name
 Brings to my mind the youngest son of fame;
 The hero, who this glorious title won,
 Superior is to all; he stands alone. 165
 Foremost is he, the rest a glorious crew!
 He ever march'd subduing to subdue:
 Knew no defeat; a warring angel so,
 By God commanded, would to battle go.

The downs I enter'd; vast expanse of hills, 170
 Which, like the ocean-waves, the prospect fills;
 Hills upon hills their naked backs uprear,
 Nor field, nor hedge, nor tree, nor shrub, appear,
 But scatter'd rocks; chiefly the hills between,
 The *Wethers Grey** (so they are call'd) are seen. 175
 Surely this land by giants was possess'd,
 These hills who notes will think it so at least;
 Supposing this the case, the point is clear,
 They fought a battle, rocks their weapons, here.
 There is a village † in this barren place, 180
 Directly in the road I was to pass,
 For various reasons thitherward I haste;
 O how deliciously did breakfast taste!
 Soon 'twas devour'd, and that great business done,
 I call my man, impatient to be gone. 185
 Saddling my beast—I have a scrap of time,
 Let me discuss a weighty point in rhyme;

* When I wrote this, I knew not that it was the common notion concerning the Grey Wethers.

† *Abury*.

A theologic point! I pray, attend,
 I know I give my secret to a friend.
 The point is this—*Tom* enters now the room, 190
 “The horses ready stand, all’s paid”—I come.

A *Celtic* ruin I must stay to see;
 What signifies that clumsy race to me?
 But ’twas a temple, so hath *Stukeley* shown;
 Have we not better temples of our own? 195 }
 I saw it, and am satisfy’d ’twas stone.

Again my foot the stirrup hastes to seize,
 The sky is clear, and I proceed at ease.
 We now the downs descend; a depth below,
 Earth stretches out a lovely scene to show. 200
 Dropp’d from the clouds I enter *Sandy-lane*,
 There stop, for now ’tis time to bait again,
 Not dine, that pleasure I for *Bath* reserve;
 Stay here so long! no, rather I will starve.
 Various the way henceforth I journey on, 205 }
 Such as near *London* commonly is gone;
 From thence to *Bath* through wood or thicket none. }

But near my journey’s end a nobler view
 Appears, surprising and delightful too.
 The day was bright, tho’ frequent clouds, I found, 210
 Scatter’d their watry substance all around;
 They reach not me, but, or remote or nigh,
 Gave the broad prospect sweet variety.
 Hills behind hills successively arose,
 And hills on hills are opposite to those; 215

Not

Not unrefembling fome dramatic fcene,
 Only no ftage was interpos'd between.
 Unfightly, naked were the mountains? No, }
 Their vaftnefs, heaving up enclofures, fhew }
 What the laborious husbandman can do. 220 }
 Nor wants a river; O how lovely fair
 Thy works, O art! thy works, O nature! are.
 Here both confpire to fill and pleafe the eye;
 And here conceal'd *Bath's* rifing turrets lie.
 Still I mov'd on, ftill hop'd to fee the place; 225
 So wifh'd my horfe, but would not mend his pace!
 Slowly we mov'd, nor I my horfe could blame,
 Had I been he, I fhould have done the fame;
 The wet had fpoil'd the road; oft flipp'ry now,
 And oft we drag through water or a flough. 230
 I at my horfe, my horfe at me, did fcold;
 Both fretful are; poor creatures, we are old!
 The city—there it is! 'tis enter'd, trac'd,
 Soon I and my fmall family are plac'd.
 Thanks to thy care, and thy auspicious name, 235
 I was at home the moment that I came.
 So fhall he fare whomever *Haiſt-well* ſends,
 Wherever he hath been, that name hath friends.

Refresh'd, I ſoon the public places view'd,
 And ſeem'd to all the beaus and belles a prude. 240
 Excuse me, gentlemen and ladies, I
 Will with the cuſtoms of the place comply;
 Will inſignificant or idle be,
 And know the ſweets of gay ſociety. 244
 Will prate, and laugh, drink water, rake, and pray,
 And all the reſt, but dreſs, dance, wench, and play.

LETTER

LETTER FROM BATH. To ———.

BEFORE I applied myself to try what benefit might be obtained from the waters, and dry-pumping (as they call it) at *Bath*, I was advised, as I had intended, to make my excursion to *Bristol*.

Besides that the way by land was rough and stony, it was otherwise unpleasant; no delightful views, or very few, and those not remarkably so; and, as one comes near the city, there are several coal-pits; the earth black thereabout. I observed a great variety in the soil; particularly a red, or rather orange-coloured earth, which gave the puddles of water the same tinct.

When I entered *Bristol*, that dirty, busy, trading city had the same effect upon me as a wet blanket applied to a chimney on fire; my poetic flame was extinguished on a sudden. You must therefore expect what I thought of whilst I was there, to be told in dull prose. There does indeed appear a commendable industry; and, in some parts, the reward of it. There are two fine squares, and some handsome buildings, but the many chimneys of the glass-houses, vastly large and clumsy, together with the abundance of smoke, give the whole a disagreeable appearance at a distance, as the generality of the
houses,

houses, and narrow and nasty streets, or alleys, do when one is in it.

I happened to be there when it was rainy weather and dead low water. The river (*Avon*) is very deep; I think they told me, it was fifty feet from the bottom to where the water is at its height. I saw it when, if the mud would bear one's weight, one might have gone over it on foot in some places, and all the banks (which are sloping) appeared to be deep mud. The bridge has houses on it, as at *London*, but there is no comparison, as to its breadth. I asked leave, and entered a room looking out upon the river; the street (bad as it is) is abundantly more pleasant; nor is it much better when it is high water, for this is of a confounded dirty hue.

I was surprised to see such a rich and trading city without an Exchange; there is a little sort of a portico, in which is a coffee-house, and a shop or two; but the merchantss were all cloaked because of the rain, for the portico could shelter but a few, and they were up to the ancles almost in dirt. It is a hive of bees! All are employed; *London* seems an idle place to it; people and goods are hurrying to and fro, especially on the quay, on both sides the river, which, here, is crowded with shipping. There is a sort of sledges perpetually, and every where, lumbering about, which may be very proper and serviceable, but exceedingly troublesome to passengers.

gers. It is well there are but few coaches; none such as we call hacks.

After all, these folks are not destitute of curiosity; that afternoon I came there, the judge was expected, and the sheriff went to meet him. Streets, windows, &c. were crowded; no matter for the rain. Many women, as well as some men, stood that; a fight was to be seen, as great there as my Lord Mayor's show at *London*. Comparifon is all, nothing is great or little in itself.

I hired a coach to the *Wells*; a small distance from the city; I went thither in the afternoon; the season was over, and they were busy in bottling up the waters, to send to *London*, &c. I saw the *Long Room*, it is noble and beautiful; about thirty-two of my paces by thirteen or fourteen; a proportionable height.

As you approach the *Wells* (where there is a fine prospect) the vast high rocks are very surprising; they were so to me, who had not been acquainted with such; they are, as I remember, mostly of a reddish stone; methought my eyes felt they were harder than marble; in some places the vast stones lay as if they had anciently been piled one upon another, like monstrous, square, mishapen cheeses, and tumbled down by an earthquake, lying long-side, and in beautiful disorder.

I hired

I hired a chariot to carry me next day upon the downs. Though I could do nothing in verse while I was in the city, I found the spirit of poetry began to kindle again under a better sky, and wrote these four lines, which I then intended for part of a letter in verse :

Bristol, your pardon ! Sir, when I was there,
No heaven had she, but water was her air ; *
Her water earth ; earth stone ; and sooty coal
Her fire ; the love of money is her soul.

The downs are delightful to those who love prospects, as I have ever done ; but from the hill, just on this side, and above Mr. *Southwell's* house, (*King's Weston*) is one of the finest that can be seen, or would be so, if the *Severn*, which makes a considerable part of it, were not of such a dirty complexion. There you see where her urn pours a flood into the lap of old ocean ; a flood, consisting not only of her own waters, but those which the *Avon*, not far off, commits to her to be, and are, faithfully, delivered ; but they receive their treasure back again, with rich profit, in plentiful tides. Beyond the *Severn*, appear the mountains of *Wales*, which you see one behind another ; and those, and the river, are stretched out in latitude, 'till the eye is almost tired with the pursuit. All on this side the river, 'till you come back to the hills on which you stand, which seems to be about two or three

* It rained most of the time.

miles, is a flat, and all enclosed, cultivated grounds. I drew the prospect.

In my return I saw *St. Vincent's Rock*, where the *Wells* are ; and, had there been a man of war in the river, one might have looked down upon the top of her main-mast. The river here (the *Avon*) passes between high, craggy rocks. As I stood near the precipice, the very imagination only of a fall thence made my bones and my flesh seem to be mixed together in one bloody mass. I took care to stand safe and firm ; the wind blew stiff and bleak. I took a slight sketch, and away. There dwells horror grinning. I returned that afternoon to *Bath*.

Bath is to be considered in a threefold view :

1. As a city ;
2. On account of its medicinal waters ; And
3. As a place of polite diversion.

1. Whoever hath not seen *Bath* within these three or four years, doth not know it. By the accounts I had of it, I expected something very different from what I found ; even its situation is altered ; for, as its buildings are spread, and upon ground a little rising above the hole in which the old city lay, it is not so much in a bottom as it was ; nor indeed was it ever such a sink as has been represented. It is not surrounded by hills ; there are indeed such as are higher than the tower of the cathedral ; *Beachen Cliff*, *Lansdown*, and *Clerkendown*,

on

on its south, north, and east. But between these two last is an aperture ; and, to the west, it is entirely open, so that the air has a free passage. Though, no doubt, what with the hills and the steams of the baths, which are continually visible, it must be very hot, when the weather is, elsewhere, something more than moderately so. But then, on the other hand, is it not warmer in the winter, for the same reasons ? And are we not more concerned, in our climate, to be sheltered from cold than heat ?

Ere the new buildings, which have been lately added, and which are of stone, were erected, the city had but an indifferent appearance, and from thence, possibly, seemed to be more a sink than it really was. Imagination has a great share in our opinions, even those which we think are the work of our senses ; I made use of it the contrary way ; I demolished all the new works, and pictured to my mind, how *Bath* appeared then ; and by comparing what it was, with what it not only is, but will soon be, (which I also imagined) I liked it better than perhaps it may deserve seven years hence ; but I was in good-humour with the place.

I did not so particularly remark the additional buildings as to give a list of them ; nor should, if I had. I shall only say, that on the west side there are many beautiful houses finished ; a small square has been built by the Duke of *Gbandos*, and named accordingly. He has reserved one house for himself.

self. A new street is running out that way; handsome buildings, a fine wharf making on the river-side, near the bridge. On the east is a grove; this looks towards the river on that side, and thence over *Clerkendown*; it is now almost a square. That called *Harrison's Room* is as soon as you go out of the grove, at the south-east corner; opposite to that room, and so all along the right side of that way, is a fine range of buildings, and at the farther end another long room, called *Mrs. Lindsey's Room*, being rented by her. I was told she pays 200l. a year. Her sister, who now has that which was called *Harrison's Room*, or rather Lord ———'s, who is her husband, rents that at 500l. a year, on account of the walks, the subscription for the liberty of these being estimated at three.

There lives a fellow at the end of *Harrison's* walks, who has a tongue of ground, which, if built upon, would in a manner spoil them; he pretended to go to work, and was bought off for 30l. a year. He has the use of the ground nevertheless, only must not build, which probably he never really intended. The grove is the worst that ever had that name surely; the trees are as un-fightly as ever I saw, that had any branches at all, and the fine prospect it had, is now almost taken away; handsome houses are indeed in the place.

The great revolution I have mentioned, with relation to the buildings in the city, is owing to one man, Mr. *Allen*.

His beginning was mean ; he advanced into a small place in the post-office, and there formed a project for conveying letters in by-roads, which proved very advantageous, and considerably so to himself, as was very fit. The stone quarry, on the hill, about half a mile above the city, on the south side, was known long since. He contrived to make it of more extensive use, by making an easy passage to the water-side, and the *Avon* being made navigable, the carriage to *Bristol*, and so by sea, would be easy, and of so little charge, that the stone might be afforded at a reasonable price. He purchased the quarry, and the necessary land about it, and obtained an act of parliament for making the river serve his purpose. I was told, the road, from his works to the water-side, cost him 12,000*l*.

Another great genius, one *Padmore*, originally a poor miller, but a mathematician by nature, and now an excellent engineer and mechanic, has been of great use in contriving and executing these works. Mr. *Allen* is now going to build a sort of a little village, for those employed in and about the quarry ; it is a double row of houses ; trees to be between on each side the street ; it is on the top of a hill ; fine air and prospect. There also is the stabling for his horses ; and he has the draughts for a noble seat
for

for himself, on the side of the hill towards *Bath*; the house is to be 130 feet in front, a chapel at the end. It will be well watered, several good springs being near. There is a pretty walk in a sort of a little wood or grove, near his intended house, which seems to terminate in the road leading from *Bath* up to *Lansdown*, and on the top of which road he proposes some building, as it were to make that vista his own. But as you come toward the end of this walk, you see the city of *Bath* below you; it is thrown into his prospect unexpectedly, which was thought sufficiently fine before. But there is a prospect of this from a hill still higher, which goes as far as the eye can reach; the last of it are the mountains of *Wales*, the *Severn*, and the sea. And there, at one view, appear *Bristol* and *Bath*, the busiest and idlest cities in *England*.

I was surprised to find the cathedral so ill served; no chanting, no anthems; and all the parts of divine service performed by one only, when I was there. There are few monuments good for any thing, most of them very contemptible; the architecture in general very indifferent; but the west end, and which is the most in view, is very odd; over the great door is a vastly large window; on the sides of the door are apostolic figures, bad enough; and over these, quite to the top, what any one would think, and I believe is usually said to be, *Jacob's Ladder*, for there are ladders, and angels ascending and descending, cut in bas-relief. This is not *Jacob's*

ebb's dream, but one of his at whose charge it was built, in the time of *Henry VII.*

There is not a beautiful street in all the city, which is indeed a very small one ; in half an hour one might saunter athwart it, in the widest part within the walls ; the suburbs, as yet, make no great alteration in that respect.

I was somewhat surpris'd to find so few considerable shops at *Bath*. The reason doubtless is, that people of condition come thither furnished, and *Bristol* is near. There is plenty of provisions, good, and well-dressed. Assistance is always at hand from physic and surgery. I fancy there are but few lawyers or divines ; not that I think there is a want of them neither ; what come occasionally I am not speaking of ; they are as gentlemen and friends. The people in general, by conversing with their superiors, have contracted a degree of civility, rarely, if at all, seen elsewhere so remote from *London* ; but you hear the *Somersetshire* dialect perpetually.

The people of *Bath* ought to thank me for this paragraph, for it is mostly to their advantage.

2. The waters are, no doubt, of great virtue in some cases, and are a great curiosity in nature. One sees them bubble up from among the small smooth stones at the bottom, and smoke like a boiling cauldron. That they were anciently used for bathing is certain, but not that the drinking was so ; if it was, the practice was discontinued, and revived
not

not many years ago. It is another question, whether they are so useful as is pretended. While it is a place of polite resort, it will have a great character. Those who desire to go to such places (as to be sure all the lady-kind do, from the girl to the great-grandmother,) will extoll them, as will the medical people of the place, and all who subsist, or get, by the company. The few votive crutches that are hung up, and those very long since, are no great proof of the virtues of the waters. They are like other medicines; nature has given some powers, more or less, to every thing, to do good or hurt; we are not so sure when, and in what manner, to apply them; and, not being right as to that, it may be safer to leave a tolerable constitution to shift for itself, than to call in foreign powers, who may become dangerous and destructive enemies. [Would not this reasoning serve for physic in general? Surely it would, and justly !]

But whatever virtue may be in the waters, the bathing was shocking to me, not only at first sight, but afterwards; it has something so unpolite, and even immodest, that I had not imagined it could be, where there was, in other respects, the utmost good-breeding and decency. There were three or four genteel and pretty ladies bathing, at several times, when I was a spectator; these mixed with fellows naked sometimes almost to the navel, always below the shoulders, swimming, diving; and all, not only in the view of ladies and gentlemen, as from the pump-room, but of footmen, chairmen, or whoever

else would. Nay, once I saw from that place, in full company, one man, I will not say a gentleman, take off his jacket, (for all but the men-guides have such, and drawers, as they say, these are of a yellow-brown canvas, black on the seams;) this fellow exposed impudently his prominent paunch above water in the most conspicuous place in the bath, and for a considerable time: good God! what will not custom (or something else) reconcile us to?

I mentioned this to a physician of note there, a most ingenious gentleman; he told me, he had complained of it to those in whose power it was to remedy it, at least in some measure, but without any hopes of success; he added, that, upon prescribing bathing to some ladies, they were affronted, and asked, if he thought they were whores? But this he said concerning the most public and most notorious of the baths.

The architecture of the bath is ancient and gross. In the middle of that called the *Cross Bath*, because a cross is placed a-top, is a piece handsome enough; it was set up in memory of king *James* the II^d's queen having, as was pretended, conceived, partly, at least, by the virtue of these waters.

What they call dry-pumping is the most clumsy, slovenly operation that ever I saw, and (as I saw it managed, and experienced it,) it is much more likely to be mischievous than beneficial.

3. A man of sense and business may find an agreeable and healthful relaxation and diversion here. The fine riding and walking, the polite company and amusements, the entire ease and freedom as to dress and manner of living; I mean an innocent and genteel freedom; may help to unbend the noblest mind with honour. Ease and equality are the general behaviour here, and with the least symptoms of affectation I ever saw; nor did I observe any degree of coquetry, or impudence, in one sex or the other; and all was over, or seemed to be so, in due time; it was midnight at *Bath* by ten o'clock. I was saying to a pretty lady in the pump-room, whom I had with pleasure seen more than once bathing, that "I thought *Bath* was a place that fathers and husbands should chuse to send their daughters and wives to, in order to teach them to rise early, and go to bed in good time." "Ah! (said she) you don't know *Bath*; they can keep as late hours here as any where else." God forgive me, I am always apt to judge on the favourable side, though still I must also say, my ears are open to truth, or probability, how plausible soever the appearances are. I will say farther, in my own vindication, that I am not so stupid as not to believe, that, how little opportunity soever there may be of actual enormity, so many of both sexes meeting, and with such freedom, must produce some luscious effects.

An old gentleman sat near me at one of the balls, with whom I had some little acquaintance before. As they were warm in their country-dances, though

he seemed in good humour, I took notice he muttered to himself. Some little time after appeared the following verses, of which, I have reason to believe, he was the author :

“ Each sex the other answers limb to limb,
 He twirls his legs at her, and she at him ;
 He ogles, smiles, presents his hand and knee,
 Advances, turns, returns, and so does she ;
 He frisks, and skips, then smooth away he sails,
 To frisk, and skip, like him, she never fails ;
 He kicks the floor ; then tip-a-tap her foot ;
 Let one begin, the other shows she'll do't.
 The dance is ended, bows and curtsies made,
 Civilities accustom'd all are paid.
 The fan is busy now, the virgin's face
 Is not so cool and blooming as it was.
 Ah foolish nymph ! secure thy nobler part,
 Thy face will soon be cool, but not thy heart.”

I have met with several other copies of verses of the same censorious strain ; no wonder if authors have concealed their names, especially if they ever intended for *Baib* again.

Here were, I believe, six women, in the long room, to one man. We were therefore considered as rarities ; and, whether far-fetched or no, the ladies often find we are dearly bought ; but the sex knows how to make reprisals.

What I thought very droll, is this : In the pump-room, in the morning, sit, in dishabille, on benches,
 four

four or five rows of ladies, as if to be viewed and disposed of. The gentlemen pass to and again, and fill the middle of the room, talking sometimes to this or that lady, but chiefly to one another. Not but that, as little notice as seems to be taken, each knows how to find what they like. Opposite to the ladies is the music; very apropos; their business is to play tender airs. I thought of what I had long since read in *Hudibras*:

“ the trumpet and the drum,
That make the warrior's stomach come.”

The gaming, when I was there, seemed very moderate; and what was, was chiefly among the women; at the most frequented coffee-house there, and where I often was, there sat every day one with his gold, silver, and cards before him, ready for any who should be tempted; but at night he packed up, without doing any thing; not a gentleman touched. I only say when I saw. I was told, that in the height of the season there would doubtless be, as usual, high gaming. But I gladly return to the ladies. There is one particular I must not omit, now I am upon the article of amusements. Those who bathe have what they call guides; each sex, to be sure, has one of their own. These undress, conduct, and, at coming out, take off the water-habit, and help to equip them for their beds; whither they are carried in a sort of close chair for the purpose; the ladies ascend the steps from the water in the interval between the taking off the wet covering and putting
on

on the other; which is done at some distance. They, the pretty ones I mean, are then like *Venus* coming out of the sea. (You will be so good as to excuse the confusion you find I am in just now.) The women-guides are a sort of she-*Tritons*, old and half-fodden. These, they say, are not so nice as to refuse striking a bargain, at their own lodgings, or some other proper place; for two guineas, a gentleman may be admitted to accompany this guide, dressed like her, and as if he was one. I do not say this on my own knowledge, nor was I so fortunate as to be told of it whilst I was there; but this has been seriously affirmed to me, as undoubtedly true. And why not? and why it should be concealed by the people at *Bath*, I cannot imagine; it is surely their interest it should be known; the reasons are obvious, nor need I conceal mine for thinking so; the ladies would seem to be angry, but I dare venture to trust their clemency. I omit them as unnecessary.

One of the greatest diversions, and perhaps one of the most worthy a rational creature, is the * opera. This is not to be expected at *Bath*. Concerts and music they sometimes have, public and private. They have a play-house, such as it is, little regarded.

Dancing is the poetry of motion; and therefore a most agreeable and a rational diversion. This is

* However this may seem to many, let such read my father's elegant little dissertation on the opera, in his books on painting.

frequently at *Bath*, twice a week regularly during the seasons, when the place is full of company, as in the spring and latter autumn. It is fine to see both sexes, well-dressed, and moving in the most beautiful and engaging manner that a human body is capable of; and in good humour, or seeming to be so. This then, like poetry and music, is an improvement upon simple nature; and might be more noble and excellent, if less abused and debased to the purposes of vice. If dancing, for example, had all its grace, with more dignity, and less softness, would it not be a worthy amusement for the best minds?

At *Bath* one meets with friends and acquaintance, or people of distinction one has the honour to be acquainted with; some, not seen for a long time before; old connections are revived or confirmed, and new contracted. I found of all these; the consequence of which was entertainments, which for a short time were pleasing enough; but are always so, as marks and means of friendship; and shall ever be gratefully remembered by me.

Riding and walking are my old and constant diversions. Here are fine meadows, by a river, not too narrow, nor too wide, its waters sufficiently clear, and its banks adorned with trees, reflected in the stream, together with the buildings and hills adjacent, and, in some places, arching or bending over it; sometimes the view is open to a large distance, but, mostly, bounded; but then it is with a
variety

variety of hills; and those hills also varied with fields inclosed; or trees, or shaggy bushes, or verdurous turf adorn their sides or tops; houses are intermixed; and, here and there, broken grounds and roads, which thus become beautifully ornamental. But when you ascend these hills, (and you may tread on the utmost brows of some of them in half an hour after you have stepped out of your lodgings) what a clear and refreshing air! what prospects! either stopped with other hills, which, then, are the pleasing objects, and are seen distinct; or the eye is delivered from hill to hill, 'till it is lost in the far-distant horizon. Turn another way, you see a vast expanse of fields, either in plains, valleys, or not aspiring hills, diminished, or, more or less, seeming to be levelled, as their distances happen to be; among these, dwellings of men scattered about; and two cities, *Bath*, near, and *Bristol*, remote. All terminates in the *Severn*, the sea, and the *Welch* mountains just discerned, and partly hid by mists and clouds; or you can hardly say whether any are hid, or not; vision fails, or the object.

In other parts, one may stand upon broken, rocky cliffs, and look down (with great safety) on vast stones, tumbled by their own weight, or by the concussions of the earth, and perhaps many ages since. Look on either side, you see more of the same kind; and you may stand (as I did once, with great delight,) and see above you, this way or that, the overhanging cliff; and, on its verge, the grass or green

green turf. I saw there too my horses and servant standing. Figures so placed greatly contribute to the beauty of a picture, as they animate and enliven it. This is not yet finished; for, at the bottom, and beyond all these ruinous stones, is a river streaming along the fresh meadows; towns, villages, gentlemen's seats, hills, fields, woods; all that can make a landscape beautiful and entertaining. I drew several of these views from time to time. And what completes this diversion is, the way to these eminences, and on them, is generally very good for walking or riding.

In a very hot day, or warm evening, you may have a boat, and go down the river; this, in its turn, would be a very agreeable diversion to me, should I be any considerable time at *Bath*; though I did not observe it was much taken notice of by the company there. I bestowed the best part of one of my days there, and and it was most delightful.

Another, and one of the principal amusements I expected from my journey to *Bath* was, to make an excursion to *Badminton*, the seat of the Duke of *Beaufort*, to see his pictures and other curiosities; and above all, a cartoon in black chalk of the whole lower part of the transfiguration of *Raphael*. This master's works are perhaps preferable to those of any of the ancients, all the parts of painting, and the subjects, being taken into the account; but he undoubtedly advances far above all the moderns; many of whom are stars of the first magnitude; yet, when *Raphael*

phael approaches, "walking in brightness," all these "hide their diminish'd heads." But I was well informed, none were exposed, and the duke was absent.

Adieu to *Bath*, for the present; it is the epitome of *England*; here one may enjoy the country, the town, and the court. All are here in a narrow compass; and what particularly pleases me, with regard to the court, is this: Here one sees its politeness, without the insolence and pride of some, and the meanness and appearance of slavery in the rest.

JOURNEY

JOURNEY FROM BATH, *Sept.* 19, 20, 21, 1731.

PHILOSOPHERS dogmatically say,
 No man is happy, none are wise but they;
 Nature doth more impartially provide,
 And they receive the recompence of pride.
 Regardless of their rules, without their thought,
 We find the pleasures which we never sought;
 They feel the miseries they strive to shun,
 By chance are happy oft, by skill undone!
 *We not by strength or prudence stand or fall,
 But chance, or fate, or Providence, doth all.

Whilst I am railing at philosophers, I catch myself at philosophising; for, the result of these reflections is, to go to sleep, and let the boat drive down the stream; or, in other words, to "take no care for the morrow."

"Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy!"

Those who torment themselves with scheming out futurity, and live not on what is, but what may, or may not be, and those who are utterly careless of what is to come, are equally wrong. Nor was it the meaning of any wise man; to be sure, not of the

* *The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong—but time and chance happeneth to them all.*
Eccles. ix. 11.

wisest,

wisest, that either of these should be literally and strictly understood ; and perhaps it is not possible that any should so practise the one or the other ; though many err in their too near approaches to both ; and one falls into the pit he heedlessly neglected, the other suffers by the fear of what never was to happen.

It is not easy to decide which of these are the happiest ; those who only look down on the ground they are upon, see not indeed the bad way before them, neither have they the fine distant views ; and those who suffer by remote apprehended evils, may be equally delighted with imaginary good. And, to say the truth, I do not know whether we enjoy not more from imagination than reality.*

Upon the whole matter, all depends on the temper of the mind ; and that, upon weather, diet, constitution, God only knows what ! Certain it is, that, both those who are careless, and those who are anxious, fancy these to be, severally, the effect of their own wise choice ; which are no other, in them, than pure constitution ; and many a bold, and many a politic action, or which is applauded by the world, and delivered down a long train of ages as such, has been merely owing, one to a bumper of wine, the other to an empty stomach, or a cup of water.

* It would be a pretty nice point, often, to determine where reality ends, and imagination begins.

“ Vain, foolish man would wise be thought to be,
 “ An afs, wild afs, wild afs’s colt, is he.”

He who can resolve to give himself no uneasiness concerning apprehended evils, besides prudent endeavours to prevent them, and to indulge himself in all the delightful expectations he can raise in his mind, is the true philosopher; and he who can practise accordingly, is, so far, a happy man.* It is worth endeavouring at least.

All this while I have been giving an account (as I promised) of my *Journey from Bath*; for, as I went thither, and the weather changed upon me, I had terrible apprehensions of my return, so much nearer winter; for I proposed to stay longer than I did. Thus “ I walked in a vain shadow, and disquieted myself in vain.” Now, the weather and roads were delicious.

As my account of *Marlborough Downs*, in my way to *Bath*, was in verse, I was at liberty to give a poetical picture of them. They are not, really, one vast expanse of hills, but two lesser, though those are large enough. The downs are divided by two villages, and enclosed grounds, between, which you pass for about half a mile. Not very far from these, one crosses the old *Roman Way*, and about a quarter of a mile off, sees the vestigia of a *Roman* camp on the brow of a hill, and which looks into,

* See “ Morning Thoughts,” No. LXXV. Part II.

and seems to command, the plain below. These are well known ; but I could not forbear imagining, I saw there numbers of men, very different figures from what we see now ; not with laced, buttoned coats, broad hats and cockades, smart wigs, &c. but such as I have often seen in painting and sculpture. These, and their cloaths, arms, armour, are many ages since mouldered away ; and the particles, of which they were composed, are now mixed with others, and dispersed through the universe, always in motion, and helping to constitute bodies, inanimate, animate, brutal, rational ; sometimes one, sometimes another, and so shall do eternally, not a single atom shall be lost, misplaced, or out of the view of the infinite mind ; unless they were once produced out of nothing, and God shall determine this his temporal empire of materiality by annihilation.

Thus I passed *Sunday* ; for, on that day I set out homeward. *Monday* morning early I proceeded from *Marlborough*.

A dewy paleness glitter'd on the grass,
Which, trodden, shew'd a greener humid trace.
Mean while the bright'ning sun ascended slow,
Now with improving beauty all things glow !
Cool yet his rays ; ere long a warmer gleam
Is felt ; soon after hotter is the beam,
The mists, the dews dissolve, or flit away,
And I enjoy'd a bright determin'd day ;

Not

Not sultry hot; 'twas an autumnal sun,
 Nor needed breezes, clouds, or shade at noon.
 At *Newbury*, no! *Spinham-land*, I din'd,
 The widow there was handsome, young, and kind,
 Reserv'd, but generous, with humble pride,
 Appear'd to grieve, nor yet a smile deny'd;
 Obliging to her guests, but still would seem
 Above her station, and as one of them;
 She look'd, spoke, mov'd with condescending grace,
 Pretended not, yet more than fill'd her place.
 I solitary din'd, and little ate;
 The traveller discreet is temperate;
 But let him sleep; I slept, but slept too long,
 Though not contented with the widow's tongue;
 To say the truth, her proper tongue 'twas not,
 But one, she said, was boiling in the pot;
 Had it been long uncook'd it would have rot. }
 She ask'd my pardon, made me some amends,
 She gave me mutton, and we parted friends;
 I had no business there, nor wish'd to tarry,
 'Twill not be she, if I should ever marry.
 I marry! here I ponder, sighing—no!
 I spurr'd my horse, for I had far to go.
 The sun declin'd, the streaky western sky
 Smil'd when it saw the lordly splendor nigh;
 Descending still, all redden'd were his cheeks,
 And cast a ruddier brightness on the streaks;
 The air around reflects the glowing light,
 And gilds the clouds, 'till then transparent white;
 Up to the zenith mounts the parting ray,
 And sweetly purples half the eastern grey.

Nor heaven alone partakes the lovely hue,
 Trees, houses, fields, streams, all the eye can view,
 Yes, ev'n the dusty road is beauteous too. }
 The azure clear descending from the sky,
 Compos'd a tinct delightful to the eye.

Surrounded thus with brightness, on I past;
 The sun and I are equally in haste;
 Though could intreaties slack his stubborn speed,
 I had delay'd, nor should intreaties need.
 In vain I wish his stay, behind the hill
 He sinks, and lesser shews, and lesser still;
 He's gone—the lustre fades, and ling'ring light
 Weaker and weaker grows—is lost—'tis night.

See me at *Reading* now—the inn stands high,
 Not in the town, but (much more pleasant) nigh.
 New-built, and well-contriv'd, and neat it was,
 But unfrequented, as unknown the place;
 I solitary sat, no noise was heard,
 I rang, I call'd, no living soul appear'd;
 I took a light, descended to explore,
 All desert seem'd, but open was the door;
 At length I heard a voice, my eye was led
 Through the long gloom, and saw a human head;
 Soon after came the body; by this aid
 I was supply'd, and in my bed was laid.
 My light extinguish'd, night, with blackest robe,
 Had, as it seem'd to me, o'erspread the globe;
 For moon was none; if some few stars appear
 In heaven aloft, their light was only there;

Silence

Silence profound return'd. I thoughtful lay,
 As ere the dawn of that tremendous day,
 When from their graves all who have liv'd shall rise,
 Ere yet are open'd resurrection's eyes,
 Conscious of being ; but one world was gone,
 Another to supply its absence none ;
 Or, if 'twas yet a world, I seem'd alone. }
 I slumber'd, dream'd confus'd ; my drowsy fears
 Suggested cut-throats whisp'ring on the stairs,
 My door approaching ; suddenly it seem'd
 I 'scap'd their murd'rous hands ; but still I dream'd ;
 At large I thought I in full safety was,
 Rejoic'd, though somewhat gloomy still the place,
 But, full-awake, I found my joy was vain,
 And fears suspended now flow'd in again ;
 Soon were compos'd ; I slept, and slept secure,
 To Providence resign'd, and conscience pure !
 Or say, " philosophy's an old pretence,
 'Twas drowsiness, 'twas nature's impotence,"
 I'll not dispute ; let every man be pleas'd,
 Certain I am, my eyes and heart were eas'd.
 Again I wak'd, and I remember well,
 And ever shall, I heard the pack-horse bell
 *Slow passing on along the distant way,
 Scarce heard ! nor dawn'd the long, long wish'd-for
 day ;

* " The verse too labours, and the words move slow."
 The poem, with the journey, finishes as rapidly. My
 dear father did not stop, and the reader cannot.

Still

Still list'ning, soon I other noises heard,
 Something I fancy'd stirring in the yard,
 By little, and by little, all was clear'd.
 Sweetly refresh'd, the op'ning misty morn
 Bade me to life in the old world return.

Inns, ostlers, landlords, hostesses, adieu !
 Home, now, with all its charms, appears in view ;
 I see my busy easy-chair and room,
 Pictures, books, drawings, children, friends ! I come ;
 No longer mercenary looks receive
 My weary'd limbs, and cold reception give ;
 No more strange lodgings, and suspected sheets,
 Perusing plaister'd walls, and window-wits,
 Ringing the bell ; " your bill, bring what's to pay,
 The horses, *Tom*"—all this expires to-day.
 Each step, each moment, nearer, nearer, I
 Advance, approach, and, if I could, would fly.
 In mist envelop'd long I trac'd the ground,
 Nor saw the distant hills, trees, fields, around ;
 By slow degrees the blueish vapour clear'd,
 And distant hills, and trees, and fields, appear'd.
Lodona's stream I pass'd, but scarcely stay'd
 To cast a look, though once *Diana's* maid,
 By *Pan* pursu'd with villainous intent,
 She, though a virgin, well knew what he meant ;
 Rather than forc'd, a river she would be,
 A river then she was, and this is she.
 But, true or false, I not invent the tale,
 Thus saith friend *Pope*,* who knew the story well.

* See his " Windsor Forest," ver. 170, &c.

At *Twyford* I alight, and break my fast,
 'Tis done, and swift through *Maidenhead* I pass'd;
Windsor appears, but soon 'tis left behind,
 At *Slough* I stay'd not, but at *Colebrook* din'd;
 The double heath of *Hounslow* then I trace,
 Trot through its town, and on to *Brentford* pass;
 To *Turnham-green*, to *Hammer-smith* I come,
 To *Kensington*, then through the *Park*—at home.
 Impatiently expected there the while,
 My bantlings triumph'd when they saw me smile.*

* Mr. Pope, one day, when he came to see me, while my father was gone this journey, and we were considering one of the small works of St. Evremond, asked me, "How I liked that way of writing, where prose and poetry were mixed together?" I said, 'I liked it well, for that sort of off-hand, occasional productions.' "Why, (said he) I have had thoughts of turning out some sketches I have by me, of various accidents and reflections, in this manner." My dear father was actually doing the same thing at this very time.

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